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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.

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OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

O'CONNELL.

CHAPTER I.

Parson Crampton throwing Stones at his own Windows—Parson Hamilton firing at his own Effigy—Parson Hawkesworth's romantic Affair with Miss Fitzgerald—Newspaper Notoriety—Reminiscences of Country Inns—O'Connell's Contrast between Whig and Tory Governments, and their several Bearings on the Agitation—Civil War of 1798—"Memoir on Ireland"—Misgovernment continued for Centuries—O'Connell on his own Notoriety, and his Nomination to the Throne of Belgium.

On the 16th of August our usual agitating staff attended a Repeal meeting at Drogheda. Returning, on the following day, O'Connell laughed heartily at the detection of the Rev. Mr. Crampton in the act of throwing stones at his own windows; the reverend gentleman having complained

of attacks upon his house, and procured the attendance of a party of police to protect him from the aggressions of the Popish conspirators. Two of the police who were placed on this duty detected Mr. Crampton, at night, throwing stones at the windows. The reverend gentleman's explanation was, that he did so in order to test the vigilance of his guard. But if he had not been caught in the fact, we probably should never have heard a single word of this "ingenious device."

"These parsons occasionally do very curious things," said O'Connell. "Several years ago, a parson at Roscrea, named Hamilton, dressed up a figure to represent *himself;* seated it at table, with a pair of candles before it, and a Bible, which the pseudo-parson seemed to be intently studying. He then stole out, and fired through the window at the figure. It was a famous case of Popish atrocity—a pious and exemplary clergyman, studying the sacred word of God, brutally fired at by a Popish assassin! He tried to get a man named Egan convicted of the crime; but having the temerity to appear as a witness himself, it came out upon cross-examination that the reverend divine was entitled to the sole and undivided glory of the transaction."*

* See "Ireland and her Agitators" for a full detail of this curious transaction; the particulars of which were furnished to the present writer by a member of the Egan family.

O'Connell then mentioned a case in which he was professionally engaged—an action instituted by a Miss Fitzgerald against a Parson Hawkesworth for a breach of promise of marriage.

"Hawkesworth," said he, "had certainly engaged the lady's affections very much. He had acquired fame enough to engage her ambition. He was a crack-preacher—had been selected to preach before the Lord Lieutenant—his name occasionally got into the newspapers, which then was not often the case with private persons; and no doubt this notoriety had its weight in the lady's calculations. Things are changed in this respect, my dear Tom," he said, addressing Steele, who was in the carriage with us; "*now* the difficulty is for some people to keep *out* of the newspapers! If I, for example, go to see the *Belleisle* frigate, next morning it's all in print! and who were along with me, and how we were received on board, just as if we were princes! But to return to Hawkesworth. The correspondence read upon the trial was comical enough. The lady, it appeared, had at one period doubted his fidelity; whereupon the parson writes to re-assure her in these words: 'Don't believe any one who says I'll jilt you! They lie who say so; and I pray that all such liars may be condemned to an eternity of itching without the benefit of scratching.' Three thousand pounds' da-

mages were given against him. He was unable to pay, and decamped to America upon a preaching speculation, which proved unsuccessful. He came back to Ireland, and—*married the prosecutrix!*"

Our approach to Ashbourne, where we were to breakfast, led O'Connell to talk of the different inns in Ireland, and their various accommodation. Some were famous for their breakfasts, others for their dinners and excellent wine.

"There was the Coach-and-Horses Inn, at Asso-las, in the County Clare—I dare say you remember it, Tom, close to the bridge. What delicious claret they had there! It is levelled with the ground these many years. Then there was that inn near Maryborough;—how often I have seen the old trooper who kept it, smoking his pipe on the stone bench at the door, and his fat old wife sitting opposite to him. They kept a right good house. She inherited the inn from her father and mother, and was trained up early to the business. She was an only child, and had displeased her parents by a runaway match with a dragoon soldier. However, they soon relented, and received her and her husband into favour. The worthy trooper took charge of the stable department, for which his habits well adapted him; and the in-door business was admirably managed by the wife.

"Then there was that inn at Naas—most comfortably kept, and excellent wine. I remember stopping to dine there one day, posting up from the Limerick assizes. There were three of us in the chaise, and —— was tipsy; his eyes were bloodshot, and his features swollen from hard drinking on the previous night, besides which, he had tippled a little in the morning. As he got out of the chaise, I called him 'Parson,' to the evident delight of a Methodist preacher, who was haranguing a crowd in the street, and who deemed his own merits enhanced by the contrast with a sottish minister of the establishment."

Approaching from Ashbourne to Dublin, some objects of antiquity which Grose had illustrated, recalled that antiquary to the Liberator's mind.

"Grose," said he, "came to Ireland full of strong prejudices against the people; but they gave way beneath the influence of Irish drollery. He was very much teased while walking through the Dublin markets, by the butchers besetting him for his custom. At last he got angry, and told them all to go about their business—when a sly, waggish butcher, deliberately surveying Grose's fat, ruddy face, and corpulent person, said to him—'Well, please your honour, I won't ax you to buy, since it puts your honour in a passion. But I'll tell you

how you'll sarve me—*just tell all your friends that it's I that supply you with your mate*—and never fear I'll have custom enough."

One day I met, at the Liberator's house, two gentlemen from America, one a native American, the other originally from Ulster. They had come to enjoy the pleasure of an interview with the Irish Leader. He told them he considered his facilities for obtaining the Repeal of the Union increased by the accession of the Tories to power. He expected that it would detach from the Whigs, and send over to the ranks of the Repealers, many persons who, while the Whigs retained the distribution of good things, had abstained from joining the Repeal Association. Speaking of the Tory prospects of being able to retain office, he said he did not think their reign would be of very long duration. There was the necessary reaction; there was the unpopularity always attached to power, in double force when attached to Tory power. "In fact," said he, "the unpopularity of the Whigs has been all *indorsed over* to the Tories."

The American visitors reproached him with having censured the Irish insurgents of 1798. He replied, that the scheme of rebellion was in itself an ill-digested, foolish scheme, entered upon without the means or the .organisation necessary to insure

success. And as to the leaders, no doubt there were among them some pure, well-intentioned men; but the great mass of them were trafficking speculators, who cared not whom they victimised in the prosecution of their schemes for self-aggrandisement, The Ulster gentleman then said something in praise of the Northern Presbyterian Insurgents ; *they* had, at all events, good organisation.

"Not they!" said O'Connell. "Not one regiment ever stood to arms as such. All seemed very fine upon paper, but there was little reality. Their officers used to meet at taverns, plotted together, made valiant resolutions, and saw every thing *couleur de rose*. The Presbyterians fought badly at Ballinahinch. They were commanded there by one Dickie, an attorney; and as soon as the fellows were checked, they became furious Orangemen, and have continued so ever since."

"But the people had great provocation to take up arms ?"

"Oh, indeed they had. In Wexford, they were actually driven into insurrection by the insane cruelty of Lord Kingston, who, since then, has died in a strait-waistcoat. There was a serjeant of the North Cork militia, nick-named Tom the Devil, from the unheard-of atrocities he perpetrated on the peasantry. Oh, the cruelty of the adminis-

trators, great and small, of English power in Ireland! Why, since the world began, there never was any thing like it. I am compiling a book to illustrate this fact. I'll have it out in November next. I'll read you one or two passages, just to show you how the same horrible tyranny has been exercised at widely different times, the circumstances different, the actors different, the spirit always identical."

So saying, he took up the manuscript of his "Memoir on Ireland," and read passages from the chapters on Henry the Second, Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth.

"And this system of tyranny was continued for centuries?" said one of the visitors.

"Poh, it is continued to this hour," said O'Connell. "If they do not slaughter with the sword, as they formerly did, they massacre by extermination. The Tory landlords, who drive the peasantry in thousands from their cabins, put an end to human life by the slow wasting process of hunger and destitution."

The Ulster gentleman asked, whether Robert Emmet's character should not be exempted from the censure Mr. O'Connell had pronounced upon the insurgent leaders in general.

"Poor man, he meant well," said O'Connell, "but I ask whether a madder scheme was ever de-

vised by a Bedlamite? Here was Mr. Emmet—having got together about 1200*l.* in money, and seventy-four men; whereupon he makes war upon King George the Third with 150,000 of the best troops in Europe, and the wealth of three kingdoms at his command! Why, my good sir, poor Emmet's scheme was as wild as any thing in romance! No—I always saw, that divided as Ireland is and has been, physical force could never be made an available weapon to regenerate her. I saw that the best and only effective combination must be that of moral force. I have combined the peasantry in moral organisation; and on them, with their revered pastors to guide them, do I place my reliance. And I am proud of them—they are the finest people in the whole world! They are so moral—so intelligent. They have flung away drunkenness—they frequent the coffee-shops, where they instruct and inform their minds with a weekly newspaper. And then the good sense of the fellows—whenever I've asked them what part of the paper they read first, they've always answered me, 'We read the *prices* first, sir, and then the *speeches*.'"

One day O'Connell said, "I regret that when Emancipation passed, I did not thenceforth write my name *O'Conal;* it is the original Irish mode of spelling it."

"Yes," said FitzPatrick: "the present mode of spelling it is plainly an English innovation."

O'Connell said he had felt very proud the first time he had ever seen his family name in print. It was in an announcement that the four following colonels had been selected to lead the Vendean expedition—Delacherrois, De La Chasse, Conway, and O'Connell.

"My name is better known now than it was then. That's a good story John O'Brien tells of the postillion at Heidelberg in Germany. O'Brien asked him had he ever heard of O'Connell. 'I did,' said the postillion, '*he is the man who discovered Ireland.*' Do you know," continued O'Connell, "that three persons voted in 1830 to make me King of Belgium?"

"You might have had a good chance if you had offered yourself," said FitzPatrick.

"I should have a better chance if the election took place *now*," replied O'Connell, "I am far better known than I was in 1830. If the revolution hadn't happened till now, and if I stood against Leopold," he added, laughing, "I think I'd run the fellow close enough."

Mr. O'Connell now, at intervals, was engaged in writing his historical "Memoir on Ireland."

The spirit of the lawyer is evident in the conception and arrangement of that book. It is a case for

the indictment of England, for sundry national crimes and offences; and the witnesses for the prosecution are principally the English perpetrators of the several iniquities recorded.

It is much to be regretted, that O'Connell only completed the first volume. The second would have embraced the period of the Penal Code. In addition to the illustrations of that era accessible to other historians, he possessed some exceedingly curious particulars, of which he had acquired the knowledge—partly from the narratives of his early associates, and partly from the vast fund of information on the Irish affairs of the last century, opened up to him by his extensive legal practice.

O'Connell anticipated with great glee the abuse his book would elicit from the English press. "I never hit the rascals right in the face till now," said he. "The statements rest upon no adverse authority. They are given in the very words of their own partisans and historians."

In September, he applied himself with diligence to the "Memoir," and composed matter sufficient to make a thick octavo volume. He often amused himself speculating on the excitement the work would produce among friends and foes.

"That's the book," said FitzPatrick to me,

"that will be bitterly assailed! Its author, however, will care little for hostile criticism. I think Brougham was right when he said of O'Connell, that assaults made against him produced about as much effect as paper pellets thrown at the hide of a rhinoceros."

The book now went briskly on, until its progress was arrested by the business of preparing for the new municipal election. O'Connell was candidate for the office of Lord Mayor in the new Corporation; and the preliminary task of organising the several wards of the city of Dublin fell chiefly upon him. Whilst thus incessantly engaged, his attention was still further occupied by an attack from Lord Shrewsbury, levelled at the Repeal Agitation. His lordship advised the English Catholics to desert O'Connell, to desert the fallen Whigs, and to array themselves on the side of the Tory ministry. O'Connell, in reply, accused Lord Shrewsbury of ingratitude to his old Whig friends, and of folly and inconsistency in joining the Tories, who numbered amongst their ranks so many men bitterly hostile to the Catholic religion.

"The secret of Lord Shrewsbury's foolish attack upon me," said O'Connell, "is this; there is a party among the English Catholics who dream of the

possibility of procuring, through the medium of the Puseyites, a union of the Churches of England and Rome. Now, they cannot conciliate the Puseyites without first throwing *me* overboard: hence Lord Shrewsbury's bitter attack upon me."

The 25th of October was the day on which the new aldermen and town-councillors were elected. The result gave a majority of forty-seven Repealers to thirteen Tories—the total number being sixty. O'Connell was asked if he purposed attending mass in his Lord Mayor's robes. "No," he replied, laughing; "The Emancipation Act forbids me to do that. The mayor may be a Catholic, but his robes must be Protestants. However, I'll drive to the church gate in my robes, and leave them at the priest's house next door; and I'll put them on again when I come out from mass."

Walking through College Green, a countryman took off his hat and cheered him—such incidents, I need not say, were of constant occurrence. O'Connell said—"One day I was walking through London, with Tom Campbell the Poet, and a negro took off his hat and begged to thank me for my efforts against negro-slavery. Campbell's poetical fancy was smitten, and he exclaimed with great fervour, "I would rather receive such a tribute as

that, than have all the crowned heads in Europe making bows to me!"

Passing the corner of Grafton Street, where it opens into College Green, a child stopped to stare at him. "That's just the spot," said he, "where *I* stopped to stare at Lord Edward Fitzgerald. I ran on before him, and turned about to enjoy a good stare at him; he was a nice, dapper-looking fellow, with keen dark eyes."

Mr. —— passed at the opposite side of the street. O'Connell pointed him out to me, saying, "That is one of the richest men in Dublin, and he took a sure way to be so. Of every shilling he ever touched, at least elevenpence-halfpenny stuck to his fingers."

In the midst of his multiplied engagements, O'Connell found it utterly impossible to take his usual autumn recreation at Darrynane. When a friend asked him if he could contrive to go there, he answered, with manifest vexation—

"Why do you talk to me about it? You know I can't! It is like speaking to an exiled Swiss about his native mountains."

His absence from his mountain home at this period, was equally deplored by the country folk. A letter from his son John, dated Darrynane, October 22, 1841, commences thus:

"My dear Father,—It is a cruel disappointment to all here, as well as to yourself, that you are so likely not to be able to come down here this year. There was quite a *scene* upon the mountain yesterday when Denis M'Cruachan told the huntsmen you could not come. Two or three of them, led by Curramuc, fairly sat down and cried. Darrynane itself is dull, as much as it can be out of doors, and very dull within. * * * * * * * * Your hounds are quite well, but look lonely without you."

In a few days afterwards, John addressed the following letter to a friend in town :

"We are all here going on in quiet and steadiness, and good health; but in great annoyance that my father is to lose his trip to Darrynane. It is very cruel that he should be deprived of even a fortnight's sojourn at Darrynane, which he so greatly desires. Tell me if there be the slightest hope of a change occurring in this respect, and of his being able to run down to us. The disappointment, not only to *us*, but to the poor people here, is extreme; and there are curses, 'not loud, but deep,' on all corporations that ever existed. It is the greatest and most constant damper on the enjoyment of Darrynane, the thought that he cannot come down, and the lonely feeling of his absence.

"We have had a play, which we were preparing for him, and which we acted at last four or five days ago, as there appeared no immediate prospect of his coming here. But we had great hopes of being able to act it again in his presence, until Eliza received the disheartening intelligence that he could not come. I don't like to give up all hope even yet."

Thus wrote John; but Darrynane was for the present unattainable.

O'Connell had written circular letters, canvassing the support of the aldermen and town-councillors. Among the answers he received, was the following letter from his old friend Mr. Staunton:

"*Dublin Morning Register* Office,
October 29, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—There are now few living men who know you longer or more intimately than I do. I have been an observer of all your actions in public, and many of them in private, for the last thirty years. I can bear witness to what you have done for Ireland, in those numerous years in which you received no personal benefit at her hands, and in which you were making daily and enormous sa-

crifices of time and money in her service. I have seen the personal risks you encountered, and inferred from them how prodigal you would be even of life, if by its forfeiture you could advance her welfare. My belief is, that there never existed a man more devoted to Ireland in heart, soul, and exertions, than yourself. My belief also is, that there never was a man so capable of serving her, or who actually conferred upon her such important and lasting benefits.

"In short, I have known you as a patriot, a citizen, a head of a family, a kinsman, and a friend. *Therefore*, you are certain of my vote, before all others, for any distinction or advantage that can be conferred upon you. I will add, that when I give you my vote, I shall have discharged the most gratifying duty it has ever fallen to my lot to perform.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Yours, with the truest sincerity,

"MICHAEL STAUNTON.

"Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P."

CHAPTER II.

O'Connell's Election as Lord Mayor—O'Flanagan, Burdett, and Brougham—O'Connell and F. W. Conway—Letter from John O'Connell on his Father's Election—O'Connell in the Mayor's Court—Walking-sticks.

O'CONNELL worked hard to secure his triumph at the approaching election of Mayor. At length the important day arrived—the first of November, 1841. At the City Assembly Room, in William Street, a large concourse of persons were congregated, nine-tenths of whom were eager to witness the triumph which awaited the popular party. Of the actual voters, the relative numbers were, as I have already mentioned, forty-seven O'Connellites to thirteen Tories. Professor Butt, on the part of the Tories, made a show of opposition by proposing Sir Edward Borough as candidate for the Mayoralty. The learned Professor's speech contained no indecorous personalities—he principally laboured to show that O'Connell was disqualified by his po-

litical position from filling the office of Lord Mayor, inasmuch as the election of the leader of the national party could not be looked upon otherwise than in the light of a political triumph. One of the Tory Aldermen, named Boyce, said that before he could vote for O'Connell, he would ask him a question; on the answer to which would depend whether he should support or oppose him. "How will the learned gentleman," continued Mr. Boyce, "act in his capacity of Lord Mayor upon the Repeal question?"

Mr. O'Connell immediately said,

"I cannot have the slightest objection to answer the question of Alderman Boyce. If I be elected Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin, I pledge myself to this, that in my capacity of Lord Mayor no one shall be able to discover from my conduct what are my politics, or of what shade are the religious tenets I hold. In my capacity of a man, however, I am a Repealer.—A Repealer —to my last breath a Repealer,—because I am thoroughly, honestly, conscientiously, though it may be mistakenly, convinced that the Repeal of the Act of the Union would be fraught with the richest benefits to our common country, and would be in an eminent degree calculated to advance the interests of all classes of her Majesty's subjects in Ireland. As a man I hold this—as a man I speak thus. But my conduct as Lord Mayor shall not be such as to give the slightest indication of my political bias, but it shall in every instance, I trust, be characterised by tolerance, and liberality; and evidence the strict impartiality and unswerving integrity of an honest man."

Speaking afterwards of Mr. Boyce's question, "Ah!" said O'Connell, "he thought he would

have been able to entrap me into some pledge to discontinue the Repeal agitation!"

As the moment approached when O'Connell's election—without a division—became inevitable, the excitement and enthusiasm of the assembly were uncontrollable. Alderman Keshan, the chairman, announced the result; upon which a peal of the most tremendous applause burst from the entire meeting. In token of respect to the newly-chosen chief magistrate, the whole council rose *en masse* —Tories as well as Liberals—and continued uncovered.

O'Connell then took from Aldermen Keshan and Butler the customary declaration, after which ceremony Alderman Keshan vacated the chair, and the Lord Mayor immediately assumed the presidency. A storm of cheering ensued, which lasted for several minutes. When it had subsided, O'Connell said,

"I fear that I am, in a certain degree, infringing on the pledge of impartiality by which I have bound myself, in permitting this ebullition of feeling (cries of 'No, no,' from both sides).—I thank you most cordially for the generosity with which you have contradicted me. If I have done wrong, it is my first fault, and so I throw myself upon your kind consideration. Happy, indeed, shall I consider myself if I shall be able always to preserve, unbroken, the resolution which I have so freely taken. If I have outraged it in any respect, however trivial, to-day, I can only say I am sorry for it, and will take care it

shall be my last offence (cheers.) No man ever assumed the lofty office to which I have now been promoted with a higher sense of its important duties—of its momentous charge—and of its practical utility, even in the details of its working out, than I do; and most ardently do I hope that my own conduct, and that of the gentlemen of mine own political persuasion, with whom I am allied, may be such as to set a glorious example to the world of the manner in which Irishmen, who differ widely as the poles in political principles, and in the higher points of religious belief, may yet unite together in harmony of spirit, and perfect unanimity of purpose, and may with faithfulness, honesty, and truth, go hand-in-hand with each other on a grand and national question, the design and motive of which is to promote the welfare of all without distinction. I shall certainly make it the study of my life to palliate, if not absolutely to justify, the high eulogiums which my too kind friends have bestowed upon me; and there is no possible effort which I will leave unessayed to convince those who have opposed me to-day that they were mistaken, most fatally mistaken, as to my impulses and my motives, and that there is no notion on the subject of the strictest impartiality, no conception with regard to the most unswerving integrity of purpose and of action which they may have imagined to themselves, that they will not find realised, to the utmost of my ability, in me."

O'Connell then proceeded to speak exclusively on business; adverting to the abuses which still existed, and enforcing the necessity of their correction. During this address, Mr. Arkins entered with the crimson velvet robe of office, which O'Connell immediately put on, in the midst of peals of merriment, excited by the novelty of the learned Mayor's appearance in the corporate garb.

When the business of the day was at end, the new Lord Mayor made his appearance at a window,

accoutred in his robe and cocked hat. The sight of O'Connell, enrobed in the official paraphernalia—the spoils won from prostrate Orangism—was a signal for a vociferous cheer of the most intense delight. The multitude shouted, and threw up their hats; he addressed to them a few sentences, which were scarcely heard amidst the tumult of their ecstacy. —"He's the finest Lord Mayor we ever saw!" exclaimed the delighted crowd. And, truth to tell, he looked extremely well in his robes.

"How little," said he to me, in the course of the day, "did those Tories expect from me the sort of speech I made! They thought I would have given them a political harangue, but I kept close to the details of business."

Arrived at his house in Merrion Square, O'Connell got out on the balcony, in order to gratify the thousands who had followed him with a short address.

"This," said he, "is a great triumph! A great revolution has this day been consummated. Fifteen years ago, who would have ventured to say that I would be Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin; yet I now address you as the chief magistrate of this great metropolis. Let them tell me, if they dare, that I won't carry the Repeal of the Union; and that I, who am now the Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin, elected by the popular voice, shall not have the still greater honour of being elected to serve you in the Irish House of Commons. Yes, I shall yet address the Speaker of the Irish Parliament in College Green. (Tremendous cheers.) I am now the guardian of your rights; it shall be my duty to use every energy to promote and advance the interests of your city, to encourage morality, and discoun-

tenance vice. In doing so, one great means shall be, to use my utmost endeavours for the spread of teetotalism. Oh! give me my honest teetotaler. My friends, you have gained a great and glorious triumph—you have gained that triumph in a manner worthy of yourselves—your triumph is one of peace—that of liberty over oppression—of religious equality over sectarian exclusiveness. In your struggle for this great end no riot, no tumult, no bloodshed, has characterised your proceedings—there is nothing to cloud your joy. Enjoy, then, your triumph in the same spirit as that in which it has been achieved, This is indeed a great day for Ireland. We can triumph over the enemies of our country without injury to any man—without insult, or molestation, or offence. We want to be superior to none—we are now their equals in every thing, and it is not for us to seek for more—we never wanted more—we are satisfied with equality—we now have it carried into practice. Let your triumph be unstained with any breach of the law or of the peace. Remember I am now your Lord Mayor, and I must have every man punished who breaks the peace! I am now your chief magistrate—to me you have intrusted the peace and tranquillity of your city. I need not tell you that in that capacity I will, to the utmost of my power, practise the strictest impartiality, and in every thing, I know, I can rely on your support, and cordial co-operation. You are all, or the most of you, at least, are water-drinkers. It is unnecessary, then, for me to tell you to go home in quiet, injure no man, offend, insult, molest no man. This is a blessed day—our Church has set it apart in honour of the congregated saints. Is it not a blessed day for Ireland? Enjoy your triumph, then, in a manner worthy the sanctity of the day. Let your demeanour be characterised by kindliness, beneficence, and charity to all men; and when you retire to your homes give honour to an all-bounteous Providence, who has given you to see the realisation of such blessings for your long-afflicted country."

In the evening he had Steele, Fitzpatrick, and a few other intimate friends to dine with him. "I believe," said he, when the cloth was removed, "I am the only Lord Mayor whose ears were not

tickled up to this period with the reiteration of 'My Lord.'"

None of the party addressed him by his new title; and after a few congratulations, not so much on his appointment to the civic chair, as on the increased facilities of serving Ireland afforded by his new position, the conversation rambled away into anecdote. FitzPatrick, who always had something bizarre to tell, mentioned an old oddity, named Griffin, who had lived some forty years before in Dublin, and who felt a strong desire to see a lame man dance, and to hear the fiddle played by a deaf man who knew nothing of music. Accordingly, Griffin invited his lame friend, and his deaf friend, to dine with him. As soon as they were arrived in his dining-room, he locked the door, pocketed the key, and desired them to sit down to table. The party consisted only of the eccentric host and his guests. Opposite each was a covered dish. On removing the covers, a small violin appeared on the dish next the deaf man. On the lame man's dish was an excellent piece of roast beef; and on Griffin's was a loaded pistol. "Not a morsel of that beef shall either of you taste," cried Griffin, "until *you*, sir," (to the deaf man) "play the fiddle; and *you*, sir," (to the lame man) "dance to his music." The guests demurred, but Griffin brandished the pistol, and his

known eccentricity seemed to render compliance the safer course. The deaf man accordingly rasped away, and his lame friend capered to his scraping—Griffin being all the while in ecstacies at the grotesque gambols and the execrable discord. As soon as he got tired of this amusement, he allowed his guests to eat their dinner.

O'Connell said he had known a County Sligo man, named Flanagan, who had made some noise by detecting a number of forged names to an anti-Catholic petition. He invited Burdett and Brougham to dine with him at the Thatched House tavern. They had an excellent dinner; but Flanagan, when they had dined, recollected that he had no money; and left the room to offer his silver watch in pledge at the bar. "If the fellow had not offered any pledge," said O'Connell, "but had merely promised to call on the morrow, he might, probably, have got credit till the next day, in consideration of the company with whom he was seen. But the *silver watch* was an evidence of vulgar poverty, and credit was of course refused. Burdett and Brougham overheard the wrangle at the bar, and on learning its cause, paid thirty shillings each for their dinners—a process which neither of them liked!"

Something led to the mention of Sir Walter Scott

and his politics. O'Connell was asked if his brother John had not refused Sir Walter a stag-hunt at Killarney. "Yes," he answered, "and he was quite right to refuse him. Why should he pay any compliment to the Scotch bigot, who, just before coming to Ireland, had gone out of his way to exhibit himself at an anti-catholic meeting?"

O'Connell spoke of his sojourn at St. Omer's. He said that when travelling in France at that period, he encountered in the diligence a very talkative Frenchman, who incessantly poured forth the most bitter tirades against England. O'Connell listened in silence; and the Frenchman, surprised at his indifference, at last exclaimed,

"Do you hear—do you understand what I am saying, sir?"

"Yes—I hear you, I comprehend you perfectly."

"Yet you do not seem angry!"

"Not in the least."

"How can you so tamely bear the censures I pronounce against your country?"

"Sir, England is not my country. Censure her as much as you please, you cannot offend me. I am an Irishman, and my countrymen have as little reason to love England as yours have—perhaps less."

In the course of the evening, FitzPatrick said to me,

"This is really a delightful triumph! And how strongly it exhibits throughout the characteristic traits of O'Connell! There is no situation in the world, sir, in which that man would not feel himself perfectly at home. There, now, to-day he was quite as much at his ease, presiding in that council as Lord Mayor for the first time in his life; gliding through all the duties with perfect facility; laying down the law to the remnant of the Tories, after blowing up the Orange nest sky-high. There he was, just as much at his ease, sir! as ever he was in the Corn Exchange. And he does things that no other man could do! For instance, after he and Conway had been at open war for many months, and had given each other some hard knocks, I said to him one day, 'I think you ought to make it up with Conway.' He thought for a moment, and then said, 'I'll do it!' So away he walked to Conway's office, and on arriving there, our illustrious friend installed himself in Conway's editorial *sanctum*. Conway was out when he arrived, and on entering he did indeed look considerably thunderstruck! After their recent bitter warfare, he would as soon have expected to find the Cham of Tartary in his office as O'Connell. But Dan, not the least embarrassed,

extended his hand and spoke a few kind words, and from that day to this they never have fought. His readiness to forgive an enemy, or to renew an old friendship suspended by misunderstanding, is always very great."

How O'Connell's appointment to the Mayoralty was viewed in his own family, will appear by the following letter from John:

"Darrynane Abbey, Nov. 4, 1841.

"My Dear Father,—If ever postbag was anxiously watched for, and its news *shouted* for, it was to-day, when we at last got the news of your election as Lord Mayor. You have one more triumph before you, infinitely greater indeed, that of seeing the Parliament of Ireland once more sitting in Ireland; but next to that glorious and certain event is your election of Monday. You have a legally recognised lordship from *the people*, utterly unconnected with court favour, or aristocratic usage. In short, a most democratic dignity; and one that gives you not only the power, which you will use, of being eminently serviceable to the citizens of Dublin, but also the additional power of being even yet more useful to Ireland than you have yet been; *and this I think you will also use!* We rejoice, my dear father, that Dublin has paid you such a tribute

of respect as to take you for its first freely chosen chief magistrate; but still more that you should thus have opened to you an additional and most available means of advancing that great measure, which will be the compensation for all your labours and sufferings—as it is, and has been, the great object of your life—the raising Ireland to her proper condition as a nation. The importance to Ireland of your present position is as yet scarcely considered or known.

"I can well imagine the ecstacy of the poor people. It is time for them to have some triumph, and to have a friend and friends in the Corporation. Ray, too, must be in great delight: and no man merits the pleasure of the triumph better than he—who has worked so hard to organise and carry on the struggle for it.

"There are a thousand inquiries here, and most anxious hopes that you will be at Darrynane after this month. You ought indeed make an effort to come, and break through all minor restraints. You will want some fresh air, if only for three or four weeks; and after the wet summer and autumn that we have had, it will go very hard if we do not have good weather with the hard frosts." * * * *

But O'Connell's duties as chief magistrate opposed an additional barrier to his annual visit to the

country. On Thursdays he held his weekly court in Green-street. On the first day's sitting the court was, of course, extremely crowded. The tipstaves tried to clear it. "Let all persons leave the place that haven't business," shouted Traill, one of these functionaries who had been retained from the former corporation.

"In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming—'All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the coort!'"

Among the cases on the first day, was a claim for some alleged arrear of wages made on a Catholic priest. The priest brought proofs of the claimant's utter incompetence as a servant; but the Lord Mayor decreed the amount sought for.

"It amuses me much," said he, "to think that on the very first day of my sitting, I had to make a decree against a priest."

He must have been terribly bored with the insignificant and noisy disputes on which, as Mayor, he was called to adjudicate. Take the following specimen:—In a case of trivial import, a Mr. Kenny, the defendant, made a rambling, violent, and incoherent speech in his own defence, before the plaintiff's case was stated. Mr. Kenny concluded his harangue with a hope "that

he had made an impression on the Lord Mayor's judicial faculties."

"You have," said O'Connell, "performed a very common piece of blockheadism—you have made a rigmarole speech in reply to a case which hadn't yet been made." Macnamara (the plaintiff) here stated his claim with a torrent of verbosity. "The best thing for me to do," said O'Connell, "is to dismiss this plaintiff's claim as being wholly unintelligible." He had not made the slightest approach to an intelligible case. "Why, my lord," said Macnamara, "I think I have shown your lordship that I claim thirteen days at 3*s.* 4*d.* per day." "So you have said, sir," answered O'Connell. "I hope I may not meet such another pair while I'm Lord Mayor. Macnamara is a man with an enormous deal of talk, and Kenny is a man without the slightest accuracy. Between you both you have bothered the case. I make the best conjectural decree I can—I give three pounds to Macnamara."

In another case the following characteristic little scene occurred. It was a question of accounts, in which a person named Burke was plaintiff.

"Mr. Burke," quoth the attorney, "did you keep a book?"

"I never kept a book," cried Burke, very angrily.

"I'll tell you what you'll keep," said O'Connell, —"keep your temper."

"Were you boarded in the house of your employer?" inquired the attorney.

"What has this to do with the case?" roared Burke, ferociously.

"There never was a question," said O'Connell, "that required so little anger. You were asked if you got something to eat, whereupon you break out into a passion!"

The following pun, not the worst I have heard, was made by one of the attorneys. An old gentleman accused his servant, among other thefts, of having stolen his stick. The servant protested perfect innocence. "Why, you know," rejoined the complainant, "that the stick could never have walked off with itself."—"Certainly not," said the attorney for the defence, "unless it was a *walking-stick*."

CHAPTER III.

"Duke O'Neill's Will"—Malachi's Collar—"Cousin Kane"—O'Grady and the Limerick Jurors—"Evangelical" Missionaries—Barnewall's Lottery-Ticket—The Picture-Dealer and the Flat—Judge Day—Forensic Eloquence—Scott's Novels—O'Connell at Court.

SPEAKING of his professional recollections, O'Connell mentioned a curious fraud which had sent him many applicants who dreamed of participating in enormous wealth; the visionary hope of which was excited by the following device:—A smart attorney's clerk, who had a mind for a cheap summer's ramble, forged a document purporting to be the will of a certain Duke O'Neill, who had died childless in Spain, having amassed 1,200,000*l.*, which enormous sum he bequeathed to be equally divided between all his Irish cousins bearing the name of O'Neill, within the *fortieth* degree of kindred! The fabricator bent his course to the

north, and introduced himself at many houses; where the plausibility with which he supported his statement gained him a hospitable reception. He also made money by selling copies of the forgery at half a crown each, to all such O'Neills as were fools enough tobuy. His trick had considerable success; several sturdy farmers from the north, and a merchant residing in Liverpool, bearing the name of their imaginary ducal kinsman, applied to O'Connell for his professional aid in recovering their proportions of the 1,200,000*l.*, bequeathed them by the honoured defunct.

"Nothing," said O'Connell, "could exceed their astonishment, when I assured them the whole thing was a delusion. 'Do you really tell us so, Counsellor?'—'Indeed I do,' said I. 'And now we hope you wouldn't lay it on your conscience to deceive us—do you really tell us, after all, that there's nothing at all to be got?' 'Indeed, I can assure you, with a very safe conscience,' said I, 'that it is all a fabrication; and if an oath was required to confirm the fact, I could very safely give one.' So away they went; indignant at the fraud, and lamenting they had ever put faith in the tale of the 'ould duke.'"

At a public dinner of the Malachean Orphan Charity, O'Connell excited much merriment by the

felicitous adaptation of a line from one of Moore's Melodies. Pointing to the splendid gold collar of the Dublin Corporation which he wore round his neck, he said,

"I am here, it is true, but an uncanonized Malachi—I resemble the old monarch of that name, of whom the poet sings, that

"'Malachi wore a collar of gold.'

He won it, we are told by the same authority, 'from the proud invader;' whereas, I won *this* from the old rotten Corporation of Dublin."

In one of the contrasts which he frequently made between the blessings of temperance, and the jovial habits of society in his earlier days, he said—

"On occasions of festivity, I loved to preside at a side-table at Darrynane. I remember a jolly fellow of the name of Kane—every body called him 'cousin Kane'—he always lived from house to house, and kept two horses and twelve couple of dogs at other people's expense. One day there was a large dinner at Darrynane, and Kane was one of the guests at my side-table. A decanter of whiskey stood before me, and I, thinking it was sherry, which it exactly resembled in colour, filled 'cousin Kane's' glass. He drank it off, but immediately got into a rage with me for giving him whiskey instead of wine. He gave me a desperate scolding,

which he ended by holding out his glass, and saying, ferociously, '*Fill it again, sir!*' "

"Cousin Kane's figure was in the last degree ungainly. He was a tall, thin, wiry, raw-boned man, with splay feet, and one shoulder higher than the other. He lived upon all who would let him in; and being a younger brother of a good family, he had admission everywhere. When he was with us at Carhen, he got up at two o'clock in the morning, and wakened me with the noise he made. I asked him what he was about? and told him the clock had only struck two. 'And am I to be bound by a blackguard clock, you blockhead?' retorted cousin Kane; 'if it struck twenty-two, is that any reason I should stay one moment in bed after I can't sleep?' He used to mingle prayers and curses in the most outlandish way—would begin with a pious ejaculation, and end with a tremendous oath. On the whole, he was a noble brute; fearless, faithful, and sincere; but brutally uncouth, and choleric to the last degree. He had seventy-six actions for assault and battery against him, yet he would venture to go to Tralee in assizes time. He had kicked up a row in court, and Judge Kelly reproved him in as gentle language as the case permitted. He cursed and swore at the Judge for presuming to lecture a gentleman. Kelly pretended to think he

was mad, and said, 'Has this unhappy man any friends in court?' 'Yes,' burst from fifty voices. 'Then take him out, and put him up in safety,' said the Judge. He was immediately hustled out. Some time after, he was riding slowly up a hill, and was overtaken by a gentleman and his servant on horseback. They dismounted, and led their horses up the acclivity; the gentleman got on much faster than his servant, who lagged behind, near cousin Kane. At a point where their roads parted, 'Who's your master, friend?' asked Kane. 'Judge Kelly, sir.' 'Bad luck to me,' cried Kane, 'that didn't know him without his wig! A'n't I the unluckiest devil that ever was born that I didn't thrash him? Give my best respects to your master, friend, and tell him, that if I had known who he was, I'd have licked and leathered him as long as I could stand over him.'"

If the following anecdote be characteristic of the habits of the Limerick gentry at a former period, it must be admitted that they stood much in need of the Temperance Reformation. Standish O'Grady (afterwards Lord Guillamore) asked O'Connell to accompany him to the play one evening, during the Limerick assizes in 1812. O'Connell declined, observing that the Limerick grand jurors were not the

pleasantest folk in the world to meet after dinner. O'Grady went, but very soon returned.

"Dan," said he, "you were quite right. I had not been five minutes in the box, when some ten or a dozen noisy gentlemen came into it. It was small and crowded, and as I observed that one of the party had his head quite close to a peg on which I had hung my hat, I said, very politely, 'I hope, sir, my hat does not incommode you; if it does, pray allow me to remove it.' 'Faith,' said he, 'you may be sure it doesn't incommode me! for if it did, d—n me, but I'd have kicked it out of the box, and yourself after it!' So, lest the worthy juror should change his mind as to the necessity of such a vigorous measure, I quietly put my hat *on*, and took myself *off*."

O'Connell was much amused at an illustration of "evangelical" missionary zeal which occurred about this time. "Contrast these fellows with the Catholic missionaries," said he, "with the Jesuits! Here's one of them, a fellow of the name of Oakes, who has attained great age in Polynesia, having amassed *one hundred thousand pounds!* Upon my word, *that* was swaddling to some tune!" *

* The *Australasiatic Review*, for 1841, thus noticed this gentleman's tremendous profits:—

"Mr. Oakes, one of the first missionaries to Australasia, has

We spoke of the temptation to amass large sums afforded by facility, and security from detection. This elicited from O'Connell the following anecdote:

"I knew a person named Barnewall, who, while staying in Dublin, was commissioned by a friend in the country to purchase a lottery ticket. The choice of the number was left to Barnewall, who accordingly selected and paid for a ticket. It turned up a prize of 10,000*l.* He had the most thorough facility reached so advanced an age, that his affairs have been placed by the Supreme Court in the charge of his family. He was, we believe, the first who resided at Tahiti, and subsequently was stationed at the Friendly and other islands of the Polynesian Archipelago. He was universally esteemed, a great favourite with the different governors, from Captain King onwards, and, by his *honest* industry (!) amassed a large fortune; upwards of 100,000*l.* being to be divided amongst the family. Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of this place (Wesleyan missionary), will possess considerably above 10,000*l.*"

With respect to this statement, the *Belfast Vindicator* observed:—

"Comment on the above is almost superfluous—the paragraph tells its own tale. But we would just wish to put one question. By what '*honest* industry' could a Protestant missionary amass a fortune of 100,000*l.*, if he did his duty as a clergyman with any—the smallest—share of zeal? What a figure St. Peter would cut in our eyes, if an ancient annal should turn up, giving us to learn that he, by 'honest industry,' had scraped together 100,000*l.* for his family! We wonder how much of these sums came from the contributions of John Bull for the diffusion of the Gospel?"

for retaining the amount. All he need to do, was to buy his friend some other ticket. No one could say that he had not duly executed his commission. But Barnewall reasoned thus with himself. 'If,' said he, 'my friend had not commissioned me to buy the ticket for him, I never would have bought it for myself. It, therefore, is rightfully his—and to put myself beyond the reach of casuistry, I'll lodge the amount to his credit immediately, and apprise him that I have done so by this day's post;' which honest Barnewall accordingly did. I recollect when I was a younker, my uncle gave me 300*l.* in gold to get changed into notes at Cotter and Kellett's bank. The clerk, through stupidity, gave me 400*l.*, of which 300*l.* were in small notes, and the rest in a 100*l.* note. I pointed out his blunder; and he, in a very surly manner, and without looking at the heap of notes, insisted that I must be wrong, for that he never mistook. I persisted; he was sulky and obstinate; at last our altercation attracted the notice of Cotter, who came over and asked what was the matter. I told him I had got 100*l.* too much. He reckoned the money, and then took off the 100*l.* note, saying, 'Now it is all right.' I begged he would let me retain that note, as my uncle was desirous to get the largest notes he could; and I assure

you it was with no trifling difficulty I could prevail on the old gentleman to take his hundred pounds in small notes!"

In our after-dinner table-talk, one evening, O'Connell said to a Kerry friend: "I've got a new story for you about your aequaintance, Mr. ——."

"Is it perfectly new, sir?"

"Oh, perfectly new. It only happened last week. You must know that ——'s wife, passing a picture-dealer's shop in Liffey Street, chanced to mention that she had six paintings she would be glad to dispose of, as she had no great value for them. The dealer inquired their merits, and learned from the lady that they had very good frames. She directed him to her house, and said he might inspect them as soon as he pleased, her husband being then at home. Off went the dealer, and found Mr. —— at home. He saw at a glance that the paintings were valuable, and inquired for how much Mr. —— would dispose of the lot. 'Why, really I can't say,' replied he; 'but how much are you willing to give me for them?'—'I'll give you *a pound* for the lot,' replied the dealer. 'A pound? Um!—hum!—why, I'd like to consult some one first.' 'Oh, certainly sir.' Whereupon our worthy friend summoned the kitchen-maid to assist his judgment! 'Molly,' said he, 'this gentleman offers me a

pound for these six paintings—what do you think of it?' Molly had no particular passion for the fine arts, and a pound was in her estimation a great deal of money. 'Why, sir,' said she, 'I know, if they were mine, the gentleman should have them for it.' The dealer protested, of course, that a pound was a most liberal price, and the bargain was accordingly ratified, to the perfect satisfaction of Molly and her master. The paintings were forthwith carried off by the purchaser, and in a few days Mr. —— and his lady were somewhat startled on finding that he had sold one of them for twenty, and another for forty guineas, to a connoisseur! Mrs. ——, panic struck, posted off to the dealer, and upbraided him with having taken in her husband. There were four of the pictures yet unsold, including a portrait of one of her family. She demanded a restitution of this, as it could not be supposed of any value to strangers. 'Well, ma'am,' said the dealer, 'as I like to be generous, you may have it back for *two pounds*.'—'Why, you got the whole lot for *one pound!*' cried the lady. The —— are thinking of an action of trover," continued O'Connell. "But just fancy," added he, laughing violently, "the sublime notion of calling up the kitchen-maid to decide on the value of old paintings! Oh, it was perfectly delightful!

And the comical chagrin of Mrs. ——, on finding *two* pounds asked for *one* picture, as a most generous concession, by the vagabond who got the *six* pictures altogether for *one* pound!"

Some one spoke of old Judge Day.

"Aye, poor Day!" said O'Connell, "most innocent of law was my poor friend Day! I remember once I was counsel before him, for a man who had stolen some goats. The fact was proved, whereupon I produced to Judge Day an old act of parliament, empowering the owners of corn-fields, gardens, or plantations, to kill and destroy all goats trespassing thereon; I contended that this legal power of destruction clearly demonstrated that *goats were not property;* and I thence inferred that the stealer of goats was not legally a thief, nor punishable as such. Poor Day charged the jury accordingly, and the prisoner was acquitted."

Of forensic eloquence, amongst some of his earlier contemporaries, O'Connell recorded the following specimens:—A young barrister, who was counsel against a cow-stealer, wound up his statement with a violent invective against the thief, who, it seems, had branded his own name on the horns of the cow he had stolen. "If, my lord," concluded the orator, "the cow were a cow of any

feeling, how could she bear to have such a name branded on her horn?"

Another orator of this sublime school, warned the jury not to be carried away "by the dark oblivion of a brow." A brother counsel stopped him, saying, "*that* was nonsense." "I know it is, replied the unabashed advocate; "but it is good enough for the jury!"

O'Connell read all Scott's works in succession, as they came out in the reprint of 1841. "There never was such a novelist," said he, "and there never again will be another such. My first reading of 'Waverley' was spoiled by somebody who gave me a sketch of the story, and who forestalled that beautiful touch of nature where the people about Tully Veolan make their children give over bird-nesting lest the safety of the Baron in his hiding-place should be endangered. But with all his unquestionable merits, Scott was a sad bigot. Look at his 'Monastery;' he makes the monks all fools or knaves. What a strange conception he must have had of monks! If Scott were to write that book at the present time, how differently would he not write it! The progress of knowledge and public enlightenment has been rapid. The stale old calumnies against priests and monks which were

some years ago currently received as undeniable truths, are now in a great measure exploded. A great writer who should at the present day paint a community of the Catholic clergy as being such rogues or imbecile dolts as those with whom Scott has peopled his 'Monastery,' would thereby degrade himself and mar the reputation of his works."

O'Connell now prepared to attend the levee of the Tory Viceroy, Lord de Grey. Never in the annals of courts did a civic functionary present himself before a viceroy under such whimsically curious circumstances. A few days previous to the levee he delivered the following announcement in a speech at the Corn Exchange:

"In my official capacity of Lord Mayor, and in such *only*, I will feel it my duty to pay every token of respect to the representative of her Majesty. It is as such that I honour the Lord-Lieutenant, and not through any feeling of personal rcspect for his Excellency. In fact, I entertain no respect at all for Lord de Grey; but as, unhappily, he is my Sovereign's representative, I must, in my capacity as Lord Mayor, approach him! I neither respect him; nor do I disrespect him; on this point I am neutral. I am told he is a good-humoured, good-natured, good-for-nothing kind of private gentleman. There I leave him! But let no Liberal fall

into the mistake of supposing he can, without compromising his duty, attend the levee because *I* attend it. I repeat that I go there as Lord Mayor of Dublin. If I went there in my private capacity, I should richly earn contempt for paying the slightest mark of respect to so paltry, pitiful, delusive, and hypocritical an administration as the present. I suppose my presence at the levee will draw a large crowd to the Castle yard, and I do not doubt but I may even divide their cheers with the Lord Lieutenant himself."

Never, certainly, had Lord Mayor announced his purpose of playing the courtier in such unceremonious terms.

At the levee he appeared for a very few minutes —approached the throne—made his bow to the Viceroy—and passed out. The Tory journals, of course, could not allow the occasion to pass without some characteristic commentary. The *Evening Packet* represented O'Connell as presenting himself at the levee with the purpose of insulting and bullying the Viceroy. The *Mail*, on the other hand, represented the insult as proceeding from the Lord Lieutenant; beneath whose glance of "withering contempt" it asserted that the Agitator shrank and cowered. These trivial discrepancies, in all likelihood, arose from a want of concert between the

rival journalists. The paragraphs descriptive of O'Connell's reception at the levee were probably in type some hours before the levee itself took place.

After an interval of several weeks, which were passed in more than the usual press of occupation, O'Connell published his reply to Lord Shrewsbury, of which 2000 copies were printed and speedily sold off in February, 1842. A larger edition for popular use was immediately published. Lord Shrewsbury's production had contained an insinuation that O'Connell's political activity might be supposed to arise from a desire to augment the "*rent*"—as he termed the National Annuity. O'Connell's reply to this charge is of the highest personal interest; I, therefore, transcribe it entire:

"I will not consent that my claim to '*the rent*' should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected; but it is understood in Ireland; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation.

"My claim is this. For more than twenty years before Emancipation, the burthen of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings—to prepare the resolutions—to furnish replies to the correspondence—to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances—to rouse the torpid—to animate the lukewarm—to control the violent and the inflammatory—to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law—to guard against multiplied treachery—and at all times to oppose at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

"To descend to particulars; at a period when my minutes counted by the guinea; when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers; when

my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn ; at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause. And *that* without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than 74*l.* in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinctions would ensure?

"*Other* honours I could not then enjoy.

"Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments exceeded 8,000*l.*; an amount never before realised in Ireland in the same space of time by an *outer* barrister.

"Had I adhered to my profession, I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedency of a silk gown. The severity of my labour would have been at once much mitigated ; whilst the emoluments would have been considerably increased. I could have done a much greater variety of business with less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one-half.

"If I had abandoned politics, even the honours of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me.

"But I dreamed a day-dream—*was* it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me ; that although the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality, or unless that hideous measure should be abrogated.

"I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honours and dignities—I embraced the cause of my country ! and—come weal or come

woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined—nor ever shall repent.

"An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once more, high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made: and pre-eminently so, by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normanby.

"But I dreamed again a day-dream—*was* it a dream? and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted—even by *you*—with mean and sordid motives.

"I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices.

"Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow; one evil, perhaps greater than all the rest; one claim, I believe higher than any other upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and, therefore, the more envenomed hostility towards me, which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained? what modes of abuse! what vituperation, what slander have been exhausted against me! what vials of bitterness have been poured on my head! what coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me? what derogatory appellation has been spared? what treasures of malevolence have not been expended? what follies have not been imputed? in fact—what crimes have I not been charged with?

"I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy the most and the best abused man in the universal world; and, to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a

lath at your side instead of the sword of a Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness.

"All this have I done and suffered for Ireland. And let her be grateful or ungrateful—solvent or insolvent—he who insults me for taking her pay, wants the vulgar elements of morality which teach that the labourer is worthy of his hire; he wants the higher sensations of the soul, which enable one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards.

"Yes; I am—I say it proudly—I am the hired servant of Ireland; and I glory in my servitude."

The pamphlet from which I have taken the preceding quotation elicited the following criticism from my friend, Mr. Frederick Lucas, an English Catholic barrister of well-known talent.

"The pamphlet," says Mr. Lucas, in a letter to me, "I consider as a whole, to be incomparably the finest specimen of Mr. O'Connell's literary powers that has ever fallen under my observation. The hurry in which such a man must live, too often shows itself, I think, in his writings and speeches; which, admirable as they are, and powerful beyond the reach of common men, often bear the marks of haste, slovenly composition, and thoughts imperfectly developed. The greatest admirer of Mr. O'Connell's writings and speeches would not judge of him by these, but by what he has done, and is doing, which is far beyond the literary merit of what he has written or spoken. But this book, written, I

suppose, in the busiest portion of his busy life, has all the appearance of having proceeded from the leisure of the closet. Of course, I do not mean that it reads like the production of a mere pen-politician; the very reverse is the case. It smacks all over of the active and indefatigable statesman; but it reads as if the writer had had three weeks' leisure to elaborate and mature the many thoughts with which his brain was teeming. The very sarcasms seem as if he had not in a hurry caught up the first that came to hand; but had taken breath now and then, and ingeniously selected the most crushing. I declare to you it excites my astonishment that Mr. O'Connell can have found time at the present moment to produce such a work."

On one of O'Connell's political journeys to Cork —it was in 1842,—he brought with him "Laing's Notes of a Traveller," which he pronounced to be "a precious book;" and "Thiers' History of the French Revolution." "This Thiers," said he, "is not always very happy in describing battles. He sometimes leaves his reader in the dark as to who was the winning party." He then spoke of the glories of Buonaparte as "a splendid dream," and commented on the career of the emperor in nearly the identical words he had applied to the

same topic on our journey from Ennis to Dublin, in 1840.

On Easter Sunday I had the happiness of taking the temperance pledge, and receiving the medal from the hands of my excellent friend, Father Mathew. On the following day O'Connell walked through the streets of Cork, in the van of the temperance procession. Father Mathew informed us, that despite of all obstacles, the cause was advancing gloriously. My ticket was numbered 4,249,184. It was indeed a strange and melancholy proof of the fatuity of sectarian fanaticism, that the Apostle of Temperance was from time to time denounced by so-called ministers of religion, as the propagator of superstition. The Honourable and Rev. Mr. Wingfield—a name not unknown upon proselyting platforms—told Father Mathew, that he deemed drunkenness, with all its concomitant horrors, a less evil than the "superstition" annexed to the temperance pledge. Another reverend personage, who proceeded on some biblical expedition from Cork to Ballineen, said, in the hearing of a member of my family, that the Temperance Pledge was *idolatrous*. It does not seem to have occurred to any of these wild people, to attach the idea of idolatry to the odious practice of drunkenness; to

the prostration of the human intellect before a vile and degrading vice.

O'Connell, having completed his arrangements, quitted Cork at five o'clock on Easter Tuesday morning, on his return to Dublin. We breakfasted at Fermoy. Passing the bridge at Moorepark, he said—

"There is a story connected with this place, which shows how the law was administered in Ireland some seventy or eighty years ago. I *think* Lord Annaly was the judge who figured in it—but as I am not quite sure, I don't like to attach a discreditable tale to his name without stating my uncertainty on this point. He was coming to the Cork assizes, where he was to try a heavy record involving the right of a gentleman named Nagle to a large estate. This bridge did not then exist, and the road descending to the ford was, of course, a great deal steeper than it is at present, and you see it is bad enough now. The judge's carriage was encountered in the stream by a large drove of bullocks, and considerable delay arose to his progress from the crowded and unruly animals. He bore it in silence for a few minutes; but at length impatient of the continued impediment, he angrily called out to the driver of the herd, 'Halloo! friend! make way there at once. How dare you stop me?' 'I

can't help it, sir,' returned the bullock-driver, 'I'm obeying the orders of my master, Mr. Nagle, who ordhered me to drive these beasts to ——' (naming Lord Annaly's residence in another county). On this announcement his lordship's ire softened down considerably. He inquired *who* Mr. Nagle, the owner of the bullocks, was; and having satisfied himself that the drove were intended by that gentleman as a douceur for his lordship, previously to the pending trial, he awaited the clearance of the passage in philosophic silence. When the trial came on, he took excellent care to secure a verdict in favour of Nagle. On his return to his own abode after the circuit had closed, the first question he asked was, 'Where the drove of bullocks were?' But bullocks, alas! there were none! Nagle had fairly bit the judge. The fact was, that his cause had been disposed of at an early period of the Cork Assizes, and seeing no utility in giving away his bullocks for a verdict which was now secured, he despatched an express, who overtook the drover within six miles of the judge's residence, and ordered him to counter-march.—Here is another story for you. The noted Denis O'Brien had a record at Nenagh;—the judge had talked of purchasing a set of carriage horses, and Denis accordingly sent

him a magnificent set, hoping they would answer his lordship, &c., &c. The judge graciously accepted the horses, and praised their points extravagantly; and what was more important for Denis, he charged the jury in his favour and obtained a verdict for him. The instant Denis gained his point, he sent in a bill to the judge for the full value of the horses. His lordship called Denis aside to expostulate privately with him. 'Oh, Mr. O'Brien,' said he, 'I did not think you meant to charge me for those horses. Come now, my dear friend, why should I pay you for them?' 'Upon my word, that's curious talk,' retorted Denis, in a tone of defiance; 'I'd like to know why your lordship *should not* pay me for them?' To this inquiry, of course, a reply was impossible; all the judge had for it was to hold his peace and pay the money."

As we ascended the Kilworth heights, O'Connell repeated the anecdote of his journey there in 1799, in the company of Harry Deane Grady. "It was a dreadfully wet evening," said he, "when Grady and I crossed these mountains. My cousin, Captain Henessey, commanded the company who had on that day escorted the judges from Cork to Fermoy. On reaching Fermoy he was thoroughly drenched. He pulled out the breast of his

shirt, and wrung a pint of water from it on the floor. I implored him to change his dress. 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'I shan't mind it;' and in that state he sat down to dinner. The result, of course, was a fever; and in three or four days he was a corpse. How people will fling their lives away! I once myself nearly fell a victim to sitting in wet clothes. No one should remain one instant in them after ceasing to be in motion. As long as you are riding or walking, the exercise preserves you. On reaching your house, throw off your wet clothes, and get between blankets at once. Thus you become warm all over in an instant. To rinse the mouth once or twice with spirits and water is useful."

As we approached the ancient ruins of Ardfinnan, perched on their limestone rock, beneath which the river winds in a graceful curve, O'Connell remarked, "That is the fortress whose garrison was described by the chaplain of one of Cromwell's regiments as having tails like horses."

Speaking of the Irish bar, I asked him whether its reputation for wit was not greater in the last than in the present century. He said they had now no such wit as Curran; but that other members of the bar participated in a large degree in the laughter-stirring quality. "Holmes," said he, "has a

great share of very clever sarcasm. As for myself, the last hour of my practice at the bar, I kept the court alternately in tears and in roars of laughter. Plunket had great wit. He was a creature of exquisite genius. Nothing could be happier than his hit in reply to Lord Redesdale about the *kites*. In a speech before Redesdale, Plunket had occasion to use the phrase 'kites' very frequently, as designating fraudulent bills and promissory notes. Lord Redesdale, to whom the phrase was quite new, at length interrupted him, saying, 'I don't quite understand your meaning, Mr. Plunket.—In England kites are paper playthings used by boys—in Ireland they seem to mean some species of monetary transaction.' 'There is another difference, my lord,' said Plunket, 'in England the wind raises the kites; *in Ireland the kites raise the wind.*'"

"Curran was once defending an attorney's bill of costs before Lord Clare. 'Here, now,' said Clare, 'is a flagitious imposition—how can you defend *this* item, Mr. Curran,—"To writing innumerable letters, £100?"' 'Why, my lord,' said Curran, 'nothing can be more reasonable. *It is not a penny a letter!*' And Curran's reply to Judge Robinson is exquisite in its way. 'I'll commit you, sir,' said the judge. 'I hope you'll never commit a worse thing, my lord!' retorted Curran."

"Wilson Croker, too, had humour. When the crier wanted to expel the dwarf O'Leary, who was about two feet four inches high, from the jury-box in Tralee, Croker said, 'Let him stay where he is —*De minimis non curat lex.*' And when Tom Goold got retainers from both sides, 'Keep them both,' said Croker, 'you may conscientiously do so. You can be counsel for one side, and of *use* to the other.'"

One morning at the Mansion-house, FitzPatrick, looking up at the portrait of Charles II., repeated the lines of Rochester's jocular epitaph:

"Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose promise none relies on;
Who never *said* a foolish thing
And never *did* a wise one."

"Aye," said O'Connell, laughing, "the debauched old vagabond's answer to that epitaph was admirable. 'You are perfectly right,' said he, 'it is precisely so: my *words* are my own—my *actions* are those of my ministry.'"

Some one mentioned, in the course of conversation, the historical fact of Father Huddlestone's professional attendance at the death-bed of King Charles II. I said, I feared the good father's labour was in vain, as it was not very likely that the royal scamp had obtained admission into heaven.

"Do not judge," said O'Connell, "we must hope he was pardoned."

"I do not judge," said I, "I only state what appears to be probable. Just conceive a reckless sensualist, wallowing in profligacy up to the very moment when he is seized with a fatal illness. Death suddenly knocks at the door—he finds himself within a few hours of eternity. His heart is uncleansed—fear, indeed, extorts a piercing yell of remorse; but is it not too much to infer, that such a yell is the voice of genuine, saving contrition?"

"Daunt! Daunt! do not say that! do not say that!" cried O'Connell, very much excited. "We cannot presume to place a limit to the mercies of God. No! no! we cannot."

I was about to reply; but he said, with great earnestness, "My dear fellow, let us drop the subject."—Some time afterwards he asked me if I had not observed him making signs to me to be silent on the topic of his Majesty's death-bed. I answered that I had not.—"I wanted to get rid of the matter," said he, "for * * * * * has awful doubts about salvation, and has long been in a gloomy state of mind, which I greatly dreaded your observations would increase."

The collectors of autographs made repeated applications for O'Connell's signature. A lady of

rank applied to him on behalf of Prince Dolgorowski, who wished to procure his autograph for the Emperor of Russia. O'Connell refused, assigning as the reason, his disinclination to show even the slightest and most insignificant courtesy to such a monster of iniquity as the Emperor Nicholas. Barrett published the fact of the refusal, at O'Connell's desire, in his newspaper, the *Pilot*, whence it found its way into several contemporary journals; and not long afterwards a French lady addressed to O'Connell the following note:

"A Monsieur O'Connell:

"Envoi d'une dame française pour obtenir de lui la faveur d'un de ces autographes, qui ne sont refusés, dit on, *qu'aux Empereurs!*

"J. De La Porte.

"30 Aôut, 1841, Bourdeaux."

The King of Bavaria (of Lola Montez notoriety) was more successful than the Emperor Nicholas. His Majesty applied for an autograph, through his minister in England, the Baron de Cetto. The request was conveyed by Mr. W. A. O'Meara, who had the honour of his Bavarian Majesty's acquaintance. The king acknowledged the autograph in an *English* letter to Mr. O'Meara, from

which I extract the following passage, as a specimen of his Majesty's proficiency in the English language, on his acquaintance with which he greatly prided himself:

"These lines, written from the hand of that energetical character, inseparable for ever from the history of our age, the autograph of that great man, Mr. D. O'Connell, should not fail or be wanting in a collection of this kind. I request you to say my thanks especially to Mr. D. O'Connell himself, for his kindness in fulfilling my desire in such an obliging way.* * * *

"LEWIS."

CHAPTER IV.

Renewed Agitation of Repeal—O'Connell's Speeches—Alderman John O'Neill—O'Connell and the Baronetcy—Petition against O'Connell's Return for Cork County—His Triumph—His energetic Faith in the Feasibility of the Repeal—Departure for England.

O'CONNELL proceeded to agitate the Repeal with fresh energy. Two weekly meetings of the Repeal Association took place during the interval between his return from Cork and his departure to London to resume his attendance in Parliament. At the first of these meetings he took occasion to reproach the Repealers with a relaxation of their previous energy; but at the same time he cautiously avoided the appearance of despondency.

"There has lately been an apparent apathy," said he, "in the public mind; a calm has overspread the political world. But it is not the calm of indifference or despair; it is the calm that precedes the storm. Our duty—the duty of the Association, is henceforth so to organise the energies of the Irish

people, as to enable us when that storm shall arise, 'to ride the whirlwind and direct the tempest.' "

At the subsequent meeting of the Association, O'Connell described the difficulties that appeared to threaten England from all points of the horizon. Nothing could be more impressive than his delivery of the following passage:

"What good have we obtained from England in the season of her prosperity? She has made us weep tears of blood. The day of England's triumph never yet was the day of Ireland's happiness. *But she may want us yet.* Is there, even now, no hurricane threatening her from the other side of the Atlantic, careering against the sun, advancing with the speed of Heaven's lightning? Hear we not the rattling of the hail, the driving of the tempest? Is there no danger that we may be needed to defend the western possessions of Britain? Look next at France—is *she* so kind, so friendly, as she has been? Does the aspect of the Continent in general promise to England a continuance of continental friendship? Then, England's eastern territories—are *they* safe? Let Affghanistan answer! Saw you not the gallant regiment that passed along the quay a few moments ago? Whither go they? To India or to China? What signs are there of peace? From east to west, from north to south, the storm is lowering—through

the darkened atmosphere we can hear the boom of the distant thunder—we discern the flashes of the coming lightning. Yet even in the midst of the tempest may England have safety. She will need the aid of Irishmen. She shall have that aid, but Irishmen require a bribe—here am *I* who want a bribe! I *will* take a bribe—I *must* get a bribe—and my bribe is a Repeal of the Union!"

It was during his ensuing sojourn in London that it became his duty, as Lord Mayor of Dublin, to present to Queen Victoria the address of the Dublin Corporation on the birth of the Prince of Wales. The Lord Mayor of London, who presented at the same time a similar address from the English metropolis, was complimented with a baronetcy. O'Connell was not offered one. The citizens of Dublin took fire at what they conceived to be an invidious distinction thus made by the Government between the two capitals; and the members of the Dublin Corporation forwarded to Alderman O'Neill,—(O'Connell's *locum tenens*) a requisition to convene a meeting to consider the subject. O'Neill was a thorough patriot—a high-spirited Irishman. He had from boyhood been an active friend of Irish legislative independence. In the year 1782 he had joined the national army of volunteers—in 1840 he was the chairman of the first meeting of the Repeal

Association. I always regarded him, and his venerable compeer, M'Clelland, with feelings of peculiar veneration. Both had in youth been volunteers—in old age they both tendered their aid to resuscitate the Irish Parliament. O'Neill was an Anglican Protestant; M'Clelland was a Presbyterian. When I alluded to O'Neill's undeviating fidelity to Ireland through the course of his long life,

"Aye," he replied, laughing, "no doubt I was always with Ireland: but in 1782 I was too young, and *now* I fear I am too old, to do her much service."

He felt much dissatisfaction at the exhibition of discontent on the part of the citizens of Dublin, on the present occasion. "What!" said he, "do they grumble because O'Connell is not made a baronet? Why, now, in the name of common sense, what addition to O'Connell's dignity would a baronetcy be? To be sure it might be deemed an elevation for such small deer as you or me—but O'Connell! Why, sir, I think a title of any sort would but dim the lustre of his name!"

O'Connell himself was precisely of the same opinion. Having heard that the citizens proposed to meet him in procession upon his return to Ireland, in order to demonstrate their indignation at the slight they supposed had been shown to their city, and to its chief magistrate, he wrote, on the

23rd of April, 1842, a letter to Mr. Ray, of which the following passage is an extract:

"Some of my letters from Dublin this morning mention, as a report, an intended movement on the part of some of my fellow-citizens to institute a testimonial of public opinion, by address or procession, on the subject of a supposed slight to the city of Dublin in the distribution of public honours. It is, I perceive, said that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as well as the Lord Mayor of London, have been created baronets. As to the former, I believe the report untrue—at least I have not heard of it, if it be true; but in any case I am decidedly opposed to having my name mixed up with matters of this description. I am vain enough to believe that I have written that name on the page of Irish history, and perhaps on that of the story of the cause of civil and religious liberty; and I intend, with the blessing of God, to endeavour to engrave that humble name still deeper on the recollection of all those whose sympathies are alive to generous efforts for 'happy homes and altars free.' I may not succeed in my endeavours, but the last throb of my heart shall beat for Ireland and her wrongs—for Ireland and her hopes of prosperity and freedom.

"Why then, I do ask it, with melancholy impatience, should my friends mix up my name with titles and matters of that description? Is it not manifest that they give a triumph to our common enemies by making them believe that there is mortification where perfect contentment alone exists, and that there is disappointed vanity where nothing subsists but the pride, perhaps an overweening pride, in a name which I believe is enshrined in the hearts of the truest and best of the lovers of Old Ireland? Enough, and more than enough, of this matter, save to beg the association to discountenance the mistaken zeal of my mistaken friends."

In a few days O'Connell returned to Ireland, and proceeded to hold three or four meetings in the week, for the advancement of Repeal and of Irish manufacture. The petition against his return for

the county of Cork was struck for an early day in May. For the first day or two he felt some uneasiness as to the result; but his letters from London quickly dispelled all apprehension—the petitioners failed to make out any case against the sitting members, whose election was accordingly decided to be perfectly valid. It was on the evening of Sunday, the 22nd of May, that O'Connell learned this decision. No doubt his delight was very great. I never saw him in more buoyant spirits. He was to sail that night for England. A party of friends, including myself, had dined with him. "Who'll come to Kingstown to see me off?" he asked. "I will!" simultaneously cried De Vitt (his nephew), Ray, and myself. As we travelled on the railway to Kingstown, O'Connell dwelt with absolute enthusiasm on the subject of Repeal. "Oh," said he, with great energy of manner, "I shall not deem myself an honest man, if I henceforth suffer twenty-four hours to elapse without doing something to advance Repeal! We will begin afresh. Sir, the thing is so perfectly feasible —so entirely practicable! The spirit exists among the millions of our people—it only requires to be skilfully called forth into active operation! There is nothing like incessantly reiterating to them the diabolical means by which they were defrauded

of their parliament, and showing them how the shilling subscriptions—insignificant in amount, individually—will give us a national treasury of 150,000*l*. They will easily comprehend how such a treasury as that will facilitate the achievement of any constitutional measure we think proper. I shall easily have my three millions of shilling subscribers —three millions are gregarious—they will soon become *four*—and when the masses of the people are thoroughly worked, and actively with us, then we will have excellent men in the upper ranks, from time to time, discovering how perfectly feasible the Repeal is, and joining our confederacy. Oh, there is nothing—nothing else for Ireland! We must familiarise the people, by my system of incessant reiteration, with the enormous amount of absentee drain, and of surplus taxation; we must teach every man, woman, and child of them to comprehend that our measures will bring money back to Ireland; that our Irish taxes will be spent in Ireland under an Irish Parliament, and that the amount of those taxes will be very much reduced. I will hold, by my own authority, a Repeal Convention at Kilkenny in the ensuing summer. It shall be a representative body, constructed on a plan analogous to that which I have sketched in the Repeal Reports for the revived Irish Parliament. We'll get

the places which are there set down as returning members, to return delegates to the Kilkenny Convention. The visible presence of this body—the unfolding and familiarising of our details, will prepare the Irish people's minds for the advent of their restored legislature, and stimulate them to struggle with me for it. Oh, yes! yes! I want Ireland for the Irish, and the Irish for Ireland! We must squeeze the Saxon spirit out of the land."

"Daunt is afraid you want to squeeze *him* out of the land," said De Vitt.

"Not the least," said I; "for although the descendant of an Elizabethan settler, I have not got a particle of the Saxon spirit in my breast. If nearly three centuries of residence cannot naturalise the descendants of foreigners, you should strike out some good names from your list of patriots, De Vitt."

"Indeed," said O'Connell, "I do think Daunt has tolerable pretensions to be called an Irishman."

We were now rapidly approaching Kingstown; the train stopped, and we accompanied O'Connell on board the *Urgent* steamer. It was a mild, soft night, and the moon, nearly at full, shone with great lustre. We walked on deck until the next half-hour train was starting for Dublin. Our leader then bade God bless us, and took a friendly fare-

well; at the same time strongly recommending De Vitt to participate in the debates of the Repeal Association. "If you only consulted your professional interests, De Vitt, I should urge your coming publicly forward there; it would help to introduce you favourably to the public notice."

CHAPTER V.

The Repeal Agitation—Speculations on the English Disturbances of 1842—Military Patronage—"The Buonaparte of the Law"—O'Connell's Reminiscences of his Early Days—Traits of the Olden Time in Ireland—Thomas Moore's Advice to Sheil—O'Connell's Constitutional Buoyancy—Provincial Missions for Repeal commenced — Letter from O'Connell—Revision of the Dublin Burgess-Roll—O'Connell's jocose performance of that Labour — Termination of his Year of Office—Civic Banquet.

I DID not see much of O'Connell in 1842. The session of Parliament detained him in London from May until August. During his absence in London I conducted the public business of the Repeal Association until I was called to Scotland in order to extend the Repeal confederacy in that kingdom. While in Edinburgh I formed some of the most pleasing friendships of my life, in becoming acquainted with the family of our zealous and indefatigable ally, Charles Glendonwyn Scott.

When I returned to Ireland, O'Connell had not

yet arrived from London. But he sent, as an *avant courier* of his approach, the following epistle to Mr. Ray:—

"London, 6th August, 1842.

"My Dear Ray—I am sincerely sorry that it will not be in my power to be in Dublin before Wednesday; but on that day it is my intention to be there, and to proceed at once to the perfect organisation of the Repeal agitation. Have for me an accurate return of the parishes and districts in Dublin, and the rest of Leinster in which any exertions have been made in favour of Repeal since the 25th of March last, the date of the renewed exertion for Ireland. The apathy by which the spirit of patriotism is paralysed must soon give way to the conviction that Ireland has nothing to depend on but her own exertions. How foolish it is in the writers of the 'Dublin Magazine' to suggest the formation of a Liberal party in Ireland unconnected with Repeal—foolish to the last degree. Who, besides the Repealers, are liberal in Ireland? Some few barristers, who dream of the restoration of Whiggism—of Whiggism that has passed by never to return. It is true that Lord Cloncurry adheres to his opinions of former days; but we have no right to expect activity from him, benumbed as he must be by the wretched Toryism of his son. The house of Leinster may be called 'The Castle of Indolence,' where the son outsleeps the father. Alas! alas! for poor Ireland, she has indeed no friends.

"But shall we despair? I will try the thrilling trumpet that has often before caused despair to hope, and torpor to be roused into energy. I do not despair, nor does the chill of an ungenial legislature diminish the glow of hope which I derive from the subdued but reviving flame of genuine Irish patriotism. The people of Ireland are true to the heart's core; the clergy of the people are as sincere in their love of fatherland as they are eminent in Christian zeal and fervent piety. I do not despair.

"So soon as I arrive in Ireland, I will publish my address to my own constituents; all I desire is to make them, clergy and laity, understand the real position of public affairs. I want every Irishman to be convinced of this truth—that there is

nothing worth looking for save the power of governing ourselves, and of husbanding our national resources by the restoration of our domestic legislature.

"Have, I repeat it, prepared, a list of all the parishes in Leinster, with the names of the clergy of each parish, and of every layman therein, who shall have taken at any bygone time an active part in the Repeal agitation; it is by detailed and persevering exertions that public opinion will recover its tone and energy in Ireland.

"Believe me to be, yours, very sincerely,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"T. M. Ray, Esq."

In a few days O'Connell arrived. At this period there were extensive disturbances through the manufacturing districts in England, which in some of the leading towns threatened serious results.

"This is what I call a blind rebellion," said O'Connell, one day, after dinner; "it has got no skilful leaders. Yet if it should assume a really formidable aspect, it would end in a partial revolution. In such a case as that, I, as Lord Mayor, should go to the Castle, and armed with the government authority, I should forthwith organise a city militia."

"Queen Victoria might have to run over here for protection," said Mr. Fitzsimon (the Liberator's son-in-law).

"I should have two as fine battalions as ever took the field," continued O'Connell. "As Lord Mayor I would be entitled to be colonel. I would say to

the ranks, 'You must die if necessary, but you must not be defeated.'"

"If matters took such a turn," resumed Fitzsimon, "as to compel the Queen to seek, like James the Second, protection in Ireland from her English subjects, the result would now be a separation of the countries."

"How differently," resumed O'Connell, "would the English government have treated Irish insurgents! Paddy would have been shot down most unceremoniously. Whereas in this English 'blind rebellion,' the two parties have been fighting each other with about as much parlour-politeness as if my friend Tom Arkins* were their master of the ceremonies. Yet it is just possible that with the enormous materials of discontent, distress, and disaffection now existing in England, matters may speedily become more alarming—and *I* may be obliged to raise my battalions."

He paused for a moment, and then added,

"What we are now saying is mere after-dinner table-talk: and yet, dreamy as it is, it *might* be a reality ere this time to-morrow. How evident that these rioters had no able leaders. If they had such, it would have been the easiest thing in the world to

* The Sword Bearer to the Corporation of Dublin.

break up the railways and prevent the transmission of the troops."

There was certainly this feature of organisation among the insurgents—that the disturbances simultaneously commenced in several widely distant districts, as if for the purpose of exhausting the military force by division.

Amongst O'Connell's anecdotes this evening, was one of the son of a Wexford elector, whose father had been promised patronage by a member of the Loftus family, in return for a vote. The father's ambition aimed at a serjeantcy in the artillery. Lord Loftus, on applying for this post for the youth, was informed that it was totally impossible to grant his request, inasmuch as it required a previous service of *six years* to qualify a candidate for the serjeantcy. "Does it require six years' service to qualify him for a lieutenant?" demanded Lord Loftus. "Certainly not," was the answer. "Well, can't you make him a lieutenant, then?" rejoined his lordship.

"Whereupon," said O'Connell, laughing heartily, "the fellow was made a lieutenant, for no better reason than just because he wasn't fit to be a serjeant!"

We talked of the new church of St. Andrew, in Westland Row. I criticized its architectural de-

formity. O'Connell said it had one valuable and redeeming quality—internal convenience.

"I was," he continued, "one of the chief workers of the change of situation from that old spot in Townsend Street to Westland Row. The priests were all in favour of the change—no man could deny its advantages. However, old Dunne—one of those pious laymen, who always like to rule the priests if they can—violently opposed the change; but we had him at last in a glorious minority. When beaten, he said to the priests; 'I defeated you before on this question, and I would have beaten you now again, only that you brought out against me *the Bonaparte of the law.*' I wish we had had the good fortune to have Pugin for our architect. He would have given us something better for our 23,000*l.* than the ugly mass of building we've got."

On Sunday, the 21st of August, O'Connell dined with his son John, who had taken lodgings at Monkstown, near Dunleary, for the sake of sea-air. Steele and I were of the party. I never saw the Liberator in higher spirits, or abandon himself more thoroughly to the enjoyment of the hour. He walked along the pier at Kingstown for two hours before dinner, laughing with the glee of a schoolboy escaped from his tasks; occasionally stop-

ping to talk with the youths who held their angling rods upon the brink, examining the fish they had caught, and contrasting its quality and size with those of the fish at Darrynane. When he had thus sauntered on, until we had almost reached the extremity of the pier, the Liverpool steamer, which was just paddling out of the harbour, approached. "Out of my way, you miscreant!" cried O'Connell, bounding past a young man on the rough, uneven verge of the pier—and away he ran, till he reached the point that afforded the nearest view of the vessel. When she had cleared the harbour, he turned to gaze upon the landward prospect, exclaiming: "It is beautiful! exquisitely beautiful! but it wants the boldness and wildness of Darrynane. How lovely is the glassy smoothness of the sea!"

Our party at dinner included Steele, Ray, and the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan. Steele, John O'Connell, and I, amused ourselves squibbing off execrable puns at each other. O'Connell spoke of his own early days.

"The first *big* book I ever read," said he, "was Captain Cook's 'Voyage round the World.' I read it with intense avidity. When the other children would ask me to play with them, I used to run

away, and take my book to the window, that is now converted into a press, in the housekeeper's room at Darrynane ; there I used to sit with my legs crossed, tailor-like, devouring the adventures of Cook. His book helped to make me a good geographer—I took an interest in tracing out his voyages upon the map. That was in 1784. I don't think I ever met a book that took a greater grasp of me—there used I to sit reading it, sometimes crying over it, whilst the other boys were playing."

Speaking of the old mode of estimating the value of a district of land, as supporting so many head of cattle, &c., O'Connell said,

"It was the most natural, in fact, the only way, of computing the value. In the remoter parts of the kingdom, the gentry who had large properties often moved from one of their farms to another; as soon as they and their household had eaten up the produce of one farm, they migrated to consume the food furnished by the next. We had, ourselves, a house at Logher, and the family occasionally moved there from Darrynane."

"I think," said Dr. Whelan, "that it would have been a better plan to bring the provisions to the principal residence."

"No," rejoined O'Connell; "it was easier, and cheaper, for the family to move to the food, than to bring the food to *them*. The conveyances were bad, the roads a great deal worse! In some districts there were neither roads nor cars in those days; and where the farms were at a considerable distance from each other, the best possible way was to mount the household upon horseback, and transport them all to the provisions."

Talking away from one subject to another, he mentioned O'Leary, who was shot in 1773, by Morris, of Dunkettle, near Cork.

"That man's son," said O'Connell, "was the father of two fine boys. He brought up one of them a Protestant, and the other a Catholic. The poor children early showed the belligerent spirit of religious hostility. They were always squabbling. The Catholic brother would say, 'We'll get Emancipation in spite of you!'—'No, you rascal!' the Protestant brother would answer, 'we'll keep our foot upon your necks!'"

Speaking of his protracted struggle against Catholic disabilities, he said that, prior to the great Emancipation meeting, held at the Freemasons Tavern, in London, in 1825, Moore, the poet, had written to caution Sheil against giving full license

to his flowery and ornate eloquence, in presence of an English auditory. "I know the English flower-market better than you do," said Moore, "and too much ornament won't suit their taste." Sheil unluckily took the advice; repressed his natural bent; and tried to be cold, unadorned, and Anglican. His speech was a failure. Warned by experience, he gave full scope to his genius on the next occasion—was in the highest degree impassioned and eloquent, and was received with perfect rapture by his audience.

O'Connell always spoke with the highest admiration of Sheil's extraordinary abilities, and with strong personal regard for his old fellow-leader in the struggle for Emancipation. "But I'll tell you a mistake he made," he would add; "he was wrong to have taken a silk gown before I got one."

I never knew O'Connell more lively and animated, more disposed to enjoy himself and to contribute to the merriment of others, than during the evening of which this chapter is a record. He had, as I well knew, many causes of painful anxiety, both public and private; but I had often observed, that he possessed, in a high degree, the faculty of disembarrassing his mind of the pressure of annoyance. Indeed, if it had been otherwise, he must have

sunk beneath the arduous labours of his life. I have often been astonished at the buoyancy of spirits with which he used to throw off a speech at the Corn Exchange, arousing Ireland "from the centre to the sea," at the very time when some source of private vexation existed; which, had another man been exposed to its influence, would have rendered the sufferer incapable of any public effort. But there seemed to exist within O'Connell's breast an inexhaustible fountain of buoyant mirthfulness, which not only sustained him in his public labours, but diffused its influence over the whole circle of his familiar associates. The humorous intonation of his voice, the arch expression of his eye, gave racy zest to many a trifle of the hour, which in other hands would have been abundantly flat and pointless.

I have already said, that during this entire year I saw but little of him. The parliamentary session demanded his presence during the summer in London. In the autumn I was appointed by the Association to take his place in organising the province of Leinster in the Repeal movement. John O'Connell and Ray were at the same time deputed to organise Connaught and Munster. Our trio assembled at the Mansion House, on the night of September the 11th, 1842, in order to compare notes, and

regulate our plans for the campaign. I have elsewhere given details of the progress of the mission.*

On the 12th we set out. O'Connell addressed the following epistle to me, on the subject of our undertaking:

"Darrynane Abbey, 9th Sept., 1842.

"My Dear Daunt,—I hope you are making arrangements for opening the campaign of agitation. It is time it were begun. But act cautiously:—be sure to have the approval of the Catholic clergy in every place you move to. I intended to have written to you at greater length, but will defer it until Sunday or Monday. Write to me fully all the prospects of the approaching campaign.

"Is there any thing you wish me to do, or say, or write?

"Communicate my *orders* to my dear friend, Tom Steele,† to keep his bed until his physician tells him he may rise.

"Yours, my dear Daunt, most sincerely,

"Daniel O'Connell."

The missionaries had anticipated the request conveyed in this communication, which reached me at Mullingar. In reply, I begged the Liberator might

* See "Ireland and Her Agitators," p. 236.

† Steele had been dangerously ill during the summer.

address, through the newspapers, a letter to the people of Ireland, calling upon them to rally round the missionaries of Repeal. He shortly afterwards did so.

Municipal business called him from his mountain home. He was compelled most reluctantly to abridge his stay at Darrynane, in order to revise the burgess-roll of Dublin.

It was a Herculean task. The list contained the names of 18,000 persons, the claims of whom were to be severally investigated. The time was limited by the statute, possibly with the object of throwing difficulty in the way of attaining the franchise. Wagers were laid that O'Connell would be unequal to the labour; that, in fact, no human power could condense the necessary business within the limited period assigned for its performance.

"We'll try it, at any rate," said O'Connell. And to work he set—jesting, quizzing, and punning to relieve the tedium of his monotonous duty.

"It is a tremendous piece of work," said Fitz-Patrick, in a letter to me; "but the labour sits lightly on our indefatigable friend."

And so it did, if we may judge from the following *jeux d'esprit*, which I take from the reports in the Dublin Morning Papers of the period.

"CONSCIENCE!

"The name of Myles Magrath being called, one of the collectors was asked what profession Mr. Magrath belonged to?

"Collector—He is a crier in the Court of Conscience.

"Lord Mayor—Mr. Magrath would have to cry a long time indeed in that court before Conscience would answer his calls there (roars of laughter)."

A gentleman named "Stanley Ireland" presented himself as a claimant for the franchise.

"Mr. Stanley Ireland was objected to by Mr. Crean for non-payment of pipe-water tax.

"Lord Mayor—I did not think an objection to 'Ireland' would come from *your* side.

"Mr. Crean—You know we do not like the name of Stanley though (laughter).

"Lord Mayor—But by admitting Stanley you extend the franchise to 'Ireland' (loud laughter).

"It was discovered that the tax was paid, and Mr. Ireland was admitted.

"Lord Mayor—Well, this is a great day for Ireland (roars of laughter).

"The next name was Henry Chinnery Justice. When the word 'Justice' was called,

"Mr. Wauchob said—Now, my lord, you cannot but say that you have Justice very near Ireland (loud laughter).

"There appeared a Mr. Carew Smyth, whose claim to be enrolled as a burgess of the Merrion ward had been admitted on the preceding Thursday, and who, addressing himself to the court, begged that the Lord Mayor would be good enough to rectify an error into which he had fallen with respect to the manner in which his (Mr. S.'s) name had been spelled upon the burgess list. His lordship was reported in the newspapers to have stated that he was acquainted with him (Mr. Smyth) for very many years, and that he always knew him to spell his name with an *i* and not with a *y*. The very opposite was the fact; for he had always written his name with a *y*; and as his name had been erroneously inserted in consequence of his lordship's misapprehension, he should esteem it a favour if the error

were now corrected by substituting 'Sm*y*th' for 'Sm*i*th' in the entry upon the burgess roll (laughter). He was very anxious that this should be done.

"Lord Mayor—I am sorry we have committed any error which causes you annoyance, sir. We will cheerfully rectify it, since you have had your walk over here about it. You wish to have your name spelt Smyth, and not Smith.

"Mr. Smyth—Exactly, my lord. You were under the impression I was *S.m.i.t.h.*, and when remonstrated with to spell it *S.m.y.t.h*, you are reported to have said to Mr. Stokes that 'you would not knock out my *i* to please him (loud laughter); that I was a *smith*, at all events, and that I might *hammer away*.'—Pray have the error rectified.

"Lord Mayor (laughing)—Oh, certainly, sir; I am sorry that you were occasioned any uneasiness. We *will* knock out your *i*, since you desire it (loud laughter); and we'll give you a *y* with a sweeping tail as long as my own.

"Mr. Smyth bowed and retired, seemingly much satisfied."

Mr. Blackburne, the Tory Attorney-General, who was on the eve of his appointment as Master of the Rolls, applied for the franchise.

"Lord Mayor—Is there any objection to this claimant?

"Mr. Crean—Yes, my lord, I have an objection to his being placed upon the roll.

"Lord Mayor—But have you any objection to his being placed in the *Rolls?*"

Serjeant (now Judge) Jackson—an enthusiastic abettor of the tithe-system, ministers' money, and so forth, applied for the franchise, and

"was objected to on behalf of the Liberals on the ground that he had not paid 'Ministers' Money.'

"The collector was asked if such was the fact? and he replied that the gentleman was certainly in arrear. Shouts of laughter followed this announcement.

"Lord Mayor—I should feel very sorry if he was returned for any other tax in arrear.

"Mr. Stokes—It is fortunate for the learned judge he is not now in Parliament, for what has transpired here would become a standing joke there for your lordship."

In truth, Jackson's remissness in the payment of his "ministers' money" is only one among ten thousand instances of a similar description. The loudest advocates of State Protestantism, have themselves been as frequently defaulters in the payment of tithe to the parsons, as the Catholic people, upon whom they endeavoured to perpetuate that odious impost.

A singular case of arrear in a different tax was exhibited:

"The non-payment of poor-rate was made a subject of objection to various parties living within the precincts of the Castle. The collector stated that he had not been able to collect one penny poor-rate out of the Castle, and the Lord Lieutenant himself (Earl De Grey) was in arrear to the tune of 74*l.*

"Lord Mayor—The Lord Lieutenant! you shock me!

"Mr. Stokes—Did Lord Ebrington owe any of that sum?

"Collector—Yes, indeed he did."

Notwithstanding O'Connell's indefatigable application to his laborious task, yet he feared, on the last two days, that he could not accomplish what yet remained undone. He, however, resolved to persevere—and succeeded. His success was triumphantly announced to me in an epistle from

FitzPatrick, from which I give the following extract:

"Dublin, October 16, 1842.

* * * * * * *

"O'Connell has 'blazoned new honours on his crowded shield.' In fact, he has completed the municipal revision of 18,000 names strong, at within five minutes to twelve last night—the legal hour for closing! This achievement is, indeed, matter for special wonder. The English revision courts have, in every instance, failed to effect the business within the period, even although none of their lists of claimants equalled in numerical force that which our Hercules has disposed of.

"Unfavourable, too, as the nature of the investigation obviously was to the manifestation of his mighty capabilities, yet he contrived, even through it, to develop all the qualities of a great judge. So say the *primates* of the law. Truly it is a singular exploit. O'Connell has proved the achievement to be practicable by *him;* but succeeding years will show,

"'That other mayors toil after him in vain.'"

* * * * * * *

As O'Connell toiled away towards the close of his task, various efforts were made by the adverse party to interrupt him. "My Lord Mayor, the

time's run out"—"My Lord Mayor, it's two minutes past twelve o'clock." But O'Connell would not be distracted, and he continued marking off the names with great celerity, his watch lying on the table before him. Every moment was precious; and in order that the work might be brought to a close within the prescribed period, he admitted, without examination, during the last hour, several Tory claimants; being conscious that the Liberal numerical strength must, at all events, leave the foe in a minority; whilst, if he should fail in concluding the revision before midnight, all his previous toil would go for nothing.

When he stood up, at five minutes before twelve, to proclaim that the last name on the whole list had been reached, the announcement elicited a burst of astonishment and applause, from foes as well as friends; and many of the former could not avoid congratulating him upon his extraordinary triumph, in the hearty zeal of their admiration.

His year of mayoralty now rapidly approached its close; and he rejoiced in the prospect of exemption from its multiplied annoyances. "In another fortnight," said he, in a speech at the Repeal Association, "I'll have the privilege of knocking down any man who calls me 'My Lord.'"

On the 1st of November, 1842, he quitted his

municipal office. His successor, Mr. George Roe, a Protestant gentleman, was unanimously chosen by the Corporation. There was, of course, a grand civic procession—O'Connell occupied the old glass coach, so delightful to all the amateurs of raree-shows.

The evening banquet given by the new Lord Mayor was rendered interesting by the festive harmony of men of the most opposite politics; and O'Connell seized the occasion to impress upon all parties the necessity of casting old feuds into oblivion. In returning thanks for the toast of his health, he said:

"That if his loved friend the Lord Mayor had expressed the gratification which he felt at the manner in which his name had been received by the company, how much more intense must his (Mr. O'Connell's) feelings be, when he found himself the object of such enthusiastic demonstrations of applause (hear, hear). There were sentiments which could not be described—feelings which could not be translated into words—there was a glow of the soul which might be felt, but which could not be communicated, and he felt the truth of this assertion that moment most deeply, most sincerely, and most unequivocally (loud cheers). Perhaps it was merely an overweening vanity, while he attributed it to a higher and a nobler sentiment, which induced him to think that they had spent a useful day for Ireland. Yet he could not prevent his mind from dwelling with feelings of unfeigned delight upon the remembrance of that day, for the demonstrations which they had witnessed proved that political rancour was not a sentiment indigenous to their hearts, but that party feeling melted away before the genial warmth of generous confidence and kindness. Why should they stand aloof one from the other? Why suffer obsolete prejudices, which were

disgraceful to their natures, to prevent them from joining together with that unanimity of word and action which it was delightful to find in men of the same country? Were they not all Irishmen? Were they not all combined for the common advantage of their native land? Paltry and degrading were the pitiable prejudices which had heretofore prevented them from regarding each other as friends and brothers, and surely it was now full time that they should emerge from the slavish influence of that unhappy spirit of disunion which could only serve to bring disquietude to themselves and irreparable injury to their country. Oh, if the same delightful spirit of unanimity and harmony which animated the breasts of all who were assembled in that goodly company could be diffused throughout the length and breadth of our distracted land, what greatness was there that she might not achieve—what happiness that she might not accomplish? (loud cheers.) Too long had they been divided; but he thanked the Lord Mayor for the noble example of liberality which he had set, and most ardently did he hope that every man in Ireland who possessed any portion of that enlightenment and discernment for which his friend was distinguished, would come forward and adopt a similar course of conduct. Why should they be severed any longer? They had a common country to serve, and a common duty to perform—there was much to be remedied, much to be redressed—but it was by union, concord, and good-fellowship alone that they could hope to accomplish the important designs which it was necessary to achieve (hear, hear).—He thanked Heaven that in the Corporation nothing like party spirit had been displayed; and that although they occasionally counted one side against the other, no sentiment had ever escaped from the lips of a member of the council which savoured of acrimony or political rancour (cheers). Why should not this spirit be fostered and cherished, until its benign influence should be diffused throughout the land, bringing peace to the distracted breast, and shedding the blessings of concord and of happiness all round? They had begun well, and if there was in the civic chair last year a man of one religion, he thanked Heaven that it would be filled by a man of a different religion during the year ensuing. Most strenuously and most zealously had he (Mr. O'Connell) endeavoured during his year of office to pursue a

course of the strictest impartiality; but whatever became of the last year, no man who came before his esteemed friend who now held the mayoralty, could imagine for one instant that his religious or political tenets could have any influence in promoting or retarding his rights. One day such as the present was worth whole centuries of strife. It served to knit men together in the bonds of amity—it consolidated public opinion—it conciliated hearts which heretofore had been adverse, and it contributed to promote the happiness and prosperity of the country, by making her sons dwell together in harmony. He had declared at the commencement that he could not translate the feelings of his heart, and never did he feel more inadequate to the task than at the present moment. He was dreaming aloud. He never thought that he should see such a day as that (cheers). This was the consummation for which he had been battling for many a year, and if he knew any thing of his own heart, he would declare in the presence of his God, who would judge him, that this was the dearest object of his life. They had been kind enough to make him think that he had contributed to such a day; but of this he was confident, that his friend Mr. Roe had done more than even he (Mr. O'Connell) towards this consummation. The citizens of Dublin were happy in being able to select for their chief magistrate a man of such high character—of such unsullied honour—a man who, in every relation of life, had won the respect of his fellow-men, and who, in a country where party spirit unfortunately ran to too high a pitch, had been so singularly fortunate as to conciliate to himself the good wishes and good opinions of all classes indiscriminately. These remarks were the outpourings of his heart rather than the studied compositions of the brain; as such he would have them regarded."

Alderman Butt, of Tory celebrity, made a speech, which he ended by quoting and adopting O'Connell's oft-repeated wish to behold Ireland—

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

CHAPTER VI.

Progress of Repeal—Escape of O'Connell from the Orange Party—Recollection of the Shearses—O'Connell's Bar Practice—A Civil Visit refused—Journey to Munster—O'Connell's Recollections of 1797 and 1803—Judge Finucane's Charge—Epigram on a Sign Post, by Hussey Burgh—Appropriative Ladies—Eloquence in a Newspaper—Rev. Robert Manning's Answer to Leslie's Case Stated.

A FEW days afterwards, Colonel Markey* visited O'Connell. Markey's tendencies were naturally loyal; but, like many others, he had been forced into the insurrection of 1798 by the intolerable tyranny of the then existing government. He had, in childhood, been enrolled in the national cause. When only six years old, his father brought him to a review of the Irish Volunteers, at Bellew's Town; and the child's feeble hands held a mimic standard in the front of the patriotic muster.

"I believe, Markey," said O'Connell, "that you and Cloney are the only two colonels of the United

* Colonel of the United Irishmen, 1798.

Irishmen now surviving in Ireland. Poor Sterne Harte, who died the other day, was a major. Well, how times are changed, my old friend! We are on the eve of infinitely greater changes. What a feature of the times, to have seventeen Tories in our Corporation, unanimously joining in that vote of thanks to me on my quitting office as Lord Mayor!"

"Aye," said Markey, "and there in Drogheda, the other day, we saw Ball, of Ball's Grove, the head of one of the staunchest Tory families in Ireland, suddenly sending in his ten pound contribution to the O'Connell fund. I was sitting on the bench, beside the Mayor, when the letter arrived. I protest, we could scarcely have been more astonished, if the town-house had walked into the Boyne!"

"That the rational and sagacious of their party will come round," said O'Connell, "is a matter of gradual, but certain occurrence. The common sense of the case is so completely with us. Well, no doubt these things are triumphs. Orange Tories uniting in a vote of thanks to me! to *me*, who have twice been preserved, by the special protection of Providence, from being murdered by Orangemen! You well remember, Markey, how we heard the signal-shots fired far away to the left, on that

journey to the north, in 1835. I did not know the route, and, providentially, gave wrong instructions to the postillions. The Orangemen had mustered on the bridge, in the long flat bog, near Omagh—a dangerous pass, without battlements—they were resolved to have destroyed me, either by flinging me into the river, or creating a riot, and shooting me in the skirmish. Well, God took care of me, I trust, for a good purpose for Ireland."

On the following day, Dr. Madden, the author of a work on the United Irishmen, visited him.

"Oh, Madden!" cried O'Connell, as he entered, "I was thinking, as I read your book, how glad you would have been to learn a trifling incident I could have told you about the Shearses. I travelled with them, in the Calais packet, to England, in 1793. I left Douai on the 21st of January in that year, and arrived in Calais the very day the news arrived that the King and Queen had been guillotined. The packet had several English on board, who all, like myself, seemed to have been made confirmed aristocrats by the sanguinary horrors of the Revolution. They were talking of the exe-'cution of the King and Queen, and execrating the barbarity of their murderers, when two gentlemen entered the cabin, a tall man and a low one—these were the two Shearses. Hearing the horrible

doings at Paris spoken of, John Sheares said, 'We were at the execution.' 'Good heaven!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen, 'how could you have got there?' 'By bribing two of the National Guard to lend us their uniforms,' answered Sheares; 'we obtained a most excellent view of the entire scene.' 'But, in God's name, how could you endure to witness such a hideous spectacle?' resumed the Englishman. John Sheares answered energetically—I never can forget his manner of pronouncing the words. '*From love of the cause!*'"

Dr. Madden said, he would far prefer to have received some anecdote favourable to the character of the Shearses, instead of one which inculpated them in the sanguinary brutality of Jacobinism.

Although we must abhor the base treachery of the wretch who betrayed, at a subsequent period, these Shearses into the hands of the government, yet it lessens our regret for their fate, to know how small a claim they could derive from their personal character on our compassionate sympathy.

O'Connell added this trivial circumstance—that on the occasion of that voyage, the elder Sheares observed, that it was the only time he had ever been at sea without danger of shipwreck. "I think, Madden," said he, in conclusion, "the whole

story would have derived some zest from *my* being mixed up in it."

About this period, old John O'Neill (the volunteer of 1782), solicited the good offices of O'Connell, for the children of a man who had recently died in embarrassed circumstances. "Poor fellow," said O'Neill, "he was a slobbering sort of manager. The Dutch say, 'that when a man becomes distressed, it is a sure sign that he has not kept his accounts with regularity.'"

"The Dutch are not far from the truth," observed O'Connell. "I have often seen preposterously slobbering mismanagement among men for whom I have been professionally concerned. I recollect I once had a client, an unlucky fellow, against whom a verdict had been given for a balance of 1100*l*. We were trying to set aside that verdict. I was young at the bar at that time—my senior counsel contented themselves with abusing the adverse witnesses, detecting flaws in their evidence, and making sparkling points;—in short, they made very flourishing and eloquent, but rather ineffective speeches. Whilst they flourished away, I got our client's books, and, taking my place immediately under the judges' bench, I opened the accounts, and went through them all from begin-

ning to end. I got the whole drawn out by double entry, and got numbers for every voucher. The result plainly was, that so far from there being a just balance of 1100*l.* against our poor devil, there actually was a balance of 700*l.* in his favour! although the poor slovenly blockhead did not know it himself! When my turn came, I made the facts as clear as possible to judge and jury—and the jury inquired 'if they couldn't find a verdict of 700*l.* for Mr. ——?' I just tell you the circumstance," continued O'Connell, "to show you that I kept an eye on that important branch of my profession."

One day, when the Liberator was particularly occupied, and interruption, of course, more than ordinarily unwelcome, a civil booby came in, and apologised for not having previously visited him. "Say nothing about it," said O'Connell; "I look on it as a very great kindness when people don't visit me."

On another day of incessant political occupation at the Mansion-house, the servant announced Mr. ——.

"Who is Mr. —— ?" demanded O'Connell. "I know many men of that name." The servant descended to the hall to inquire, and satisfied O'Connell as to the peculiar identity of his visitor. "Go ask him what's his business," said the Liberator,

giving himself another short reprieve. "He says his business is to make his bow to your lordship," said the envoy, having made the inquiry. "Augh! tell him I am quite satisfied to accept his bow where he is!"

Driving out of town one day *en route* to some Repeal destination, O'Connell said, as we passed Eustace Street,

"In my young days there used to be a celebrated tavern in that street, where the Reformers of the period held many of their meetings. I was at one of those meetings in 1797—it was a meeting of the lawyers. John Sheares and the present Judge Burton attended it."

"Had you been then called to the bar?"

"No. I was not then a lawyer—I only went as a spectator. It was fortunate for me that I could not then participate in the proceedings. I felt warmly—and a young Catholic student stepping prominently forth in opposition to the Government, would have been in all probability hanged. I learned much by being a *looker on* about that time. I had many good opportunities of acquiring valuable information, upon which I very soon formed my own judgment. It was a terrible time. The political leaders of the period could not conceive such a thing as a perfectly open and above-board political ma-

chinery. My friend Richard Newton Bennett was an adjunct to the Directory of United Irishmen. I was myself a United Irishman. As I saw how matters worked, I soon learned the lesson *to have no secrets in politics.* Other leaders made their *workings* secret, and only intended to bring out the *results.* They were, therefore, perpetually in peril of treachery. You saw men on whose fidelity you would have staked your existence playing false, when tempted by the magnitude of the bribe on the one side, and terrified on the other by the danger of hanging."

As we passed through St. James's Street, he pointed out a dusky red brick house, with stone cornices and architraves, on the south side of the street.*

"That," said he, "was the Grand Canal Hotel. One night in 1803 I searched every room in that house."

"For what did you search?"

"For croppies. I was then a member of the Lawyers' Corps, and constantly on duty. After I had stood sentry for three successive nights, Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman's turn came. He had recently been ill, and told me the exposure to night air would probably kill him. 'I shall be in a sad predicament,' said he, 'unless you take my turn of duty for me.

* That house has been since then pulled down, the ground it occupied having, I believe, been required by the Dublin and Cashel Railway Company.

If I refuse, they'll accuse me of cowardice or croppy-ism; if I mount guard it will be the death of me!' So I took his place, and thus stood guard for six consecutive nights. One night a poor boy was taken up in Dame Street after midnight—he said in his defence that he was going on a message from his master, a notary-public, to give notice for protest of a bill—the hour seemed a very unlikely one for such a purpose, and we searched his person for treasonable documents. We found in his waistcoat pocket a sheet of paper, on which were rudely scrawled several drawings of pikes. He turned pale with fright, and trembled all over, but persisted in the account he had given us of himself. It was easily tested, and a party immediately went to his master's house to make inquiry. His master confirmed his statement, but the visitors whose suspicions were excited by the drawing, rigidly searched the whole house for pikes—prodded the beds to try if there were any concealed in them—found all right, and returned to our guard-house about three in the morning."

As we passed through Naas, O'Connell observed that the head of O'Connor, a rebel schoolmaster, who was hanged in 1797, had ceased for some years to ornament the gaol.

"He made," said O'Connell, "a wicked speech in the dock. He complained of taxes, and op-

pressions of various descriptions, and then said 'Before the flesh decays from my bones—nay, before my body is laid in the earth, the avenger of tyranny will come. The French are on the sea while I utter these words—they will soon effect their short and easy voyage, and strike terror and dismay into the cruel oppressors of the Irish people.' When the prisoner concluded, Judge Finucane commenced his charge, in the course of which he thus attacked the politics, predictions, and arguments of the unhappy prisoner; 'O'Connor, you're a great blockhead for your pains. What you say of the French is all nonsense. Don't you know, you fool, that Lord Howe knocked their ships to smithereens last year? And therefore, O'Connor, you shall return to the place from whence you came, and you shall be delivered into the hands of the common executioner, and you shall be hanged by the—— Oh! I must not forget, there was another point of nonsense in your speech. You talked about the tax on leather, and said it would make us all go barefoot. Now, O'Connor, I've the pleasure to inform you that I have got a large estate in Clare, and there is not a tenant upon it that hasn't got as good boots and shoes as myself. And therefore, O'Connor, you shall return to the place from whence you came, and you shall be

delivered into the hands of the common executioner, and you shall be hanged by the head until you are dead, and your body shall be divided into quarters, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!' The only reply O'Connor made was, 'If you are kind to your tenants, my lord, may God bless you.'"

Passing Belan, the deserted abode of the Earls of Aldborough, O'Connell repeated the lines Hussey Burgh had composed on the hand which in former days adorned an old finger-post near the gate—(the ladies of the S******* family were not celebrated for their integrity, at the now distant period in question.)

"Great Jupiter! could I command
Promethean fire to warm that hand,
Give it tenacity and feeling,
Then fix, thus vivified, the fist,
Upon my sympathetic wrist,
Oh! what a hand 'twould be for stealing!"

"Some ladies of quality," continued O'Connell, "have a curious propensity for theft. There were the Honourable Misses H——. In Bath, the shopkeepers regularly traded on their thievish disposition. Articles of value were left designedly upon the counters—the baits of course took; and the honourable thieves were pursued by shopboys who would say, 'You have taken such or such articles, ladies, but you have forgotten to pay for them.' An

exorbitant price was then always demanded, which the ladies were glad to pay in order to escape the worse alternative of public exposure."

The morning papers which we had brought from Dublin contained despatches from China. Sir Henry Pottinger in his account of a recent engagement, stated that "eighty of the enemy were killed, and a *proportionate* number wounded."

"A *proportionate* number!" cried O'Connell, "and pray what is the proportion? Could the fellow make a sum in arithmetic of it? 'Given the number of killed, what ought to be the number of wounded?'"

Speaking of newspaper reports,

"The very perfection of reporting," said O'Connell, "was my worthy friend ————'s report of a speech that he never delivered at a meeting which never was held. A year or two before Emancipation, a Catholic meeting was intended to be held at Ennis to petition Parliament. ———— was resolved to surpass himself on the occasion; and in order to secure a good report, he wrote his speech beforehand, and sent it off by post the day previously to that fixed for the meeting, to the Dublin papers, in which it accordingly was published at full length. There never was a more flaming report. Bursts of applause followed every strong sentiment and rhetorical flou-

rish. 'Here the whole assembly evinced by rapturous cheering the fervid feeling excited by the eloquent appeals of the animated orator,' and so forth. But unluckily the Clare squires were in close attendance at their Assizes' business—the presentments had come on, and the jobbing was too interesting to be abandoned for politics. The consequence was, that not a soul could be got to go to the meeting, and accordingly no meeting was held! Poor ————'s report had gone off to Dublin, and could not be recalled. Next day's papers brought a flaming account of the meeting, with a voluminous report of his undelivered speech, and emphatic eulogies of his imaginary eloquence. He was so annoyed by the circumstance that he was ashamed to face his brethren of the Munster bar at the following circuit, and wrote a letter of apology for non-attendance, which I read aloud at the bar dinner in Cork, commenting upon it as I read, in the midst of vociferous laughter."

We had got in the carriage the Rev. Robert Manning's celebrated reply to Leslie's "Case Stated." Leslie's book was written in the form of a dialogue between a Protestant gentleman and a Catholic lord. Of course, the gentleman vanquished the lord in the controversy. Manning reprinted every line of Leslie's "Gentleman," but substituted his

own replies and arguments for those which Leslie had placed in the mouth of the Catholic lord. The result seemed triumphantly to negative the praise bestowed by Dr. Johnson upon Leslie, when he said to Boswell, "Sir, Leslie was a reasoner indeed, and a reasoner who could not be reasoned against."

"Leslie," said O'Connell, "is exceedingly plausible and able in attacking Catholicity; but although he professes to state the whole case, he does not even attempt to set up any *affirmative* case whatsoever for Protestantism. How exquisitely Manning demolishes his fallacious plausibilities! I suppose that in this book one finds the very strongest objections that can possibly be urged against the Catholic religion; and how utterly futile and driftless they appear when the answers of Manning are read. Protestantism is in fact a mere negation; a denial of certain truths announced by the Catholic Church."

"A very unequal negation," said I.

"Of course it must be an unequal negation," returned O'Connell, "since the amount of Protestantism in the minds of its different votaries, depends on the exact quantity of truth that each man chooses to deny. It is, to be sure, a most curious delusion. It never would have made any head if Luther had not baited his trap with Justification by Faith alone. That was such a comfortable doctrine—so flattering to

human corruption—that a leader who promulged it might safely reckon on a numerous following in his revolt."

O'Connell expressed his opinion that, if Dr. Johnson were now in existence, he would have taken an active and prominent part in the Puseyite movement. "He had certainly many prepossessions in favour of Catholicity."

We spoke of the utter incompetence of the Rule of Private Judgment to preserve a Christian man's belief in the doctrine of the Trinity.

"The Socinians," observed I, "allege that if the Trinitarian doctrine be true, it is very strange that the word *Trinity* does not once occur in the whole Bible."

"Oh, as to that," said O'Connell, "if the word *Trinity* were found in every page of the Bible, Socinian Protestants would not believe in the doctrine one whit more than they do at the present moment. They might get rid of it on the ordinary Protestant principles of interpretation; they might deal with it as they do with the Real Presence in the Eucharist; they might say that the word *Trinity* did not really mean a Trinity at all—that it only meant something that was figuratively called a Trinity."

CHAPTER VII.

O'Connell and the Poor Law—Major Sirr and the Union—Was Shakspeare a Catholic?—O'Connell's Hope that Wars might eventually cease—A curious Duellist—"Bob Twiss"—Jerry Keller—An Attorney-hater—O'Connell's Recollections of his Birth-place.

Mr. Ray visited me at Kilcascan, in November, 1842, and occupied himself for some weeks in organising the neighbouring towns in the Repeal movement. O'Connell, as I have said, proceeded to Waterford, and thence to Darrynane, where he enjoyed the amusement of hunting, and busied himself attacking the Poor Law, to which ill-considered enactment his hostility had never relaxed. In a letter he addressed to the Poor Law Guardians of the county which he then represented in Parliament (Cork), he gave a ludicrous sketch of the mode in which this specimen of "English legislation for Ireland" was concocted.

"Lord John Russell," said he, "deemed himself

wiser than any combination of Irish Commissioners. . . . . He accordingly selected an adviser of his own, a man whose name is but too familiar in Ireland, Mr. Nicholls. He made him sole arbiter of the fate of Ireland.

"Judge of the fitness of this appointment.—This Mr. Nicholls had been brought up in the service of the East India Company. He, for many years, commanded, with, I believe, integrity and skill, a large ship engaged in traffic between England and the East Indies. Mark this:—An English sea-skipper to regulate Poor Laws for Ireland! If we were not divided among ourselves—but no matter.

"Thus qualified, Mr. Nicholls was despatched to Ireland. He spent, in investigating the state of the country, an enormous length of time, 'to wit,' (as we lawyers say) *about nine weeks!*—rather less. The dates are these. Nicholls received in London his sailing orders from Lord John Russell on the 22nd of August, 1836; he visited Ireland, returned to England, and drew up, prepared, and gave in his full report before the 15th of November the same year. Was the like of this ever heard? Alas, it could happen nowhere save only in Ireland. He was whirled in a post-chaise, at the public expense, from Dublin to Cork, from Cork to Sligo, from Sligo to Belfast, and thence, I believe, by short sea to

Glasgow ; but to be sure, 'his eye in a fine frenzy rolling,' had passed all over Ireland. He calculated the number of poor-houses, the number of paupers, the amount of expense, the quantity of rates. In short, he calculated every thing, and was accurate in nothing. But his report was adopted—acted on, and our poor laws are the legitimate, the natural consequence. How I pity and despise the man who does not feel the force of this statement!"

Alluding to the wasteful expenditure of the public money by the Poor Law Commissioners, the following passage contains a burst of mingled indignation and contempt extremely characteristic of the writer:

"They" (the Commissioners) "have erected" (in Cork) "a house for the accommodation of two thousand persons, without a sewer. Is it possible to give a stronger proof of wasteful blundering? Ought such men to continue Commissioners a single day longer? If justice were done, they should be employed for the rest of their lives in personally conveying away the filth of that workhouse."

Near Christmas, O'Connell invited me to go to Darrynane. His onslaught on the Poor Law was uppermost in his mind.

Talking over the subject in the evening, some-

body said, "But is it not a very good thing to relieve even some of the destitute?"

"Aye," returned O'Connell, "provided you don't make paupers of some to relieve the pauperism of others. There is the hideous excess of the cost of the machinery of the Poor Law, over the actual amount of relief administered to the destitute. Look at the instance—to be sure, an extreme case—of the Union of Dunkerrin, in which 720*l.* are charged upon the rate-payers, and *four paupers* are relieved! A good thing to relieve the destitute! To be sure it is—and it is a very good thing, and a very useful thing, to catch flies; but what would you say to a wiseacre who should give forty or fifty pounds for a most ingenious and admirable fly-trap; and lo! at the end of three months, the excellent trap had actually caught a dozen flies? This would be paying rather dear for your fly-catching. In sober truth, the Poor Laws just show us how a set of well-fattened English Commissioners can get rich by minding the affairs of the poor—and the *Irish* poor, too! just as Don Pedro Zendona, in 'Gil Blas,' became rich, *a force de soigner les pauvres.*"

O'Connell often boasted, as the reader has already seen, that his first appearance in public life was made in opposition to the Union. "It is a curious

thing enough," said he, "that all the principles of my subsequent political life are contained in my very first speech. We met at the Royal Exchange, to denounce the Union as Catholics. We had previously held private meetings at the house of Sir James Strong, who was active enough at first, but refused to be our chairman. So we made Ambrose Moore our chairman—a very worthy citizen. It was Curran who drew up our resolutions. They were very fiery and spirited in their original shape, but were modified into comparative tameness to suit the timidity of some of our friends, in those days of terror and brute force. Major Sirr came into the meeting, at the head of a party of the armed yeomanry. They grounded their arms with a heavy clash on the stone pavement, but did not molest us. Sirr asked to be shown the resolutions, and when he had read them, he threw them back on the table, saying, 'There is no harm in them.' He then walked off with his yeomanry, and left us undisturbed."

One evening, in speaking of Shakspeare, O'Connell said, "I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings, you find his priests and friars good men. This circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period when abuse of popery would have naturally been practised to

court the ruling powers, by any writer who was not a Catholic himself."

"In the play of 'King John,'" observed Mr. Lucas (the editor of the *Tablet*), "Shakspeare shows strong disinclination to give temporal power and authority to the Pope."

"That," replied O'Connell, "is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and one in which I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the Pope's actual *dominion*. But I'll tell you a favourite day-dream of mine—that the time will come when there will be no more war, no more bloodshed between nations, and when nations will settle their differences, not by sanguinary battles, and the awful sacrifice of human life, but by a pacific appeal to the adjudication of a third party—just as America and England have now referred their disputes to the decision of the King of Holland. And who, in such an appeal from nations, could be a fitter umpire than the Pope, the most ancient sovereign in Christendom ?"

This remark led to some comments on the papal supremacy, and thence the talk wandered to Sir Thomas More's defence of that supremacy. O'Connell playfully said: "By the bye, Sir Thomas More had four-and-twenty grand-children—and so have

I. Thus you see there are some things in which a little man may resemble a great one."

On the 16th of January, O'Connell quitted Darrynane, to return to Dublin. He hunted all day across the mountains, and arrived late for dinner at Hillgrove.* His spirits were as high as usual, and the store of anecdote which he poured forth was copious.

"I remember," said he, "being counsel at a special commission in Kerry, against a Mr. S——, and having occasion to press him somewhat hard in my speech, he jumped up in the court, and called me 'a purse-proud blockhead.' I said to him: 'In the first place, I have got no purse to be proud of; and secondly, if I be a blockhead, it is the better for you, as I'm counsel against you. However, just to save you the trouble of saying so again, I'll administer a slight rebuke,'—whereupon I whacked him soundly on the back with the president's cane. Next day he sent me a challenge, by William Ponsonby, of Crottoe; but very shortly after, he wrote to me to state, that *since* he had challenged me, he had discovered that my life was inserted in a valuable lease of his. 'Under these circumstances,' he continued, 'I cannot afford to shoot you, unless, as a precautionary measure, you first insure your life

* The seat of Mr. Primrose.

for my benefit. If you do, then heigh for powder and ball! I'm your man.' Now this seems so ludicrously absurd, that it is almost incredible; yet it is literally true. S—— was a very timid man—yet he fought six duels; in fact, he fought them all out of pure fear."

Mr. Primrose adverted to Judge Jackson's calumny against O'Connell, promulgated on the authority of Mr. Robert Twiss.

"Aye, Bob—poor Bob!" said O'Connell. "I remember a good hit the late Archdeacon Day made at Bob. While Bob was High Sheriff of Kerry, I dined in his company one day in Tralee. There was a riot in the street, and Bob was desirous to interpose his authority. 'Oh, let them fight it out!' exclaimed the archdeacon. 'No, no, I'll pacify them,' answered Bob, and he accordingly rushed out into the street, and set about pacifying the people, by knocking down one man on the right and another on the left, crying out all the while, 'I'm the High Sheriff—I'm the High Sheriff.' A fellow who did not care for dignitaries soon made a *low* sheriff of him, by bestowing a blow on his head that stunned him. Poor Bob was brought back into the house insensible; but his head, when examined, was found not to have sustained the least fracture. When he revived, Archdeacon Day con-

gratulated him, saying, 'How providential, Bob, *that your skull was so thick!*'"

In speaking of his professional recollections, he gave some traits of Jeremiah Keleher, long known at the Munster bar by the familiar name of "Jerry Keller."

"Jerry," said O'Connell, "was an instance ot great waste of talent. He was the son of a poor farmer near Kanturk, named *Keleher*, which name Jerry anglicised into *Keller*, when he went to the bar. He was an excellent classical scholar, and had very considerable natural capacity; but, although he had a good deal of business at the bar, his success was far from being what he might have attained, had he given his whole soul to his profession. His readiness of retort was great. At a Cork county election, at which Colonel Tonson (the fruit of an adulterous intercourse) was candidate, Jerry was trying to break down one of the colonel's voters by a long cross-examination. In those days voters were liable to cross-examinations, like witnesses at Nisi Prius. Colonel Tonson saw matters were going hard with his voter, and thinking to check, and at the same time to mortify, Jerry, he called out to him: 'I say, Mr. Keller, or Keleher, or whatever the devil they call you, let that voter alone!' 'Call me any thing you please, colonel,

retorted Jerry, looking meekly up, '*provided you don't call me the son of a w——.*'

"Baron Smith once tried to annoy him on his change of name at a bar dinner. They were talking of the Irish language. 'Your Irish name, Mr. Keller,' said the baron, 'is *Diarmuidh-ui-Keleher*.' 'It is,' answered Jerry, nothing daunted, 'and yours is *Lliamh Gow*.' There was a great laugh at Smith's expense,—a sort of thing that nobody liked less.

"Another time, when the bar were dining together on a Friday, a blustering young barrister named Norcott, of great pretension, with but slender materials to support it, observed that Jerry was eating fish instead of meat. Norcott, by way of jeering Keller, (who had originally been a Catholic) said to him, 'So you won't eat meat? Why, I did not think, Jerry, you had so much of the *Pope in your belly!*' 'I wouldn't have as much of the *Pretender in my head* as you have,' answered Jerry, 'for all the meat in the market.'

"There was a barrister of the name of Parsons at the bar in my earlier practice," continued O'Connell, "who had a good deal of Jerry Keller's humour. Parsons hated the whole tribe of attorneys,—perhaps they had not treated him very well,—but his prejudice against them was eternally exhibiting itself. One day in the hall of the Four Courts an

attorney came up to him, to beg his subscription towards burying a brother attorney, who had died in distressed circumstances. Parsons took out a pound-note. 'Oh, Mr. Parsons,' said the applicant, 'I do not want so much; I only ask a shilling from each contributor.' 'Oh, take it, take it,' replied Parsons; 'I would most willingly subscribe money any day to put an attorney under ground!' 'But, really, Mr. Parsons, I have limited myself to a shilling from each person.' 'For pity's sake, my good sir, take the pound, *and bury twenty of them!*'"

"One of the most curious things I remember in my bar experience, is Judge Foster's charging for the acquittal of a homicide named Denis Halligan, who was tried with four others at the Limerick Assizes many years ago. Foster totally mistook the evidence of the principal witness for the prosecution. The offence charged was aggravated manslaughter, committed on some poor wretch whose name I forget. The first four prisoners were shown to have been criminally abetting; but the fifth, Denis Halligan, was proved to have inflicted the fatal blow. The evidence of the principal witness against him was given in these words: 'I saw Denis Halligan, my Lard—(he that's in the dock there)—take a *vacancy** at the poor sowl that's kilt, and

* *i.e.* "take a *shy* at him."

give him a wipe with a *cleh alpeen*,* and lay him down as quiet as a child.' The Judge charged against the first four prisoners, and sentenced them to seven years' imprisonment each ; then proceeding to the fifth prisoner—the rascal who really committed the homicide—he addressed him thus :—'Denis Halligan, I have purposely reserved the consideration of your case for the last. Your crime, asbeing a participator in the affray, is doubtless of a very grievous nature ; yet I cannot avoid taking into consideration the mitigating circumstances that attend it. By the evidence of the witness it clearly appears that *you* were the only one of the party who showed any mercy to the unfortunate deceased ; you took him to a *vacant seat*, and you wiped him with a *clean napkin*, and (to use the affecting and poetical language of the witness), you laid him down with the gentleness one shows to a little child. In consideration of these circumstances, which considerably mitigate your offence, the only punishment I shall inflict upon you, is an imprisonment of three weeks' duration.'—So Denis Halligan got off, from Foster's mistaking a *vacancy* and a *cleh alpeen* for a *vacant seat* and a *clean napkin*."

Such was O'Connell's table-talk at Hillgrove.

O'Connell and I were standing one morning on

* Cleh-Alpeen, *a bludgeon.*

the high ground at Hillgrove, which overlooks his birth-place. Carhen House, where his father lived, is now in ruins. He pointed to the crumbling walls, and said, "I was born there; but not in the house whose ruins you see. I was born in a house of which there is now no vestige, and of which the materials were used in constructing the edifice now dilapidated. —Do you see that stream? Many a trout I have caught in it in my youthful days. Those meadows near the river were always good land; but beyond was very unprofitable boggy soil. My father always grew enough of wheat for the use of the family. Those ash-trees behind the house on the other side of the river, stand where there was once an old grove of much grosser ash-trees. They were worth one hundred pounds, and my father one day thought proper to sell them for fifteen pounds. My uncle, General O'Connell, left Ireland to enter the French service at the age of fourteen, and he rose so rapidly, that I was inspired by his example with an ambition to distinguish myself. I always had one object in my ambitious views, and that was to do something for Ireland. My family had ever been Jacobites, as was only natural, from the persecution the Catholics suffered. But they committed no overt acts of Jacobitism—their zeal extended no further than keeping a print of the Pretender in the house.

When the first Emancipation Acts passed in 1778 and 1782, their speculative Jacobitism was very much melted away, as they saw the prospect opening to them of doing well under the reigning dynasty."

Walking from Hillgrove to Cahirsiveen, O'Connell said, "Do you see that large stone in yonder field? It was the scene of an encounter I had with a bull when I was a lad—he ran after me, and my retreat was cut off by a high ditch—so I faced about and threw a stone at his forehead that stunned him. That gave me time, before he could recover himself; and in the meanwhile a number of boys came to my assistance and fairly stoned him out of the field."

CHAPTER VIII.

Newcastle Dinner—Sheep and Wolves—Father Mathew—"Savage and Cannibal"—High Life below Stairs—O'Connell's Book on Ireland—Treatment of an unoffending Citizen in 1798—Increase of Repealers—Reason why the Corn Exchange was originally chosen for the Meetings of the Catholic Association—Desire of the Irish for Self-government—Feeling in Ireland at the Time of the French and Belgian Revolutions of 1830—O'Connell "King of the French."

THE Repealers of Newcastle, in the county Limerick, gave O'Connell a public dinner on the 19th of January. Next morning we breakfasted at the house of the Rev. Dr. Coll, who praised the late Chief Baron Wolfe, adding, "I believe, Mr. O'Connell, he was strongly opposed to you on the veto question."

"Yes," answered O'Connell, "Wolfe thought that emancipation should be purchased at the expense of handing over to government the appointment of the Catholic bishops, under the name of a

veto. The only occasion on which we came into public collision with each other on that subject was at a great meeting in Limerick, when he made a powerful speech—as powerful as could be made in a bad cause—in favour of the veto. He came forward to the front of the gallery. We were in the body of the house; and in the delivery of his discourse there was manifested some little disposition to interrupt him, but I easily prevented that. When I rose in reply, I told the story of the sheep that were fattening under the protection of their dogs, when an address to them to get rid of their dogs was presented by the wolves. I said that the leading *Wolfe* came forward to the front of the gallery and persuaded the sheep to give up the dogs—they obeyed him, and were instantly devoured; and I then expressed a hope that the Catholics of Ireland would be warned by that example never to yield to a *Wolfe* again. With that pleasantry our differences ended; for he admitted that the popular sentiment was against him, and he gave up any further agitation of that question."

"I well recollect that occasion," said Dr. Coll to me, "and afterwards Wolfe observed, 'How useless it is to contend with O'Connell! Here I have made an oration that I had been elaborating for three

weeks previously—and this man entirely demolishes the effect of all my rhetoric by a flash of humour, and a pun upon my name!'"

After breakfast we resumed our road, and proceeded to Roscrea, where we slept.

Nothing could be more interesting than the social evening spent at the blazing fire of the snug inn-parlour after a day's journey. The "Repeal staff" had all seen a great deal of life, and amused each other with a vast variety of anecdote. O'Connell had his black bag filled with the publications of the day; the Reviews, a novel of Bulwer's or Miss Martineau's—and always the last number of Boz's Nickleby, or Nell, or Chuzzlewit. Any passage that particularly struck his fancy, he was sure to read aloud; and then he would probably make some characteristic comment, or narrate some appropriate anecdote.

On the 21st, we arrived in Dublin. Shortly afterwards a meeting was held to obtain subscriptions for a testimonial to Father Mathew. Fitz-Patrick told me the following incident connected with that meeting. The resolutions were submitted on the previous day to O'Connell, who censured them as being tame and unworthy of the object. Having the pen in his hand, he altered the first resolution by adding to the phrase which declared

Father Mathew "entitled to the nation's gratitude," the words, "beyond all other living men." "What?" cried FitzPatrick, "beyond *all* other living men, eh? Is not that too strong?" "Not in the least," said O'Connell, with emphasis, "it is literally true." Some subsequent improver, however, struck out O'Connell's emendation, and in this respect restored the resolution to its original state.

"I'll tell you a hit our friend made some years ago," said FitzPatrick, "which just comes into my head.

"There is, as you are aware, a somewhat unpolished Kerry gentleman, known by the sobriquet of Theig-a-wattha. Theig one day expressed his regret at not having been at Darrynane while Sam Lover, the novelist, was there. 'Lover,' said Theig, 'is a great hand at drawing Irish carackthers, and he would have touched me off in great style. But, oh! Liberathur! I have got an illigant new beagle—he's a splindid dog! a huge, slaughtering baste. Och! I wish you saw him! he's the slaughteringest dog that ever follied a hare!'—'And what do you call this killing dog of yours?' 'Troth, Liberathur,' answered Theig, 'I've no particular name for him yet; or rather I've got *two* names that I call him indifferently—Savage

and Cannibal.' 'But, my dear Theig,' said O'Connell, 'are you not very extravagant these hard times, to squander two such names upon *one* dog? Couldn't you keep one of them for yourself?'"

One evening on which I met Mr. —— at dinner at O'Connell's, the conversation turned on a book entitled a "History of the Irish Stage," which our host had got in his library. This led to some theatrical reminiscences; and Mr. —— said,

"I knew of an instance of 'High Life below Stairs' in real life, just as comical as any thing in the farce of that name. There were in very humble life in Dublin, some sixty years ago, a Pylades and Orestes named Burke* and M'Gafferty. They were schoolfellows. M'Gafferty, when about eighteen or twenty years of age, enlisted in the army, whilst Burke became clerk in a mercantile house. Years passed, during which the poor soldier was knocked and hacked about; got wounds, cuts, bullets, bruises, every thing but good luck or promotion. Meanwhile, Burke from being clerk became partner, and from being partner became son-in-law to the principal member of the firm; and in process of time became one of the wealthiest merchants in Dublin.

* "Burke" is substituted for the real name of the hero, whose posterity are wealthy at the present day, and would not relish identification with their really worthy progenitor's family.

Thus matters proceeded until 1797, when the soldier, M'Gafferty, was discharged from the army, and returned in a very crockery condition to Dublin. He frequently saw his ancient crony, Burke, walking through the town; but notwithstanding their original intimacy he always shrank from accosting him; for he had learned his success in life, and he feared that from the great disparity of their present circumstances, any claim on old acquaintance might perhaps be repelled with insult. One day, however, as he was gliding away to avoid a direct rencontre, Burke hailed him: 'Hallo, my old cock! Is that you?'—'Faith it's nobody else.'—'You seem rather the worse for the wear.'—'In troth, I'm not the better for it.'—'Would you like a good supper?'—'That would I—dearly! provided I haven't to pay for it.'—'Then you shall have a supper fit for an emperor, and it shall cost *you* nothing, and what's more, it shall cost *me* nothing.'—'Who is to bleed?'—'Poh! never you heed that. I'll introduce you to Mr. Tighe's butler in Ely Place; the butler and I were old friends; I never shirk my old acquaintance because I've got up in the world. The butler gives a grand gala to-night; his master is in the county Wexford, or Wicklow, or somewhere; you'll have all the best things in or out of season, and wine in cataracts—come along.' M'Gafferty did not need

much pressing; he accompanied Burke to the butler's entertainment, which was very magnificent. The party were in the fullest enjoyment of their jollification, when the ominous roll of a carriage in the street struck terror into their hearts—the equipage stopped at the door, and a thundering double knock that shook the house like an earthquake, set the party scampering in all directions, putting plates, dishes, and decanters out of the way, and huddling the butler's guests into closets and coal-holes. The double knock was repeated with impatient emphasis, and whilst the butler shouted in his agony, 'Och, weirasthrua! the masther will murdher us!' the footman went up to admit him, and the cook trundled Burke and M'Gafferty under a bed, bidding them be quiet for their lives. Meanwhile, Tighe entered, ferocious at the slight delay that had occurred in admitting him, and divining from certain suspicious appearances that his domestics had been junketing in his absence. Resolved on exploring every thing, he descended to the kitchen, accompanied by a couple of friends who had travelled with him, swearing that if he detected any contraband visitors, he would pitch them along with his too hospitable butler to the d——l. It so chanced, that the very first spot which Tighe and his friends inspected was the subterranean dor-

mitory in which our two heroes lay *perdu* beneath the bed. M'Gafferty was placed next the wall; Burke was stretched outside him. 'There's somebody under that bed!' bellowed Tighe—'there's a pair of rascals—I spy two brace of legs—.Come out, you scoundrels! or I'll break every bone in your carcasses!' Burke crawled out, humbly begging that Mr. Tighe would not offer him any violence, and promising that he never should again be caught in a similar predicament, if allowed to go quietly off. 'Who are you, sirrah?' thundered Tighe.—'I am Mr. Burke, of Ball's Bridge, the merchant.'—'*You? You* Mr. Burke, of Ball's Bridge? You lie, you rascal. You must have the impudence of the Devil, to assume the name of that most respectable man. Take *that*, you vagabond?' (kicking him vigorously). 'You brazen scoundrel—how dare you make free with the name of any respectable citizen?'—So Tighe and his comrades kicked and cuffed poor Burke, whilst M'Gafferty, feeling about with military instinct for a weapon, laid hold on a spit and dripping-pan somebody had thrust into the dormitory; and thus armed with his spear and shield, he jumped up, and stood in a recess behind the bed-curtain.—'What other lurching vagabond is this?' cried Tighe; 'I have left Wexford full of rebels, and here I find my town house overrun

with rascals.'—'I am an old officer, sir,' said M'Gafferty, boldly advancing and firmly clutching the spit, 'and I give you due notice, that if you don't clear the way for me civilly up stairs, and bow me out of the house with due respect, I'll perforate your guts with this weapon.'—There was a fierce desperation in his look and manner, which enforced the conviction that he would keep his word.—'He has much the air of a military gentleman,' observed one of Tighe's comrades. 'Oh yes,' returned Tighe, 'he is evidently a respectable person. Sir, pray allow me to show you up.'—Thus M'Gafferty, protected by the spit, was escorted to the hall door with due courtesy. When he reached the street, he looked round, and could not help laughing to see Tighe rush at Burke, who was unarmed, and indemnify himself for his constrained civility to the soldier by violently tumbling the merchant down the hall-door steps upon the pavé, perforce of a thundering kick bestowed upon his nether extremity. 'It is not long,' continued Mr. ——, since a daughter of Burke's was married to an eminent legal functionary."

On the 28th, I dined with John O'Connell, at his cottage at Blackrock. The Liberator was just on the eve of publishing his work, "A Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon." Delays, arising from many

causes, had occurred in the production of this work. It had now been thrown aside from October, 1841, to January, 1843, and O'Connell still postponed, from day to day, the composition of the preface. He said that with the exception of the preface, and one or two trifling additions, the first volume had for fifteen months past been ready for publication. He now threw off the preface, which assumed the shape of a dedication to the Queen.

O'Connell enjoyed the anticipation of the abuse which he foresaw would be levelled at him. "How the English papers will abuse and vituperate me for the publication of this book."

"Aye, will they," said the Bishop of Down, "and some of the Irish papers too."

"No doubt, the Orange rags. But, seriously, it will be a most useful publication. People in general are totally ignorant of the crimes of the English monsters in their rule of Ireland—the facts of history are forgotten, at least in the details. There's that story of a general massacre of the Protestants, in 1641—you scarcely meet any one who does not believe it, yet there never was a more thorough fabrication! History has been so completely falsified, that not only is the truth unknown, but the foulest falsehoods have passed current as Gospel truths; the characters of the two contending parties

have been quite reversed, and the horrible crimes committed by the English upon the Irish, have been quietly laid to the charge of the Irish themselves, in the fictitious narratives that are popularly called histories. Many of the Orange scoundrels, in 1797, rivalled the atrocities of Coote and his blood-thirsty gang. In that year Orange Sneyd committed a murder of the character of Coote's. Coote made his guide, a boy, blow into his pistol, and while the youth's mouth was at the muzzle, shot him dead. In '97, Sneyd was standing at the door of Mrs. L'Estrange's public-house, in Fleet Street, and wantonly shot a boy dead who had brought him a message."

The following day O'Connell resumed the subject of the state of Ireland in 1798.

"In that year," said he, "my friend ——— and his two brothers were taken prisoners by a magistrate who owed their mother 2000*l.* The worthy justice went to that lady and said, 'If you don't release my bond, I'll have your sons flogged and hanged.' 'Sir,' answered she, 'if you were to treat *me* in that manner, you could not extort the bond from me; and I am much mistaken, if my sons have not, at least, as much firmness as their mother.'—Fortunately, Judge Day, who was a very humane man, went the circuit; and, as no witnesses appeared

against the ———, he discharged them by proclamation. In pronouncing their discharge, Day gave the young men a sort of moral and political lecture, in which he congratulated them on their escape, and advised loyal conduct for the future. The youngest brother,* who was then but nineteen years of age, indignantly interrupted the judge. 'You have no business to lecture us, my lord,' said he, 'as if we were guilty of disloyalty. We are perfectly innocent, and are quite as loyal as your lordship. Had our enemies been able to establish any sort of case against us, they would not have failed to produce their witnesses. It is too bad, then, my lord, to lecture us, as if our conduct had, in any respect, been censurable.'—Day, who was a thorough gentleman, bowed, and said, 'You are quite right, Mr. ———, and I was wrong. I beg your pardon.'

"Next morning the eldest brother was again seized, and thrown into goal, by the machinations of the worthy magistrate who owed his mother money. The gaoler was a savage brute, and took every opportunity of tormenting him. One day he came to his cell, and said, with a diabolical grin, 'I've news that is bitter to *you*, and pleasant to *me*—your two

* I am acquainted with this gentleman, whose name I suppress, believing that its publication would be distasteful to him.

brothers have been hanged, and *you* are to be strung up to-morrow.' Mr. ——— was well enough aware of the frightful character of the times to know that this was at least possible. 'Is what you have told me really true?' he asked the gaoler.—'Upon my oath it is!' answered the latter.—'Then, my man,' cried Mr. ———, 'before I leave this world, I will have the satisfaction of giving you as good a licking as ever man got!' So saying, he pounced upon the goaler, and walloped him awfully. The gaoler screamed, and his screams attracted persons without, who would have fired at Mr. ——— through the grating in the door, only that he constantly kept the gaoler between himself and the door. ——— continued to thrash the gaoler until he was unable, from exhaustion, to thrash him any longer. The gaoler then went off, and soon returned with sixty-eight pounds' weight of irons, with which he and his assistants loaded poor ———. When ironed, ——— was laid on the bed, and the gaoler beat him with a knotted blackthorn stick, as long as he was able to stand over him. He then kept him forty-eight hours without food; and when the commanding officer who inspected the prison arrived, he was utterly astonished how ——— survived the treatment he had received. Finding that there was not the shadow of any ac-

cusation against him, that officer set him free upon his own responsibility. What times!" exclaimed O'Connell, after he had narrated this incident; "What a scene! ——— thrashing the goalor, and the gaoler thrashing ———! What a country, in which such scenes could be enacted!"

He then told us, that when travelling some years ago with a friend named Franks, they were posting along at a very early hour of the morning, when they espied the hero of the thrashing adventure waiting on the road side for the mail-coach, equipped with a carpet-bag, a pair of horse pistols, a cage containing a brace of fighting cocks, and a huge sabre which he bore in his hand. Franks made the post-boys stop. "Hollo! my dear fellow," he cried from the carriage-window, "what are you waiting on the road for?" "I'm waiting to take the mail," responded ———. "*Take the mail!*" repeated Franks; "egad, you are fully equipped to take a citadel!"

The number of the Repealers increased in 1843 so rapidly, that the usual room at the Corn Exchange was found wholly inadequate to the accommodation of the public. Crowds were continually forced to go away, from inability to obtain admittance. O'Connell suggested the propriety of adjourning to Classon's Theatre in Abbey Street, but was induced to abandon this plan on the representation of Mr. Ray.

Indeed he had not any strong affection for a project (though started by himself) which involved the desertion of the Corn Exchange. The Corn Exchange was the scene of his political labours for many a long year; it was by the organisation of which it was the centre, that he had achieved the triumph of civil and religious liberty. The place had associations that were dear to his heart, and he, therefore, very readily adopted Mr. Ray's plan of building a larger apartment on the premises, to which we might adjourn whenever the original room should prove too small for the members in attendance.

"At the outset of the old Catholic Association," said O'Connell, "I inspected various places (amongst others, Home's Commercial Mart on Usher's Island), with a view to procure a suitable apartment for the meetings of that body. I learned that if I should select any *unprotected* site, it was the purpose of the Anti-Catholic students of Trinity College to muster in full force; and endeavour, at least, to expel the Catholic associators by physical violence. I accordingly looked out for a room in such a neighbourhood as might deter the college lads from making their proposed attempt. Of course they would, under any circumstances, have been worsted; but it might have in some measure injured our cause had

the meetings been liable to disturbance, and had any of them broken up in a riot. The Corn Exchange possessed the advantage of being in the close vicinity of at least 150 disengaged coal porters, every day in the week, who would have thrown the College lads into the Liffey in case of any effort to disturb the proceedings. This circumstance was known to the intending aggressors, and the salutary knowledge effectually checked their projects of intrusion."

One of the most favourite fictions with English political writers and journalists, is the assertion that the Irish people are wholly indifferent about self-legislation, unless when stirred up by O'Connell or some other agitator to a sense of grievance on the subject.

Nothing can be more false than this assertion. On the contrary, the natural impulse of every man's mind is in favour of self-government. If the mind of an Irishman were wholly unbiassed by religious bigotry or any other anti-Irish influence, he would almost as a matter of necessity, be a friend to domestic legislation. For my own part, as I have already said, I was a Repealer before I ever heard O'Connell's name. I was a Repealer the moment I learned from the elder members of my family that we had once had an Irish Parliament, and that the Union extinguished it.

O'Connell's labour was sometimes, not so much to inspire the people with Repeal sentiments, as to prevent their running too far and too fast. In 1830 there was a strong disposition to resort to arms to achieve Repeal. France and Belgium had successfully appealed to arms against their unpopular monarchies. The example was in a high degree stimulating to the hot and ardent spirits of the Irish nation. Many would have gladly taken the field against the accursed Union. I have often heard the question asked by peasants, "*When do you think the Counsellor will call us out?*" A strongly-rooted notion had possessed their minds, that as England detested conceding any thing to justice, those who sought their rights from her, must in the end use military force to extort them. O'Connell told me that one day, after he had made a speech denouncing all weapons save those of opinion in the struggle for freedom, a man in the crowd shook his clenched fist menacingly at him, saying, "*You are betraying us! If you let us fight it out we'd win the day.*" O'Connell expressed his belief that if the Irish people had at that time taken the field, the soldiery would have joined them.

As I have adverted to the events of 1830, let me mention a slight incident connected with that period. We have already seen that a few Belgian

admirers of O'Connell proposed to confer the crown of Belgium on him. The Bishop of Ardagh told me, that a French captain of artillery said to him, shortly after the *trois jours de Juillet*, "Some of us imagined that your O'Connell was born at St. Omer's. Ah! if he had been a native of our country, we would have made him King of the French!"

CHAPTER IX.

Publication of O'Connell's Book on Ireland—Reviews of it—Repeal in the Dublin Corporation—Increase of the Popular Fervour—Pacata Hibernia—Count Maceroni—Discussion upon Infidelity.

On the 1st of February O'Connell published the first volume of "Ireland, Native and Saxon." Some days elapsed before the Tory press noticed the appearance of this work. He was at first afraid that they would not abuse him, and accounted for their silence, by saying, "I dare say they think it just as well not to ring the bell upon my book—it hits them too hard." At length the Dublin *Warder* attacked the work in a ludicrous article, remarkable for impotent anger. The London *Spectator* assailed it briskly, and the criticism of the *Spectator* was copied by the Dublin *Mail*. Other Tory papers joined the cry, and O'Connell exultingly exclaimed, "I told you that I never hit the scoundrels right in the face until now." One journal (the *Times*, I think) said, that the book combined the

most drivelling intellectual imbecility with the most diabolical wickedness. So angry were the critics at being reminded of the iniquities of their forefathers!

Early in February he gave notice that, on Tuesday, the 21st, he would introduce the question of Repeal into the Dublin Corporation. Shortly prior to that day, he suddenly announced that he would postpone his motion for a week. The Tory members of the Corporation complained of being unfairly treated. Alderman Butt declared that he had remained in town, at much personal inconvenience, in order to oppose the motion, and strongly remonstrated againt the postponement. O'Connell, however, was inexorable; whereupon there was a sort of growling triumph amongst the opposite party, who said that he only manœuvred to get Butt out of town, from a well-grounded fear of discussing the merits of Repeal with so able an opponent.

"I know not," said O'Connell to me, "whether it is exactly fair to play off a *ruse* in a grave political matter like this, but I find my postponement of the debate has produced exactly the results I anticipated. Had I brought forward the question on the day originally fixed for it, the discussion would have passed off as a matter of course, without exciting half the interest it will now create. But, by

postponing it, the public mind will get an additional fillip; the Anti-repealers will say I am shrinking from Butt, and the Repealers will say I'm not a bit afraid of him; people on both sides will be set talking about the matter, and thus the public curiosity will be wound up to a point of intensity when the great day arrives. That is precisely what I want, to give additional *éclat* to the discomfiture I intend for Butt and his brethren."

The impulse given to Repeal throughout the kingdom appeared in our augmented receipts at the National Association. The Repeal rent for the week next after the debate was 259*l.* The rent for the following week was 366*l.* The Association was now out of debt; and we had funds for the erection of the new apartment, which was immediately commenced, upon a scale calculated to accommodate 5000 persons. O'Connell said it would make a capital temporary House of Commons after the Repeal, while the old house in College Green was undergoing the necessary alterations. "And as for a House of Lords, *pro tem.*," added he, "why, we've only to hang the walls of the present room upstairs with crimson velvet and gold lace, and fit it up with mahogany benches for a hundred peers or so, and it will suit admirably, till our old quarters

in College Green are quite ready for the reception of both houses."

On the 16th of March a numerous meeting of our weekly committee assembled at the Corn Exchange. O'Connell, taking up Carew's "Pacata Hibernia," opened the book at the following passage of a letter from the Lord Deputy to the English Privy Council:

"As for Sir Finian O'Drischall and the Irish in these parts, they are become so well divided amongst one another, and are fallen to preying and killing one another in such a manner, as we are of opinion will greatly avail to the quieting of these parts."

Having read it aloud, he exclaimed, "How thoroughly characteristic of the English spirit towards Ireland at all times! How truly does Carew speak the Tory feeling of the present day!"

In the course of the day, some one casually mentioned a Count Maceroni, who was spoken of as a scientific Neapolitan, author of a paper detailing an experiment he had made in the art of flying.

"I dined once in the fellow's company," said O'Connell. "O'Meara asked me to meet him, but said, 'I don't like to bring you together, for the fellow is a rampant infidel, and such an enthusiast in

his infidelity, that he always blurts out something offensive.' 'I don't care,' said I, 'ask him—I may do him some good.' So O'Meara asked Maceroni to dine, but stipulated that he should not give vent to any of his infidel notions. He was quiet enough for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, but he then slapped off some jeers at Christianity. I looked up at him, and said, 'Count Maceroni, I am now enjoying an excellent dinner, and do not wish to be disturbed; if, however, you choose to resume this subject when we have dined, I shall be ready to meet you upon it.'—The count said no more until we went to the drawing-room, and then he renewed his attacks on Christianity. I said, 'Do you believe in Julius Cæsar?' 'I do,' answered he. 'Do you believe in Caligula?' 'I do.' 'And yet you will *not* believe in Jesus Christ, although, looking at the matter as a merely historical question, the witnesses for Christianity are more numerous and unimpeachable than those for any more historical fact whatsoever?' I very soon forced him to confess the *historical fact* of Christianity; and I then challenged him to show on what reasonable grounds he could discredit the witnesses of our Saviour's death, his resurrection, and, in short, the whole doctrines he came on earth to announce? For these witnesses were eminently trustworthy, as being in the highest

degree disinterested. They had nothing of a temporal nature to gain for their evidence. No honour, no rank, no riches, no luxuries; on the contrary, lives of toil, persecution, and affliction, and they finally died the deaths of martyrs to seal the truth of their narratives. Could any rational man doubt such witnesses as these? Yet such were the witnesses of Christianity. When the *historical fact* was once admitted, the divine character of the Christian religion must inevitably be received upon the self-same evidence. I promise you I never had a greater triumph than I enjoyed over my poor count. How I used to hurrah! whenever I drove him to confess the absurdity of some infidel cavil or other! I actually extorted an acknowledgment from him that he had nothing to urge against my reasons, and I sent him home the most unhappy and terrified wretch breathing, lest after all his vaunting there should really be a devil!

"The poor blockhead was an aide-de-camp of Murât's."

CHAPTER X.

Lord Clare and Baron Power—Suicides of Baron Power and Crosbie Morgan—Clare's political Dishonesty and religious Bigotry—O'Connell in 1801—His Escape from the Bayonet of an English Militia Soldier—Political Leadership of the Catholics—Repeal Agitation—High Spirits of O'Connell—Peel's Threat—O'Connell's Defiance—His Language in Private.

NEXT day O'Connell was very communicative of old stories and personal recollections.

"Lord Clare's enmity to Ireland was once very nearly ended by the hand of the assassin. In 1794, he was carrying a bill through the Irish Parliament, for compelling the Accountant of the Court of Exchequer to return his accounts whenever called on by the Court. These summary accounts would have been very inconvenient to Baron Power, who, as Junior Baron, filled the office of accountant. He lived extravagantly, making use of the money of the public that came into his hands, and looking to future good luck to enable him to reckon with the owners. The bill would have been his ruin; and

after many ineffectual efforts to dissuade Fitzgibbon from pressing it, he at last resolved, in a fit of desperation, to assassinate him. So he drove to Ely Place, with a brace of loaded pistols in his pockets, and asked to see Fitzgibbon, who, providentially, was from home. Baron Power then resolved on suicide, and ordered his coachman to drive along the North Wall. When he had got a considerable distance out of town he quitted the carriage, desired the coachman to await his return, and walked on alone towards the Pigeon House. He tied his hands together in order to deprive himself of the power of swimming, and jumped into the sea from the pier. It was afterwards remarked as curious that he walked off to drown himself, using an umbrella, as the day was wet! One would think the sprinkling of a shower could not much incommode a fellow who was resolved on a watery death! Think of a man going to drown himself, with an umbrella to keep out the wet!

"In a few days after, Crosbie Morgan, one of the oddest of odd attorneys, also drowned himself. The ballad-mongers shouted their accounts of these events through the town, crying out, 'Great times for Ireland! a great day for Ireland! One judge drowned! One attorney drowned!' They had, also, 'Last speech and dying words of Crosbie

Morgan,' which, instead of ending with the approved finish of the penitent declarations of Catholic criminals, namely, 'I die an unworthy member of the Church of Rome,' ended thus,—'I die an unworthy mongrel of neither church!'

"Had Baron Power murdered Fitzgibbon, Pitt would have found much more difficulty in carrying the Union. Castlereagh, although as vile, shameless, and indefatigable a tool as ever corruption had, yet could not, unaided by the commanding energy of Clare, have succeeded so well in the dirty work. Clare had great intellectual powers. He lived at a period fertile in monsters—Clare was a monster! he was a kind of petticoat Robespierre. His father was a barrister of considerable eminence. Old Fitzgibbon and his brother were the first persons who introduced the system of reporting the proceedings of the English law courts in the public newspapers without the authority of the presiding judge. They were students in the Temple at the time, and Lord Mansfield tried to put a stop to the practice, but the Fitzgibbons persevered and succeeded.

"Clare was atrociously bigoted against the Catholics. A Protestant friend of mine, who often met him at the whist parties of an old dowager, told me nothing could possibly exceed the contemptuous acerbity with which on those occasions

he spoke of the Catholics. 'The scum of the earth,' and such like phrases, were the epithets he habitually applied to them."

O'Connell's recollections of that period then led to the following autobiographical incident :

"In the winter of 1801," said he, "I had been supping at the Freemason's Hotel, at the corner of Golden Lane, with a jovial party. We were returning home late, after having drunk a good stoup of claret, when a fire broke out in a timber-yard, and spread rapidly. I was provoked at the awkwardness of a fellow who was beating the ground with a pickaxe, but making no progress in getting at the water-pipes. I shouldered him away, seized the pickaxe, and soon got at the plug; but, instead of stopping then, I kept working away, *con amore*, and would soon have disturbed the paving stones all over the street, if I had not been prevented. There was a large crowd. Sheriff Macready (an old auctioneer), kept order, with the aid of a party of the Buckinghamshire Militia. I was rather an unruly customer, being a little under the influence of a good batch of claret, and on my refusing to desist from picking up the street, one of the soldiers ran a bayonet at me, which was intercepted by the cover of my hunting-watch. If I had not had the watch —there was an end of the Agitator!"

"Yes," said I; "but Ireland would have had other agitators. A country so aggrieved could not have lacked patriot leaders, though they might not have agitated prudently or wisely."

"Wisely!" echoed O'Connell. "Why, when I took the helm, I found all the Catholics full of mutual jealousies—one man trying to outrival another — one meeting rivalling another — the leaders watching to sell themselves at the highest penny! —— sold himself. Woulfe sold himself. ——— sold himself, and no doubt at a marvellous price!" *

We talked of Grattan's quitting the Irish House of Commons, with his party, in 1797.

"It was a false move," said O'Connell; "a bad copy of a worse precedent. Fox and seventy other members had quitted the British House before."

"Their Irish imitators," said I, "quitted the only place where they could have then been of the least use; for they had then no popular organisation out of doors to fall back upon."

"None," rejoined O'Connell, "except an organ-

* When I was on a Repeal tour in Leinster, in October, 1842, Father Barry, of Clara, told me, that on expressing his surprise at the appointment to office of some persons, whose transcendent insignificance seemed to render them peculiarly bad bargains to the government, O'Connell answered: "My dear friend, you have no idea what carrion finds a ready sale in the market of corruption."

isation of treason. Grattan could use liberty of speech *in* the House, which he could not then use out of doors."

"Apropos of quitting Parliament," said I, "you blame that step—yet, have not you yourself quitted Parliament this session, just because you are as hopeless of good from it as Grattan and Fox were on previous occasions?"

"Ay—but I have not quitted the Imperial Parliament *as a secession*, but merely because I preferred out-door political labour. I have not said or done any thing to bar my returning thither at any moment that such a step should appear to be of the least use."

The Repeal agitation now became a task of incessant exertion, as every corner of the country was thoroughly aroused, and invitations to the different counties poured in upon O'Connell. He announced at the Corn Exchange, that if too many meetings should spring up, he was desirous that John O'Connell, and the present writer, should relieve him of some of the labour.

John and I accordingly made occasional visits to different districts. John took portions of Meath and of Dublin; and I agitated the national question in the Queen's County, the County Monaghan, and the County Down.

O'Connell, accompanied by Mr. Steele and a numerous staff, continued to traverse the kingdom, almost without intermission; visiting Kells, Drogheda, Limerick, Ennis, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Cork, Skibbereen, Athlone, and Galway, besides many less important places. His tour was a perpetual triumph—the whole population turning out *en masse* to greet him, and their earnest sincerity demonstrated by the vast augmentation of our weekly receipts.

One day arriving from a multitudinous gathering, his countenance beaming with health and enjoyment, he exclaimed,

"Well—we had a fine rollicking week of it! Eh, Tom Steele—had we not? I never felt in more vigorous mental, or bodily strength.—Daunt—what have I been doing? Repealing the Union for you! Well, Fitzsimon—this shows what it is to persevere—I cast my bread upon the waters, and now after many days I have found it. Last year—and indeed from the commencement—I threw out state paper after state paper, demonstrating the evils of the Union, and for a time they seemed to fall dull and unheeded on the public ear. But now all men are alive, all are active, all are eager for success. I have at last convinced the nation that I am in earnest. You see what it is to persevere."

About the beginning of May, 1843, the Govern-

ment determined on taking steps to arrest the further progress of the Agitators. In reply to a question from Lord Jocelyn in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel ostentatiously stated that there was "no influence, no power, no authority, which the prerogative of the Crown and the existing laws gave the Government, that should not be exercised for the purpose of maintaining the Union; the dissolution of which," continued Sir Robert, repeating a stale, and now exploded, absurdity, "would involve not merely the Repeal of an Act of Parliament, but the *dismemberment* of this great empire." The Premier further threatened, that should the ordinary power of the law prove insufficient to check the agitation, "additional and effectual powers" would be instantly sought from the Parliament, in order to keep Ireland out of her rights for all time to come!

The domestic Orange press was elate at the hostility with which the Government menaced the Repealers. The *Dublin Evening Mail*, after an elaborate effort to show that the whole empire, excepting a minority of the Irish people, were resolved on sustaining the Union, triumphantly proceeded thus:

"Now what is opposed to this unanimous sense of the Sovereign, the Government, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the people of England,

Wales, and Scotland to a man, and one-half, at least—we might say two-thirds—of the people of Ireland ?—The plain answer is—Mr. O'Connell, as a balance to the Queen; Mr. Ray and Mr. Steele, Mr. Daunt and Mr. John O'Connell, as equivalent to the Government; the Popish hierarchy and the Repeal Association to counterpoise the Lords and Commons; and the teetotalers and Repealers of Ireland to weigh against the remaining population of the United Kingdom. We are far from undervaluing either the influence or the number of those parties; but we know that, physically, they do not constitute *one-tenth* (!) of her Majesty's British and Irish subjects."*

Other journals in the anti-Irish interest were equally eager to halloo on the Government against the Repealers. They were alike astonished and provoked at the tone of lofty and fearless defiance taken by the Repealers, immediately upon the promulgation of Sir Robert's threat.

O'Connell, standing upon the constitutional right of petition, dared the Government to the use of coercive means to suppress the agitation. He professed his delight at the evidence of our strength afforded by Peel's hostile movement. He declared that, whereas the basis of the British throne was the

* *Dublin Evening Mail*, 12th May, 1843.

right of the subject to petition, all persons who interfered with that right were, in point of principle, traitors to the crown.

"We are told," said he, at the Repeal Association, "that some desperate measures are to be taken for the suppression of public opinion upon the question of Repeal; and that they have it in contemplation to bring in a coercive bill. They may annihilate the constitution; but to this I pledge myself, they shall have some trouble in doing so. I will go to the House of Commons for the purpose of opposing their bill; I will divide on every motion during the progress of the bill; I will resist the bill to the utmost of my power, as long as it is not law. When it becomes a statute, I will obey it—I will obey every law, unless I can manage to drive a coach and six through it; but I will discover some plan whereby the Irish people shall have the means of expressing their sentiments upon this vital question. Unless they gag me, I will find the means of speaking to Ireland. I set them at defiance, unless they set their heels upon the Constitution, and degrade themselves in the eyes of Europe and the civilised world, by the excess of downright tyranny to crush me. I fear them not—let them begin. See what is occurring; see what multitudes have joined our ranks, when the first faint whisper went abroad that

coercion was contemplated ; and oh ! if such numbers flock around our standard when coercion is but a rumour, what would our position be, if coercion were attempted—if coercion were commenced ? What a response to the Repeal cry would not there then be, from one end of the country to the other ? I will tell Sir Robert Peel where he may find a suggestion for his bill. In the American Congress for the district of Columbia, they have passed a law that the house shall not receive any petitions from slaves, nor any petitions on behalf of slaves, even though the petitioners be freemen. I will send for a copy of that act of the Columbian legislature, and I will send it to Peel, that he may take it as his model, when he is framing his bill of coercion for the Irish people. He shall go the full length of the Columbian bill, if he stirs at all. That law or nothing, shall we have. Let him take his choice, and extinguish, in the blood of the Irish people, the last remnant of their liberties. Friends may desert me, foes may threaten, but I will never forsake the path that I have proposed for myself. I will violate no law, I will outrage no ordinance of man nor of Heaven ; but as long as there remains to me one inch of the constitution, on which I can place my footstep, I will find some Archimedean

point, whereon to plant the lever with which I will still uphold the fainting liberties of my country."

Such was the exulting and defiant language of O'Connell at the Association. In private he was equally confident.—"The attack upon us by Peel's Government," he used to say, "is the very thing needed to stimulate our friends and to increase our numbers."—This opinion was very prevalent among the more intelligent members of our body. It was generally felt that the external pressure of Government hostility had a powerful tendency to consolidate our force. Experience has shown that those who held this opinion were quite right. In a great national struggle for popular rights a directly hostile Government is far less dangerous than a half friendly one. Peel met us boldly in front; we encountered, and finally overthrew him.* Russell, with words of courtesy and partial concession on his lips, undermined our strength and accomplished what Peel was unable to effect—the disruption (only a temporary one, I trust) of the Repeal confederacy.

* "Sir, I believe that the Irish Confederacy cannot be put down by force." Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons 18th April, 1845.

CHAPTER XI.

First Onslaught on the Repealers—Dismissal of Magistrates—Fresh Adhesions to Repeal—Correspondence between Lord Chancellor Sugden and O'Connell—Five Lord Chancellors in a Madhouse!—Mr. Lane Fox, M.P., and O'Connell—Ledru Rollin's Offer of French Military Aid—Progress of the Agitation—The Troops in Attendance at the Monster Meetings—O'Connell's Confidence of Success.

THE first step taken by the Government, in performance of their pledge to suppress the Agitation, was a grossly unconstitutional interference with the right to petition. Lord Chancellor Sugden (an Englishman) began by dismissing from the commission of the peace Lord Ffrench and other magistrates, for having attended meetings convened to petition for Repeal. That the reader may fully appreciate the part taken by O'Connell in this transaction, I insert the Chancellor's letter to Lord Ffrench; a copy of which was forwarded to every superseded magistrate:

"*To the Right Honourable Lord Ffrench.*

"Secretary's Office, Four Courts, Dublin,
22nd of May, 1843.

"My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge your lordship's letter of the 19th instant, stating that it was your intention to attend the Repeal meeting at Cultra, as well as that which is to be held in Athlone. I am directed by the Lord Chancellor to inform your lordship that he regrets he has felt it his duty to direct your lordship to be superseded as a magistrate for the county of Galway. It has been his earnest desire not to interfere with the expression of opinion by any magistrate in favour of Repeal, although from his first arrival here he deemed it inconsistent with the determination of her Majesty's Government to uphold the Union between Great Britain and Ireland to appoint as a magistrate any person pledged to the Repeal of that Union. Her Majesty's Government having recently declared in both Houses of Parliament their fixed determination to maintain the Union, it becomes the duty of the members of the Government to support that declaration. The allegation that the numerous Repeal meetings are not illegal does not diminish their inevitable tendency to outrage; and considering the subject in all its bearings, it is the opinion of the Lord Chancellor that such meetings are not in the spirit of the constitution, and may become dangerous to the safety of the state. It is necessary, therefore, that the Government should be able to place a firm reliance on the watchfulness and determination of the magistracy to preserve the public peace. A magistrate who presides over or forms a part of such meeting can neither be prepared to repress violence, nor could he be expected to act against a body for whose offence he would himself be responsible. To such persons the preservation of the public peace during the present agitation cannot be safely intrusted. Your lordship's determination to preside over such a meeting, immediately after the declarations in Parliament, proves to the Lord Chancellor that the time has arrived for evincing the determination of this government to delegate no power to those who seek by such measures as are now pursued to dissolve the Legislative Union. To allow such persons any longer to remain in the commission of the peace would be to afford the power of the crown to the carrying of a measure which her

Majesty has, like her predecessor, expressed her determination to prevent. This view of the case, which the step taken by your lordship has forced upon the attention of the Lord Chancellor, will compel him at once to supersede any other magistrates who, since the declarations in Parliament, have attended like Repeal meetings. He thinks that such a measure is not at variance with the resolution of the Government, whilst they watch over public tranquillity and oppose the Repeal movement, still to act with forbearance and conciliation, and to devote their best energies to improve the institutions and promote the prosperity of Ireland.

"I have the honour to be, my lord,

"Your lordship's most obedient servant,

"HENRY SUGDEN, Secretary."

The Lord Chancellor's secretary, Mr. Sugden, forwarded to Mr. O'Connell a copy of the preceding letter, and accompanied it with the following note:

"Secretary's Office, Four Courts, Dublin,
May 23, 1843.

"SIR,—I am directed by the Lord Chancellor to inform you, that it is with regret that he has felt it his duty to supersede you as a magistrate for the county of Kerry. I beg to enclose a copy of a letter, written by the Lord Chancellor's direction to Lord Ffrench, which will explain to you the grounds upon which this step has been taken.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"HENRY SUGDEN, Secretary.

"Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P."

I subjoin Mr. O'Connell's reply:

"*To Henry Sugden, Esq.*

"30, Merrion Square, 27th May, 1843.

"SIR,—On my return to town from attending four meetings, peaceable and perfectly legal meetings, to petition Parliament for the repeal of the act entitled the Act for the Legis-

lative Union of Great Britain and Ireland, I found before me your letter of the 23rd instant. For the terms of civility in which that letter is couched, I owe you, sir, and I hereby offer you, my best thanks.

"I would not willingly be exceeded by you in courtesy, and I beg of you to believe that, if in the performance of a sacred duty I should use any expression of a harsh nature, which I shall studiously endeavour to avoid, it is not my intention to say any thing personally offensive. But that duty obliges me to declare that, as the restoration of the Irish Parliament is an event, in my judgment, not remote, I will avail myself of the opportunity afforded by a seat in the Irish House of Commons, to move for the impeachment of the present Lord Chancellor for presuming to interfere with the subject's dearest and most precious right—the right of petitioning Parliament; a right expressly declared to belong to the people as one of 'the true, ancient, and indubitable rights and liberties of the people of this realm.' I use the words of the statute, which, it should be remembered, settles the succession of the crown upon the basis of those rights and liberties of the subject. Her Majesty's title, therefore, to the throne is based upon the right of petition, and the statute expressly declares, 'That all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal.' The deprivation of the commission of the peace may not be technically a prosecution. But it is intended as a *punishment;* and punishment without prosecution would make the act of the Lord Chancellor only the more criminal. I mean to insist, and I think the argument will have weight with an Irish Parliament, freely and fairly elected, that the act of the Chancellor necessarily endangers the stability of the throne, and the security of the connexion between both countries.

"The commission of the peace is of very small importance to *me*, who never acted more than once under that commission. But the *principle* upon which the Chancellor acts I utterly protest against, as being in its essential nature disloyal, and dangerous alike to the throne and the people.

"That the Repeal meetings to petition Parliament are not illegal, is a proposition admitted in your letter to Lord Ffrench; and really, you must permit me to say, that it is in no slight degree absurd to allege, that these meetings 'have an inevitable

tendency to outrage !!!' Why meetings have been held—as every body in Ireland knows, or ought to know, as numerously —aye, and as peaceably—before the passing of the Emancipation Act as during the present Repeal Agitation. There have been, within the last three months, more than twenty of these multitudinous meetings, to petition, without having caused a single offence. How, then, they can have 'AN INEVITABLE TENDENCY' to outrage, without ever having produced a single outrage, is not within the comprehension of a mere Irish lawyer, although it may be within the sagacity of an English Chancellor !

"How CAN the Chancellor be of opinion that meetings to petition are not within the spirit of the constitution, when the constitution itself recognises, sanctions, aye, and enforces the right so to petition ? And as to the notion of their becoming dangerous to the safety of the state, the danger to the state would, in *reality*, consist in suppressing the groans of the people; in compelling them to brood in silence over their wrongs and their sufferings; and a more wronged and suffering people exist not under the face of heaven than the Irish people. The danger to the state would consist in suppressing the expression of popular opinion; in damming up the constitutional channels of relief; and in thereby driving the people to the wild and hideous 'justice of revenge,' instead of leaving them to the fair hopes of relief from the houses of Parliament, and from the throne.

"As to the argument used in your letter to Lord Ffrench with respect to the *inability* of the magistrates attending meetings, to repress violence, it bears diametrically the opposite way. For no individual could possibly have so direct and personal an interest in preventing violence and suppressing outrage as magistrates who are parties to, and responsible for, the calling together of such meetings.

"With respect to your assertion that her Majesty has, like her predecessor, 'expressed her determination to prevent the carrying of the Repeal of the Union,' it has filled me with the most utter and inexpressible astonishment. You *must* know—and indeed I much fear you must have known, when you made that assertion—that it was utterly unfounded ; in fact, Sir Robert Peel has himself admitted the falsity of that statement. Her Ma-

jesty, whom the people of Ireland affectionately revere, has made no such declaration; and indeed I must say it enhances the criminality of the Lord Chancellor that he has permitted the putting forward (under the sanction of his high name) of a statement so injurious to her Majesty; and one so strongly tending in itself to expose her to the odium and hatred (if that were possible) of her brave, loyal, and attached people of Ireland.

"As to the concluding paragraph of your letter, which talks of the forbearance and conciliation of the present Government, and of their desire to improve the institutions, and promote the prosperity of Ireland, it is calculated only to move the risible faculties of every light-hearted man, and to excite the indignant sorrow of every thinking being, that you should venture to treat the people of Ireland to such a specimen of ludicrous hypocrisy.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"To Henry Sugden, Esq."

O'Connell ridiculed the paltry meanness and weak hostility evinced in the removal of the magistrates. In a speech delivered a few days afterwards at the Repeal Association, he mixed up his comments on the absurdity of the Chancellor's proceeding with the following anecdote :

"If those men [namely, the Government] are not yet mad, they have given some signs of madness; and a most ludicrous instance of a thing of the kind occurred on Saturday last. The present Lord Chancellor, in the interim of making out the writs of supersedeas for the Repeal magistrates, is very fond of investigating into the management of lunatic asylums. He made an agreement with the surgeon-

general to visit, without any previous intimation, a lunatic asylum, kept by Dr. Duncan, in this city. Some person sent word to the asylum that a patient was to be sent there in a carriage that day, who was a smart little man, that thought himself one of the judges, or some great person of that sort, and who was to be detained by them. Dr. Duncan was out, when Sir Edward Sugden came there in half-an-hour afterwards. On knocking at the door, Sir Edward was admitted and received by the keeper. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humoured him, and answered all his questions. He asked if the surgeon-general had arrived, and the keeper assured him that he was not yet come, but that he would be there immediately. 'Well,' said he, 'I will inspect some of the rooms until he arrives.' 'Oh, no, sir,' said the keeper, 'we could not permit that at all.' 'Then, I will walk for a while in the garden,' said his lordship, 'whilst I am waiting for him.' 'We cannot let you go there either, sir,' said the keeper. 'What,' said he, 'don't you know that I am the Lord Chancellor?' 'Sir,' said the keeper, 'we have four more Lord Chancellors here already.' He got into a great fury, and they were beginning to think of the strait-waistcoat for him, when fortunately the surgeon-general arrived. 'Has the Lord Chancellor arrived

yet?' said he. The man burst out laughing at him, and said, 'Yes, sir, we have him safe, but he is by far the most outrageous patient we have.' I really believe the Chancellor caught the fury of superseding the magistrates while he was in Dr. Duncan's asylum, and it would be exceedingly fortunate if all the rest of the Ministry were there with him."

The first fruits of the dismissal of the Repeal magistrates appeared in a large batch of fresh Repeal recruits, including several young lawyers of ability—O'Hagan, O'Hea, Sir Colman O'Loghlen (son of the late Master of the Rolls), and many others. The week's rent swelled up to 2205*l.*, and there was a prevalent feeling of derisive defiance of the Lord Chancellor and the Government. The new adherents of Repeal assigned the unconstitutional interference with the right of petition as the immediate cause of their adhesion.

Shortly previous to this period the increase of the Repeal Agitation in Ireland had aroused the ire of an English member of Parliament named Lane Fox, whose notions of legislation were altogether fanatical, and derived from his own conceptions of the prophetic parts of Scripture. He wrote a curious letter to O'Connell, challenging him to appear in his place in Parliament, and listen to *his* (Mr. Lane Fox's) arguments; predicting the downfall of Popery

and triumph of truth; threatening to move for the Repeal of the Emancipation Act; with much more equally rational and relevant matter.

O'Connell's only answer was the following brief "Card," as he called it :

"Mr. O'Connell has read in the *Times* a letter addressed to him by Mr. Lane Fox, a copy of which that unhappy gentleman has taken the trouble of sending to Mr. O'Connell in manuscript, after he had printed the original in the newspapers. Of course it will not be expected that Mr. O'Connell should say one word in reply to that strange and maniacal epistle; but he feels that, as a gentleman and a Christian, he is bound earnestly to implore the friends of Mr. Lane Fox to obtain for him the protection which the court, in matters of lunacy, is enabled to give to persons who, like Mr. Lane Fox, are manifestly incompetent to manage their own affairs, either public or private.

"Merrion Square, 12th of May, 1843."*

Mr. Fox next talked of a call of the House, in order to compel the attendance of O'Connell in Parliament. On this proposition the *Brighton Herald* humorously commented, observing that a

* From the *Dublin Pilot* of the same date.

chase in pursuit of O'Connell, who was rapidly traversing Ireland in every direction, would place the Serjeant-at-Arms in the ludicrous predicament of a dog at a duck-hunt; the object of his pursuit having only to *dive*, and re-appear in a distant locality, in order to baffle the efforts of the pursuer. The writer added that such a chase would be a capital joke to O'Connell and the people of Ireland.

Mr. Lane Fox, having abandoned the idea of his political duck-hunt, did not, however, withdraw his attention from Irish affairs. He addressed an epistle to the editor of the *Times*, which, though written by an Englishman, is an excellent specimen of the "thunder-an'-ouns" species of politico-theology much in favour with the "evangelical" school of anti-Repealers in Ireland, whose harangues and epistles are quite as extravagant in matter, and nearly as much so in manner as those of Mr. Fox. That gentleman spoke of O'Connell's disclaimer of violence, adding, "But *I* tell you, sir, for the information of the people of England, that *I* am a fighting man; and it shall not be long before I am up to my horse's reins in the blood of infidels."— After contending that this language was warranted by "every page of Scripture;" that the elect of Israel were planted in England; that the said elect exclusively possessed the true interpretation of God's

word; that he (Mr. Fox), disguised in the garb of folly, had probed the brains of our rulers and found nothing; the writer concluded as follows:

"You will oblige me by inserting this letter in your much circulated paper; it will comfort many an honest meaning heart. Fools may stumble at it; and let them stumble and be damned.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"S. L. Fox.

"3, St. James's Square, June 22."

In the month of July, 1843, M. Ledru Rollin, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies,* addressed to O'Connell a proffer of French assistance in working out the liberty of Ireland. M. Rollin professed, on the part of his confederates in France, strong sympathy with the peaceful nature of the Irish movement; but he more than hinted, that his friends had an *arrière pensée* of affording military aid, should the British Government seek, by unconstitutional violence, to coerce the Irish Repealers. In a reply to this communication, read by O'Connell at the Repeal Association, he thus dealt with the offer of physical assistance:

* And recently rendered conspicuous by his share in the Revolution of 1848.

"You, indeed, allude to another contingency, in which you may be disposed to be more active in our support. But that is a contingency which we decline to discuss, because we deem it impossible that it should arise, the British Government having retracted every menace of illegal force and unjust violence; and confining its resistance to our claims—if it shall continue to resist those claims—within the ordinary channels of legalised administration."

O'Connell was too wise, too loyal, and too wary, to give the least encouragement to offers, direct or conditional, of foreign military assistance. Pecuniary aid he was glad to accept; it was in its nature quite safe, and it essentially helped to promote the agitation. The pecuniary gifts of America were generous and frequent. France gave nothing; and O'Connell was not disposed to value very highly the empty proffer of a species of help, which required distinct and immediate repudiation in order to avert an embarrassing *démêlé* with the law. "I wonder," said he, one day, "whether there was any thing *real* in Ledru's offer. Some fellows have such an enormous deal of balderdashical vanity about them, that it is not unlikely Ledru only meant to get a little notoriety."

Apart, however, from the contrast between French and American assistance to the Repeal movement—

a contrast which the large number of Irish resident in the United States sufficiently accounted for—O'Connell entertained feelings of sincere respect for the great and gallant French nation. He remembered that, during the last century, hosts of Irish exiles found in France a refuge, when England had made their native land too hot to hold them. He was not unmindful of the many fields of battle on which the Irish brigade had earned glory under the French banner; and these memories produced in his mind a strong sentiment of friendship for our Gallic neighbours.

Meanwhile, the agitation went on with constantly increasing vigour. In every corner of the kingdom monster assemblages gathered round O'Connell to affirm the grand principle of the Irish Volunteers of 1782, "That no power on earth ought of right to make laws to bind Ireland, save only the Sovereign, Lords, and Commons of Ireland." As the popular sentiment developed itself through the legal, constitutional channel of meetings to petition, the enemies of Irish rights redoubled their exertions to calumniate the leaders and the people, and to falsify their purposes. Of men who barely sought the restoration of an indefeasible right, whereof they had been flagitiously defrauded, the *Mail* boldly asserted that the objects were, "Extinction

of the Established Church :* Restoration of the Forfeited Estates" (this was a favourite bugbear) and "Extermination of the Protestants." That these menaces imposed on the weak, the timid, and the fanatical, is unfortunately true. Conservatives have frequently admitted the entire Repeal case in conversations with the present writer ; and when pressed for their reasons for opposing a measure whose beneficial tendency they freely admitted, they have invariably answered by conjuring up the visionary terrors of Catholic ascendency, Protestant annihilation, and resumption of the forfeited estates. We laboured, and not without partial success, to dispel those dreary visions.

The Government affected to believe that we meditated physical violence. Troops of dragoons were sent to every public muster of Repealers. In June, 1843, I attended a large Repeal meeting at Camlough, in the County Down, and my carriage was escorted by a party of dragoons from Newry to the place of meeting, in order, I presume, to prevent me from wresting the province of Ulster *vi et armis* from the Queen's allegiance! On the day of the celebrated Tara gathering I attended an enormous assemblage of Repealers at Clontibret, in the

* We want not the extinction of the Established Church. We only require a reduction of that establishment to a scale commensurate with the wants of its members.

County Monaghan, which was presided over by Captain Seaver of Heath Hall, a Protestant, and a ci-devant Orangeman. On the rising ground in our front were displayed a numerous body of the Queen's troops. The opposing forces confronted each other on adjacent eminences during the whole of the proceedings, and doubtless many a Repealer's heart beat indignantly under his red jacket! The troops moved quietly off when we dispersed. The same spectacle was presented at every Repeal meeting for the year 1843. The presence of the soldiery at our gatherings was a ridiculous and unmeaning parade, and served but to excite the risibility of the Repealers, who, being perfectly conscious of their own constitutional and peaceful designs, could ascribe no other motive to the Government in ordering the troops upon Repeal service, than a design to confirm the fears and authenticate the vaticinations of the alarmists, by thus suggesting that we harboured traitorous designs, which required a military force to check their execution.

The public enthusiasm was unbounded. I again went to Scotland this year; I record my visit not so much in memory of the patriotic fervour of the Repealers by whom I was invited, as to recal the pleasing associations connected with my sojourn in that kingdom.

On my return to Ireland I met O'Connell in Dublin, in the highest enjoyment of health, spirits, and success. The millions had distinctly "pronounced" for Repeal; nearly the whole nation had risen up as one man to repudiate and denounce the monster-crime of 1800: nine persons out of every ten had expressed their condemnation of the Union; and O'Connell's sanguine mind was confident of ultimate victory. His constant phrase was, that "there was a moral electricity in the continuous expression of public opinion concentrated upon a single point, perfectly irresistible in its efficacy." To those persons who acted under O'Connell's leadership, and who had frequent opportunities of intercourse with him, nothing could appear more false than the vehement assertions of the adverse press "that he was playing a double game; that he did not in reality desire Repeal; and that he did not expect to succeed in the pursuit of it." He did most assuredly expect to succeed: although it is probably true that his *modus agendi* was not fully methodised in its various details.* He relied a good

* He was always sanguine of success. Staunton told me, that O'Connell came to the *Weekly Register* Office, one day, while that paper was printed in Suffolk Street, and called him down stairs, saying, "Staunton, my dear fellow! Repeal is now quite certain. All that remains is to settle the terms."—"I am very glad to hear it," replied Staunton; with a feeling, however, that the news of proximate success was rather too good to be true.

deal upon the chapter of accidents; and he looked to accelerating, and in some degree creating, a crisis of which the Irish people might take advantage for the recovery of their legislature. What was to be the precise mode of achieving that recovery—whether by an act of the Imperial Parliament, or by a summons from the Queen, without any legislative act, for the assembling of her faithful Irish Peers and Commons in College Green—was a question which he left to time and circumstances, although his own belief inclined to the greater probability of the latter event.*

While his enemies denied his sincerity, invented discreditable motives for his actions, and took every occasion of holding him up as an arrant political swindler, his personal friends were impressed with a resistless conviction, not only of his honesty, but of his fervid enthusiasm in the cause to which he had devoted his labours. I say a *resistless* conviction; for, in the moments of unstudied and unguarded social intercourse, the strong desire to achieve the

* For a detailed description of the Repeal Campaign of 1842-3, the Prosecution, the Imprisonment, Personal Anecdotes of the Leaders, and other matters connected with Irish popular politics, *vide* my work, "IRELAND AND HER AGITATORS." I was gratified at seeing the work in question copiously quoted in a tract on Irish affairs, printed at Leipsig, in the German langage, under the title of "Irland und die Repealfrage."—Leipsig: Leopold Michelsen, 1847.

great objects which he publicly advocated, was incessantly made manifest: plans, projects, aspirations to that end teemed forth from the well-spring of his mind; and even when conversing on topics unconnected with Repeal, his thoughts would often suddenly diverge, with a species of sanguine impatience, to the subject of our legislative independence.

CHAPTER XII.

"Two Negatives make an Affirmative"—O'Connell's Character of the Methodists—His Opinion of Peel—The projected "Council of Three Hundred"—Speculations on its Consequences—Movements of Louis Philippe—Military Education of the Irish People—O'Connell's Objections to it—His faith in the Efficacy of the purely Moral Movement—Proclamation against the Meeting at Clontarf—O'Connell's Measures—Rumour of a Prosecution for High Treason—O'Connell in the Country—Hunting.

SERJEANT MURPHY, then member for Cork city, having deprecated the Repeal movement, and at the same time admitted that neither Whigs nor Tories were likely to befriend us, O'Connell said, "The worthy serjeant tells you to do nothing for yourselves, although he admits that the Whigs will do nothing for you, and the Tories will do nothing for you! I suppose he imagines that these two negatives will produce an affirmative, so as to supersede the necessity of your exertions in your own behalf."

He had been engaged in a skirmish with the

Methodists, of whom he said, "They indemnify themselves for a supposed love of God by a real hatred of man. I'll inflict *that* upon 'em."

FitzPatrick one day expressed his hope, that Sir Robert Peel would correct the evils of Irish landlordism; as he had shown, in a recent speech, that he saw and understood the tyrannical game the Irish landlords played against the people.

"The thing that puts me in a passion," said O'Connell, "is any body's supposing that Peel means to do what he says. Peel is the merest man of words that the world ever produced."

During the summer and autumn of 1843, O'Connell's mind was busily occupied in devising means to assemble a Council of Three Hundred without coming under the provisions of the Convention Act. He told me, that if this council could be safely and legally assembled, its members would soon merge, by an easy transition, into the House of Commons of Ireland. He conceived that three hundred Irish gentlemen, stamped with the popular confidence, and morally authorised to treat with the British minister for their country's independence, would be perfectly irresistible in their demand. How to evade the Convention Act was the problem. Having spoken one day of his project at the Repeal Association, he said to Steele and me,

"This is the first time I have broached my scheme. Next Monday I'll move that the Repeal Wardens of Ardee shall be called on to return the name of a person whom they would recommend the Association to appoint to the office of 'District Repeal Warden of Ardee.' We'll see how that will work. To-day, Davis * said to me, 'Have you any objection that I should be one of your Three Hundred?' I took him by the hand, and said, 'I wish I could make you ten.' How little these people understand me! Tom Steele, you shall be member for Ennis. Daunt, where have you been canvassing?"

"In the King's County," I replied; "I shall try to get into the Convention, either for the county or for Tullamore."

"Our Three Hundred men," continued O'Connell, "will be a quiet revolution. Tom Steele, fortune has frowned on you; but, would you exchange the present emotions of your mind for the estate of Sir Lucius O'Brien?"

"No!" cried Steele, "nor for all the wealth of the Rothschilds."

O'Connell continued to throw out his ideas, as if in soliloquy; pausing, and resuming the subject.

* Of the *Nation* newspaper; "Prophet and Guide" of the Young Irelanders; a man of real genius.

"There is Louis Philippe sending man-of-war after man-of-war to Algeria, under pretext of hunting pirates. If England quietly allows him to get possession of Tunis without firing a shot, why then Louis Philippe has it. But, if one hostile shot is fired—hurrah! Daniel O'Connell has it."

A favourite idea of mine had been the military education of the Irish people, on a system resembling that of Prussia, with some modifications. I spoke of my plan.—"My dear Daunt," said O'Connell, "your project would be quite unnecessary. All that people thought, in bypast times, to accomplish by military force, will henceforth be gained by the purely moral movement."

"Aye," returned I; "moral movement for ourselves at home. But as the moral force doctrine may not prevail among foreign nations, we ought to be trained to defend ourselves."

"The moral force doctrine *will* prevail," he answered, very emphatically. "Other nations will learn from us. They are watching us now with astonishment. When they see us succeeding, without blood, against such odds, they will try, like us, to succeed without blood in their several political reforms, according to their local means. Where fifty *can* meet and remonstrate, fifty *will* meet.

Where an hundred *can* meet, an hundred *will* meet. Physical violence will lapse into desuetude—it will, by and bye, become quite obsolete."

"I do not think," replied I, "it will ever become obsolete abroad. Your moral force lessons may take root in the hearts of the Irish people; but if the aggression of Ireland at any future period should promise advantages to any foreign nation, our foes will, in my opinion, be perfectly ready to invade us *vi et armis*."

"And if they should," returned O'Connell, "one week would have Ireland drilled for resistance, organised as we are. See the multitudes I had at Tara. How easy it would be to drill them on short notice. Remember that we shall then ourselves be the government, and so have in our hands the entire strength of the people and the undivided facilities of military organisation."

Meeting followed meeting in rapid succession for the rest of the autumn. Two or three more remained to be held. A meeting was advertised to take place at Clontarf upon Sunday the 8th of October. An attorney who drew up the advertisement very foolishly used some military phrases in the programme of the intended procession. The executive snapped with puerile eagerness at the

shallow pretext thus afforded to put down by armed force the gathering at Clontarf. Vast military preparations were concentrated upon the spot. A proclamation, prohibiting the meeting, was issued at an hour so late upon Saturday, as to render it in the last degree improbable that the great majority of those who intended to be present, should hear of the prohibition in sufficient time to prevent their attendance.

O'Connell assembled the Committee of the Repeal Association to consider what was best to be done in this emergency. The result of their deliberations appeared in the shape of a cautionary notice, which, whilst it repelled the misrepresentations contained in the Government proclamation, at the same time announced the abandonment of the projected meeting at Clontarf.

This notice was extensively posted in the city and suburbs, and every mode was adopted of giving it efficacy. Vast crowds of persons were at that moment on their way from various distant quarters to the metropolis, in order to be present at the morrow's demonstration. To check the influx of those persons was now O'Connell's object; he feared above all things a hostile collision. The military preparations were unequivocal. Lord Cloncurry has

since that period given it as his opinion that the Government "projected a massacre" at Clontarf.

On the night of Saturday and the morning of Sunday, 1500 persons arrived from England to witness the expected proceedings at Clontarf. Their rage and indignation at the Government were inexpressibly great. Immense crowds paraded all day at the place where the muster was to have been held; and in order to prevent any perilous ebullitions of popular anger, O'Connell sent Mr. Steele, Dr. Gray, and some other friends, to the avenues leading to Clontarf, in order to enforce the immediate and peaceable dispersion of the multitude.

On the 11th of October the intention of the Government to prosecute certain of the Repeal leaders for sedition was confidently rumoured. I was on that day Chairman of the Repeal Association. After the meeting I asked O'Connell how a conviction would probably operate upon the cause?

"What," said I, "will the Repealers do if you should be imprisoned, and communication with their guide cut off? How shall we act if the flock be scattered by striking the shepherd?"

"Oh, that cannot be," he replied, "till after the trial; and in the meantime we will make arrangements to provide in the best way we can to meet

such a contingency. As for the tyranny itself—why—it's only to endure it! It cannot in its own nature last very long."

Of the Repeal rent contributed that day, 80*l.* were handed in under the denomination of "Proclamation Money," to indicate defiance of the Viceroy and the prosecution.

On the following day, the 12th of October, a report was spread that the Government would prosecute upon a charge of high treason. O'Connell's spirits, which had previously been excellent, seemed suddenly and greatly depressed by this information. He knew that the Government would not risk a prosecution for high treason without first being thoroughly certain of the jury. It was true, he said, that he should have the privilege of challenging the jury, a privilege which in a mere prosecution for sedition he would not possess; but the materials from which Dublin panels were taken were so leavened with bigoted orangeism, that he looked on his life as the certain forfeit.—"But," said he, "I scarcely think they will attempt a prosecution for high treason—though, indeed, there is hardly any thing too desperate for them to attempt! If they do, I shall make my confession and prepare for death. Such a step would either immensely acce-

lerate Repeal, or else throw it further back than ever."

But the real nature of the prosecution was speedily made known to the traversers. When O'Connell heard that he and his fellow-patriots were to be tried for a "conspiracy," he scoffed at the whole proceeding, as likely, indeed, to be harassing and tedious, but in no other respect formidable. One day he said to John O'Connell, "I do not think two years' imprisonment would kill me; I should keep constantly walking about, and take a bath every day."

"But why talk of imprisonment at all?" returned John; "surely there is, please God, no danger of it."

"I take the most discouraging view of the case," said his father, "in order to be prepared for the worst."

In the course of the winter O'Connell repaired to Darrynane, and during his sojourn there the Association was addressed every week by John O'Connell, Steele, and the present writer. We used to come on Mondays to the library, prior to the hour of meeting, and there arrange the topics which each speaker should appropriate. It was a period of pleasing excitement and hope which I love to recal; for we all felt impressed with the belief that the steps taken by the Government for our discom-

fiture would call forth many a stout ally who had not as yet declared his adhesion to the national cause.

O'Connell seems to have enjoyed his holidays almost as much as if no prosecution were suspended over his head. The following is an extract from a letter written by him at that period to a friend in Dublin :

"Darrynane Abbey, 17th Dec., 1843.

* * * * *

"What a tasteless fellow that Attorney-General was not to allow me another fortnight in these mountains! I forgive him every thing but *that*. Why, yesterday, I had a most delightful day's hunting. I saw almost the entire of it—hare and hounds. We killed five hares. The day's run, without intermission, five hours and three quarters. In three minutes after each hare was killed, we had another on foot, and the cry was incessant. They were never at more than a momentary check, and the cry, with the echoes, was splendid. I was not in such wind for walking these five years, and you will laugh at me when I tell you the fact that I was much less wearied than several of the young men; and we had a good three miles to walk home after the last hare was killed, just at the close of the day. I was not pre-

pared for such good hunting, as the plague among the dogs had thinned my pack. It killed six couple of beautiful beagles of mine. I could almost weep for them. Yet the survivors seemed determined to indemnify me. If to-morrow be dry, I hope to have another good day's hunt."

CHAPTER XIII.

O'Connell's Return to Town—O'Connell and the Darrynane Thrush!—O'Connell's Resolution to be his own Counsel at the State Trials—Mr. M'Donough, Q. C.—Sheil's Speech for the Defence—O'Connell and the Reporter at Waterford—His Address to the Catholic Prelates—His Declaration respecting the Government Prosecution—His Fear, lest the prior Speakers at the Trials should pre-occupy the Topics of Defence—Apposite Quotation from Edmund Burke—End of the Trials—"Conviction"—Imprisonment—Remarkable Letter from O'Connell, when in Prison, to the Right Honourable R. L. Sheil.

EARLY in January, 1844, Mr. O'Connell returned to Dublin. Shortly after his arrival he was visited by his old fellow-leader, Richard Lalor Sheil, who talked with him of the approaching trials. "As for me," said the Liberator, "I am prepared for the worst they can do—they will assuredly imprison me—but what matter?" Mr. Sheil expressed a hope that such a result might be averted. O'Connell, when Sheil had left him, described his recent hunts at Darrynane with infinite zest. "And I

had such exquisite weather there," said he; "in the shrubbery a scoundrel thrush was singing merrily upon a spray; I took off my hat and made him a low bow; 'Sir,' said I, 'you are quite mistaken! It is not spring yet;' but the vagabond kept singing away, and never minded me."

As the period for the commencement of the "monster trials" approached, O'Connell finally resolved upon being his own counsel. Sometimes he entertained the idea of speaking at excessive length; I once heard him say, "They (meaning the Government) do not suppose that I intend to speak for four days." He discussed the respective excellences of the counsel engaged on behalf of the accused, pointing out the chief merits of each. I remember his remarking that Mr. M'Donough, Q.C., had admirable tact in conceding to the enemy all the unimportant portions of a case, and disarming the suspicions of the jury by the apparent frankness and candour of the concession.

It is not, of course, my intention to give any detail of proceedings so notorious and so recent as the Irish State Prosecutions of 1843-4. The reader remembers the Attorney-General's promise of proving the existence of a "wicked conspiracy" in Ireland, and the utter failure of any such proof. On the 27th of January, Mr. Sheil opened the de-

fence in a five hours' speech, which was described as "the first brilliant flash that had enlivened the dreary dulness of the monster trials." Of Sheil's and Whiteside's masterly orations it was said, that had the jury been required to deliver their verdict immediately on the conclusion of either, they *must* have handed in an acquittal. I do not know how that may be; but I doubt whether the eloquence of an archangel could alter the fixed purposes of certain jurors; and I do not forget that the well-known "Jack Giffard," of corporate celebrity, naïvely remarked to the father of my friend Fitz-Patrick, when speaking of the state trials of 1812, "that if our Saviour himself were in the dock, they (the Dublin Orangemen) would find him guilty if it served their party."

O'Connell's admiration of Sheil's speech was enthusiastic. "There were in it," said he, "passages of the most transcendent beauty. But I remonstrated with him," he added, "on his having omitted all mention of Repeal. I told him that he would not have committed himself by doing so, for he would have spoken professionally as a barrister."

Two or three days prior to the delivery of that speech, a hope was expressed that a good report of it might be secured for the press. O'Connell said with a smile,

"It is in type at this moment in London. Sheil had a reporter with him lately, to whom he dictated the entire in his drawing-room, and who sent it off to press in London as fast as written. I once dictated a speech in a parlour myself—it was under these circumstances:—We held an Emancipation meeting in the open air at Waterford, but the day was so wet as to interfere seriously with the labours of the reporters. They had to put up their tablets before we had half done, and their notes were partially obliterated by the rain. I retired to my hotel, and was waited on by a reporter who stated that he had not been in time to attend the meeting, and that unless he promptly forwarded a report of my speech he would incur the anger of his employer. He begged I would re-deliver it; and, as I had nothing else to do, I consented. He prepared to report with great alacrity, and I delivered a much better speech walking up and down the room than the one I had pronounced at the meeting. The fellow went off in high delight when I had done, and it was a topic of some surprise and amusement that the very best report of my speech appeared in a newspaper which had no reporter at the meeting."

As the monster trials dragged along their weary length, the public indignation and excitement became so great, that O'Connell exceedingly dreaded

an *émeute*. He feared lest the outrage committed by the government might exasperate the people beyond the power of patient endurance, notwithstanding the lessons of peace he had constantly inculcated. Knowing that the most effective conservators of the public tranquillity were the Catholic hierarchy and clergy, it occurred to him to make a solemn appeal to the prelates to use all their influence for the preservation of order. He accordingly composed the following address, which I do not think was ever published; nay, I much doubt whether it was even forwarded to the members of the hierarchy: the copy I possess was given me by a gentleman to whom O'Connell submitted it for the benefit of his advice, but whose name I am not at liberty to mention.

"*To the Catholic Prelates of Ireland.*

"Merrion Square, Dublin,
"10th February, 1844.

"MOST REVEREND AND VENERATED LORDS,—It is with some difficulty, and after much consideration, that I take the liberty of addressing you, with a respectful confidence, that although you may not approve of my so doing, you will attach a kind estimate to the motives which prompt me to trespass on your attention.

"You may deem my anxiety excessive; but

you will readily forgive that excess which arises from my extreme desire to prevent the slightest violence or breach of the peace in any part of the country.

"I have not the presumption to think that any thing emanating from me would be needed to stimulate the zeal of your lordships, or the revered clergy at large, for the preservation of the most perfect public peace and tranquillity. Those who know you best are familiar with the fact, that the quiet of the country is principally attributable to your unbought, successful, and most pious exertions to cause all the population of most districts, and as many of the people as possible in every district, to be obedient to the law, and dutifully submissive to temporal authority.

"What I respectfully submit to your lordships is merely this—that perhaps it may be useful to take measures for allaying any tendency to excitement that might be produced by the result of the crown prosecutions; and for securing on the part of the people a continuance of the same profound tranquillity that has prevailed since the trials commenced. You agree with me, my lords, that it is of the most emphatic importance, that there should not, at the conclusion of the trials, be the smallest outbreak or violence of any kind whatsoever. I know that every exertion for maintaining the public

peace will have your lordships' sanction and active assistance. But perhaps that assistance is the more necessary now, inasmuch as the prosecution has had a sectarian colour given to it by the conduct of the prosecutors in striking out all the Catholics from the jury list, in addition to the fact of the 'dropping out' from the jury panel of no less than thirty-five Catholics.

"It is to prevent any irritation springing from this violation of their religious feelings, that I, with profound humility, suggest to your lordships the propriety of directing the clergy of every parish—(and no directions were ever obeyed with greater alacrity than yours would be, by the universal clergy of the second order)—to take care that not the least particle of anger or irritation should exhibit itself among the Catholic people; to stifle every expression of sorrow or of wrong in the recollection that *prudence* as well as duty, personal safety as well as religion, imperatively require that every part of Ireland should remain in the most perfect order and tranquillity, and in the most profound and undisturbed quiet.

"If there be presumption in this address, it is concealed from my own view; and I express my sincere sorrow if it should be so. My object is, to have an additional opportunity of enforcing on the

public mind the fact, that if this crisis passes over —as pass over I am sure it will—without riot, violence, tumult, or outrage of any kind, the success of our efforts for the Repeal will be rendered certain, and the attainment of our Domestic Legislature will be secured.

"I have the honour to be, with the most profound respect, most Reverend and Venerated Lords,

"Your most faithful, obedient,

"Humble servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

During the progress of the trials, O'Connell repeatedly expressed, both in private and in public, his indifference to the result as regarded himself personally, provided the outrage on constitutional liberty should stimulate the people to redoubled exertions. The following declaration, which he made at the Corn Exchange on the 17th of April, is so characteristic of the man that I cannot omit it:—

"They may," said he, "fine us. Well, we will pay the fine. They may imprison us. Well, we will go to prison. We will not be the less patriots, or the more disposed to compromise, because we are within the walls of a prison. Nay, so help me Heaven! if there was possibly any measure of

acquiescence to which I would, when abroad, agree —if there were any terms to be made with the enemies of freedom and of Ireland which I might not think obnoxious if I were at large, I would reject them with indignation and contempt from the moment when I was enclosed within a prison. By imprisoning me they say they may shorten my life. That does not affect me much. In the first place, I don't believe it. I may have come to that time of life when the affections are less soothing, and there is less of reciprocity to meet them; my heart may be aged and widowed, and its tenderest ties may be destroyed. But I am still like the scathed oak, not less firm against the fury of the storm than I would have been in the days of my green and buoyant youth. . . . As to my health, I proclaim to the people of Ireland that I believe it is perfectly capable of sustaining any length of imprisonment they can inflict upon me."

In this anticipation he unfortunately erred. The seeds of disease were sown in Richmond prison.

As the trials proceeded, and the speeches of successive counsel exhausted the points of defence, O'Connell said to me one day,

"They will leave nothing for *me* to say when my turn comes."

"You mistake," replied I. "They cannot de-

prive you of your appropriate topic. *They* are making legal speeches. *You* will have to make a political and historic speech. You, of course, must enter on some legal points; but it appears to me that your peculiar duty will be to demonstrate that this nation, struggling for Repeal, are in the right; to show the iniquity of the Union, and its myriad mischiefs; and to justify the movement on higher than mere legal grounds."

He intended to make use of the following extract from Edmund Burke, which he caused FitzPatrick to copy for him; he considered it a masterly exposition of the impolicy of forcibly suppressing public opinion by the exercise of state power; and extremely apposite to the case of Ireland in 1843:

"America, gentlemen say, is a noble object; it is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led by their choice of means, by their complexions, and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state may have confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, that my opinion is much more in favour of prudent management than of force, considering force not only as

an odious but a feeble instrument for preserving a people so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in profitable connexion with us.

"First, sir, permit me to observe that the use of force is temporary. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered.

"My next objection is its uncertainty. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource: for, conciliation failing, force remains; but force failing, no other power is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness, but they never can be begged as alms by impoverished and defeated violence."

O'Connell, in his defence, delivered a masterly argument in disproof of the charge of conspiracy. But his principal topics were political, and the excellence of his address was admitted by many an adverse critic.

But truth, justice, and eloquence availed not. On the 30th May, 1844, O'Connell and six of his confederates in the agitation were found guilty of a "conspiracy," and hurried from the court to the gaol.

I did not remain long in Dublin after this event, being obliged by my private affairs to go to the

country. Nearly all the details I could collect of the imprisonment I have published elsewhere.* O'Connell took as much exercise as the limits of his prison permitted. "Seven times round the gaol garden is a mile," said he. "I walk it thrice a day." On being visited by Smith O'Brien (who had joined the Repealers at the commencement of the prosecutions), he took him by both hands, saying, "I think it was Providence that raised you up to us in our need; I look on your adhesion as indicative of what Providence will yet do for us."

Mr. O'Brien's junction at this crisis was of very great value to the Repeal cause. O'Connell said that "he did the best thing at the best time." My excellent and patriotic friend must permit me to express a hope that the sections of the national party, at present unfortunately severed, may speedily co-operate again for the recovery of Ireland's rights. And, if I know aught of my old fellow-missioner, John O'Connell, I should say that he is about the last man in existence who would oppose any factious obstruction to re-union.†

While the Liberator was incarcerated there was

* "Ireland and her Agitators," p. 295.

† While I sincerely desire to co-operate once more with the sounder portion of the seceding party, I must disclaim all wish for the return of those wild and vagarious spirits, who, in the language of Charles Gavan Duffy, would make the land "a shambles of social anarchy."

a magnificent popular rally round the Repeal Association. But there were many men whose previous political career might have led us to expect their accession to our ranks at such a juncture, and who still held aloof.

On the 17th of June, Mr. Wyse, M.P. for Waterford, presented a petition, praying inquiry into the formation of the Special Jury in the case of "The Queen at the prosecution of Daniel O'Connell and others." It was Mr. Wyse's intention to move for a Select Committee of Inquiry, in accordance with the prayer of that petition.

I am enabled, by the kindness of my friend the Right Hon. R. L. Sheil, to lay before the reader the following important and interesting epistle, written by O'Connell while in prison, in reply to a letter on the subject of Mr. Wyse's purposed motion:

"Richmond Bridewell, 19th June, 1844.

"MY DEAR SHEIL,—I do not care a twopenny ticket for Wyse's motion. The Irish people do not care a rush for it. They expect nothing from the English Parliament, and have a vivid contempt for its proceedings; but, besides this hatred of England, ought not common sense be looked to? What, in point of common sense, *can* possibly be the result of a night or two nights' talk on such a motion?

Certainly the Whigs this time are right. All Wyse will accomplish will be a knitting together once more the *disjecta membra* of the present party in power. Mind, I do not advise the motion to be given up, because I do not advise at all on the subject. It is to me one of perfect indifference.

"You express surprise and regret that the Irish members are not in London, and yet you yourself, the long-admired 'pillar and glory' of Irish agitation, are absent from Dublin where Ireland is 'mewing her young strength.' You are absent in person and in *deed!*

"I, your once co-leader, am in goal, by a packed jury and most partial judge; and, instead of at least enrolling *your name* amongst THE IRISH, you are calculating what you owe to the Whigs for having given you a place, and forgetting the ten hundred thousand claims Ireland has upon you. Sheil! Sheil! this will never do. I say it in the bitterness of sorrow, but in the absence of disrespect. It will never do. The man who does not rally *with us* against the Attorney-General and the trial is really *against us.* Now, what have the Irish section of the Whigs done under such unparalleled circumstances, with the people boiling up at every side, but still obedient, as if they were under military command? Not the least shadow of danger of

an outbreak, or of any violence—tranquillity the most perfect. What is the Irish section of the Whigs doing? Nothing. Yet those of Belfast—the Whigs of Belfast—have set them an example. Could not your other Irish Whigs follow even *that* example? But no! Oh! plague take the shabby set! The Duke of Leinster—his name operates like a vomit—is getting up with Peter Purcell dinners for pig-feeders and calf-fatteners!! Lord —— sent me a salmon—good for Friday! and Lord —— sent me his card. I am amused at condescending to have even the appearance of being angry with such beings. The Irish Orangemen are more friendly to Ireland than the Irish Whigs. But I have cheerfully done with them.

"I am bound to say, and I say it readily and gratefully, that Lord John Russell has behaved exceedingly well respecting these trials.

"I certainly will not advise Smith O'Brien to go over. He is doing infinitely better where he is. He has as little taste for the Whigs as I have, after the *exclusion* of Repealers. It would have been wiser not to insult us. You, however, may be assured, that the Irish people will, in future, look to nothing but themselves. They will not revolt, nor rebel; but they are and will be in an attitude to avail themselves of the first day of peril to England

to require conciliation. Adam appears in a Dutch play, in boots and spurs, fully equipped at all points, coming on——*to be created.* The Irish are peaceably waiting——*to be conciliated.*

"This plan, you may say, will not succeed. Be it so—for argument's sake. But there is no other that has any chance of success. I, however, must say, that this plan, if persevered in, *must* be successful. The continued *pain* arising from such a state of things will overcome the strongest resistance. The Irish people are conscious of their strength, and that safety, as well as strength, consists in continued pacific exertion; and they know that success must result from both strength and safety.

"You see we have opened the door to admit Federalists amongst us; and I never knew any man in private who was not a Federalist at the least. I no longer presume to advise you to join; though surely the Whigs might permit you to go *so* far.

"Adieu, my dear Sheil. God bless you. Be assured of my kind friendship and personal regard. I am sorry, sincerely sorry, we part in politics; but am ever alive to the many claims you have on my gratitude as a private friend and a public man.

"Believe me to be, very sincerely yours,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"To the Right Honourable R. L. Sheil."

Notwithstanding the Liberator's efforts to keep up his spirits while in prison, there can be no doubt that his confinement preyed severely on his mind. The deprivation of his personal liberty was a severe affliction to a man of his active habits. I think it quite certain that the disease, that proved eventually fatal, originated in the mental annoyance and chagrin of that period.

During his imprisonment, some friends suggested to him that he ought to avail himself of his constrained leisure to write his life. I believe he was inclined to act on the suggestion. He often had spoken of writing his life. An eminent London publisher had encouraged him, some years before, to become his own biographer, and he entertained the proposal very favourably. But the perpetual bustle in which he existed rendered the performance of such a task almost impossible. As to the supposed leisure of his prison, he never had less leisure in his life for literary occupation than when confined in Richmond Bridewell. There was a much greater influx of visitors, and of deputations with addresses, and a larger amount of correspondence during the three months of his imprisonment, than in any other three months of his life. Whilst I was in the country in 1844, I saw it stated in the newspapers that he was engaged in the task of composing his

autobiography; but I imagine he never wrote a page of it. Yet the project was such a favourite one that he constantly talked of it; and with a view to its performance, he borrowed from the library of the Repeal Association a set of the "Annual Register" and several volumes of contemporary magazines, in order to refresh his memory by a reference to the records of public and personal transactions in which he, as well as the leading men with and against whom he had acted in his long career, had taken a share.

On the 6th of September, 1844, the State prisoners were liberated by the judgment of the House of Lords, before whom an appeal had been brought by writ of error from the court below.

On the following Monday there was an unusually crowded meeting of the Repeal Association. O'Connell exulted in the demonstration which the decision of the Lords afforded of the perfect legality of his previous agitation for Repeal. The Irish people had all along looked upon his imprisonment as the result of a foul conspiracy against him and against Ireland—the highest legal tribunal in the empire now sanctioned their belief.

Amongst the Protestant converts to Repeal who on this day joined the Association were Captain Mockler, of Trim, an Orangeman; Pierce Somerset

Butler, M.P. for the County of Kilkenny, and nephew of the Earl of Kilkenny; and the Hon. George Hely Hutchinson, brother of the Earl of Donoughmore.

O'Connell thus described the manner and aspect of the judges by whom sentence had been passed upon him:

"The Chief Justice (Pennefather) had the air of being counsel for the prosecution. Only for the seat he occupied, he might have been easily mistaken for the counsel for the prosecution. . . . Judge Crampton used to squeeze up his face at me, as if he wanted to terrify me with his lion aspect. . . . Judge Perrin seemed to be asleep during a great part of the trial."

O'Connell triumphed loudly in Lord Denman's pointed condemnation of the entire proceedings connected with the prosecution, verdict, and sentence; which, his lordship said, were sufficient, if persisted in, to render trial by jury in Ireland "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

"A mockery, a delusion, and a snare," repeated O'Connell. "Take that, Mr. Attorney-General Smith. Read that, Chief Justice Pennefather. Write it on a slip of paper, Mr. Justice Crampton, to mark a place in your prayer-book."

He now announced that he had in preparation

his favourite plan for a Council of Three Hundred. He stated that the legal difficulties surrounding the project inevitably caused much delay. He proposed that each member of the Council should contribute the sum of 100*l.* to the Repeal fund; that the Council should have their own treasurer, and be the sole guardians of their own money; but that they should exhibit an interest in the cause to the extent of the sum he named. The council were not to initiate any measure themselves; but they were to possess a veto on the plans of the Repeal Association. Such a body, he expected, would comprise so great a number of men having large stakes in the country as would disarm the fears of the most timid, by rendering impossible any violent revolutionary movement.

"Those three hundred individuals," said he, "consisting of wealthy merchants and of country gentlemen, will constitute a body that can bring about with great facility the Repeal of the Union."

The reader has already seen that he expected his council would merge into an Irish House of Commons. Many projects were devised to obviate the legal difficulty which alone prevented its immediate construction; but none appeared to O'Connell sufficiently safe to warrant the experiment. Still he entertained a strong conviction that there was somewhere an effective mode of evading the Con-

vention Act, if he only could hit upon it: and with that conviction on his mind, he dwelt constantly and fondly on the project.

Touching the policy of the recent prosecution, he said,

"Believe me that the wily Louis Philippe has been a vigilant observer of England's policy towards Ireland. If it were not for that policy, Tangier would be to-day untouched; Mogadore would still be whole, and Isly would be unstained with the blood of the Moors."

Of his imprisonment he said:

"I spent a pleasant three months in gaol. After the first fortnight I felt perfectly secure, for I was certain there would be no violence on the part of the people. For the first fortnight I was kept from my rest by the fear of some violence; but thenceforth my apprehensions upon that score vanished. I had as pleasant a set of companions in gaol as ever prisoner had. We had the happiness, the blessing, of their ladies' society, and we enjoyed the intercourse of men of great talent and great facetiousness. No men were living more socially."

Notwithstanding the light and bantering way in which his buoyant nature impelled him to speak of his incarceration, it is certain that it produced in

him not only more mental and bodily weariness than could have resulted from any amount of political labour, but those seeds of disease which ultimately bore a fatal fruit.

Alluding to the Protestant adhesions to Repeal, he exclaimed:

"When I see around me such men as the Hutchinsons, the O'Briens, the Mocklers, and the Butlers rallying to the standard of Repeal, I cannot have a question of our success. Oh! what a day we shall have around the statue of King William!"

Shortly after the liberation, O'Connell proceeded to Darrynane. He indeed required the relaxation of a sojourn among his native mountains.

In the course of the following spring it was resolved to celebrate the anniversary of the imprisonment. Accordingly, at an early hour on the 30th of May, 1845, the principal streets leading to the Rotundo were filled with an apparently interminable procession, gay with equipages, banners, and bands, and exulting in the celebration of a national victory over a tyrannical government. Music was borne on the sunny air; the merry laugh rang around; glad faces filled the windows; even the house-tops were crowded with spectators; never

since the Union had Dublin displayed an aspect of more joyous animation.

A magnificent pageant was exhibited in the round room of the Rotundo, where O'Connell and his late fellow-prisoners held a levée. The platform, situate at the western centre of that superb apartment, was a hexagon of twenty-six feet in diameter, and raised two feet from the floor. At its front were seated O'Connell and the other ex-captives, and around them stood the members of the '82 Club, dressed in their brilliant green and gold uniforms, over which, in many instances, were flung the scarlet robes of the corporators. Banners, with armorial ensigns and significant national devices, floated from the walls. The royal arms of Ireland were proudly conspicuous. The *coup d'œil* was at once picturesque and gorgeous; and its splendour was immensely enhanced by the ennobling sentiment in which the pageant had its origin; a sentiment that flashed in every glance and animated every heart. Deputations from all quarters of the kingdom presented addresses to O'Connell, encouraging him to persevere, and promising him the unfaltering support of the people.

Smith O'Brien then advanced to O'Connell, and said that he had to communicate a Resolution, or

National Pledge, which had received the concurrence of all the deputations. It was to the following effect :

"We, the undersigned, being convinced that good government and wise legislation can be permanently secured to the Irish people only through the instrumentality of an Irish Legislature, do hereby solemnly pledge ourselves to our country and to each other, that we will never desist from seeking the Repeal of the Legislative Union with England by all peaceable, moral, and constitutional means, until a Parliament be restored to Ireland."

O'Connell and his late companions in captivity signed the Pledge, which was also subscribed by several other persons.

O'Connell, in his reply to the several addresses, thus alluded to certain professions of Ministerial penitence :

"Signs of conciliation," said he, "have been exhibited. We are now told that concession to Ireland has *not* found its limits; that more is to be given to us; and we also are gravely assured that the government, so far from being hostile, is amicably disposed to us, and anxious to act fairly towards Ireland. Is there a man amongst you who believes in the sincerity of those professions? (Cries of No! no!) No—to be sure there is not. Throw

back a glance upon last year. What has occurred to warrant our belief in the sincerity of those declarations? Has the government punished the instruments of their illegal prosecution? No. On the contrary, do they not contemplate to place them on the bench of justice, and make them judges of the land for the rest of their lives? . . . . They may make what professions they please: the heart of England is not changed. Her ministry have yielded, to be sure; but why have they done so? Is it because we became more tranquil or more tractable? Is it because we gave up our agitation, and, falling on our knees, implored mercy? No! but because we stood up manfully for our rights, and would not endure the thought of compromise. We violated no law—we broke through no act of Parliament—we kept within the limits of the constitution—we conducted ourselves peaceably but firmly, manfully but resolutely, and therefore it is that we are respected. If we are not treated with contempt and derision, whom have we to thank for it? Whom but ourselves? The voice of Ireland has been raised from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear—from Connemara to the Hill of Howth; and the echoes of that voice have been heard in the Cabinet. All Ireland has been aroused into the hope, the expectation, the certainty, that this coun-

try shall have her own Parliament again—that the people of Ireland shall govern themselves."

Take the following descriptions of the levée from adverse pens :

"While we write this," says the Tory *Mail*, "Mr. O'Connell is sitting in autocratic state in the throne room of the Rotundo, surrounded by his peers, and receiving the addresses of the authorities, the corporate bodies, the mobility, nobility, clergy, and gentry of his peculiar dominion. The business of the city is at a stand-still. Professional duties are in suspense ; tradesmen have closed their shops ; the handicrafts have left their callings; and, save the great thoroughfares through which the ovation of the Autocrat is to pass, the streets are as deserted and as noiseless as a wilderness. In the latter, shops lie open, but without a customer; in the former the barricaded doors and windows scarce suffice to resist the pressure of the throng. A countless multitude crowds all the avenues leading to the Autocrat's presence, and forms dense alleys for the passage of the public bodies, which, each headed by its appointed leaders—some in military costume, some in their civic robes of office, and all in full dress—proceed, to the music of bands, with regimental uniformity, towards the chamber where

their self-elected sovereign has appointedto receive their homage."

The *Monitor*, a Whig journal, says,

"In reality, the pageant of to-day was imposing. The organisation was complete—the gay dresses looked exceedingly well in the strong sunshine; the procession marched orderly, and all Dublin was in motion . . . . . Mr. O'Connell, seated on a green throne, in the round room of the Rotundo, amidst a superfluity of gaudy decorations, is receiving addresses from all parts of Ireland. On his right is seated his son John, and the other martyrs are distributed, some on his right and some on his left. The first address was read by Mr. Smith O'Brien, and emanated from the Repeal Association. Mr. O'Connell said he would not answer each address, but reserve what he had to say for a general reply to them all.

"The Round Room is divided into compartments; one being reserved for the ladies, who, of course, shed additional lustre over the gay scene.

"The Mayors and Corporators of the various municipalities appear in their robes, gowns, and chains of office, and, with the sprinkling of '82 uniforms in the room, the brilliancy and effect of the pageant is considerably increased."

Such was the external scene presented by the levée. But its moral grandeur utterly eclipsed its outward splendours. The trusted leaders of the people were assembled to reiterate their hatred of foreign legislation; and there, in the presence of the Irish nation, by whom they were sustained and stimulated, did they make that solemn vow TO PERSEVERE; that vow, which, in the words of one of the most gifted of their body, "CAN HAVE NO RELEASE EXCEPT IN ITS FULFILMENT."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Federalism" in the Repeal Association—O'Connell's Federalist Move—Its Results—Popular Discontent—Letter from O'Connell on the Subject—Letter from Mr. Ray, the Secretary of the Association—Conversation with O'Connell on his Return to Dublin from Darrynane—He recants Federalism—Concordat with the Pope—Anti-Repeal Rescript.

THE Repeal Association, acting on O'Connell's advice, had, in 1843, admitted members who advocated what was termed Federalism; that is to say, the establishment of separate English and Irish Parliaments for strictly local purposes; and a grand imperial congress to sit at Westminster, empowered to legislate on the *common* and external affairs of the whole empire. We deemed ourselves perfectly consistent in admitting Federalists; inasmuch as there was a thorough community of purpose between them and the other Repealers so far as concerned a Repeal of the existing Union. But O'Connell did not at that time commit himself to any preference of Federalism. As for myself, I

publicly stated in the Association the reasons which determined my preference of the popular scheme of Repeal. The Federalists who joined us were in general highly respectable and very intelligent; but they were few, probably not more than a hundredth part of the entire body of Repealers. Some of them —the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, for one—occasionally propounded their doctrines in public; but they did not make much progress. The mass of the Irish people looked on Federalism as an untried system—a novelty of doubtful result; whilst "Repeal" presented to their minds the idea of the restoration of their former parliamentary constitution, under which their country had enjoyed so many blessings.

Thus matters rested until O'Connell made his autumn journey to Darrynane, in October, 1844. But the public were startled, towards the middle of that month, by a letter of very great length, which he published, giving to the Federal plan a decided preference—at least, so far as could be gathered from certain strong phrases, which again were curiously modified by cautious declarations that he would not thereby be definitively committed to any thing. Yet, the pervading tone of the letter was eminently Federalist; and the notion thus generated, that the Leader had to some extent shifted his ground, threw a damp on the popular mind as manifest as

it was mischievous. The political friends whom I met in the streets on the morning when O'Connell's declaration for Federalism appeared, shrugged their shoulders as they said, "Well—you've seen Dan's letter? What next?" I suggested that it was meant as a trap to catch Whig-Radicals. "Oh," it was answered, "the trap is too palpable—he'll catch nobody." This was, indeed, my own opinion. Although, as I have already stated, Federalists were admitted to our ranks, yet hitherto we were not a Federalist body. But the words of the founder and leader of the Association necessarily gave a character to our confederacy which it could not derive from the acts or declarations of any minor member.

I accordingly felt it my duty to write to O'Connell on the subject of his recent manifesto. I did not keep a copy of my letter, but I recollect its substance. I stated the general dissatisfaction excited by his advocacy of Federalism. I urged the mischievous tendency of any act that could create a popular belief that he was wandering from the one grand object of pursuit. I expressed my own conviction that his purpose was to conciliate the support of certain parties. I reminded him that I was publicly committed to "simple Repeal." I told him that no man was less disposed than I was to

create discord in our ranks by expressing dissent from the movements of the leader; but that, for the sake of consistency, I was desirous to exonerate myself from any predilection for Federalism. I concluded by announcing my purpose to repeat, at our next Monday's meeting, my former profession of faith on the point in dispute; and, at the same time, to vindicate *him* from the unjust imputation of intending to surrender any portion of his claim for Irish constitutional liberty.

I also addressed to Ray, who was then at Darrynane, a letter, embracing most of the topics I have enumerated. From both him and the Liberator I received answers before the ensuing Monday.

Mr. O'Connell, after stating that his purpose was, in part, to test the sincerity of some prominent and influential Federalists, and dwelling on the mischief which he feared would result from any interference with his present experiment, continued as follows:

"I am exceedingly anxious that the subject of Federalism should not be introduced into the Association until I arrive. Do not enter into any vindication of me. Leave every misconception now afloat to continue to float until I reach the Association. We are on the very eve of knowing whether

or not the Federalists will make a public display. If they do not do so *within a week*, I will again address the people; not to vindicate or excuse, but to *boast* of the offer I have made and the spirit of conciliation we have evinced.

"If, on the other hand, Ross, Crawford, Caulfield, and Grey Porter, prepare a Federal plan, what a step will not that be in the Repeal cause—even if *we* continue *our* efforts without being actually joined by them? Let me, then, implore 'the charity of silence' until my experiment is worked out, and that I take the lead in the field again. Silence, then, I *entreat*, for the present.

"Believe me to be,

"Your affectionate and sincere friend,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"W. J. O'N. Daunt, Esq."

The moment I perused this letter I foresaw that O'Connell would speedily extricate himself and the Association from the Federalist scrape. I, therefore, determined to comply with his earnest request that the subject might be left untouched till his return to town. He was assailed by several journals in the Repeal interest for his recent "experiment;" and he felt considerably piqued and irritated at the popular dissatisfaction. Ray wrote to me from

Darrynane; and, as his letter throws additional light on the Liberator's views, I quote the following portions of it:

"Darrynane Abbey, 27th Oct., 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have shown your letter to the Liberator. He says that, as a matter of course, he was prepared to hear of cavils, and exceptions, and dissatisfactions, regarding his address; such being always ready to meet any proposition, the more so the less it is understood. As yet, Federalism is not tangible in shape; his aim is to induce a declaration from the Federalists. He says he wonders you did not perceive that, in the very paragraph where he talks most particularly of his adhesion to Federalism, he, in special words, guards himself from being pledged to any precise terms. Moreover, he adds that you cannot forget that the Association is already pledged to the principle of Federalism,* and that several of its most leading members have joined as Federalists—the Right Rev. Dr. Kennedy† and Thomas O'Hagan, for instance—and that the objection should have been made (if at all) when that principle was first avowed.

* * * * *

"No doubt there are objections and difficulties.

* I never considered that it was so.

† Bishop of Killaloe.

Whatever way we turn there will be such; but these always become diminished by calm and fair discussion; and if the project be proved to be objectionable, it can of course be rejected in favour of any better or more feasible plan. Finally, if we get a Federal Parliament, I apprehend the country will not complain; and if that Parliament should be found not to work satisfactorily, it could speedily right itself.

"All here quite well.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Ever most faithfully and sincerely yours,

"T. M. RAY.

"W. J. O'N. Daunt, Esq."

Mr. O'Connell soon came to town. I was sitting in the committee-room of the Repeal Association as he entered it for the first time after his arrival. I rose to greet him on his entrance. His irritation at the public dissent from the policy of his recent experiment was visible in his manner.

"I am quite well," said he, as he shook hands with me; "that is to say, quite as well as a man can be who is opposed by one-half of his friends and deserted by the other half."

"You cannot class me," said I, "amongst either the opponents or the deserters."

"Certainly not amongst my opponents," said he, "but as to the deserters—um!—I am not quite so sure."

The entrance of several persons who accosted O'Connell put an end for the time to our colloquy; but next day the subject was resumed as we walked together through the town. I asked him what good had resulted from his Federalist move? It had not elicited any corresponding movement from the parties whom he had hoped, by its means, to conciliate; whilst it was perfectly idle to conceal that it had evoked distrust and mutiny amongst many of his own political followers. He said with great bitterness,

"I was deceived—I got promises that we should have had a valuable Whig accession."

"You were wrong," said I, "to place any faith in private promises from such a hollow set as the Whigs; there is not in existence a party that are more destitute, taking them as a body, of national Irish feeling."

He complained that the *Nation* newspaper had assailed him on the Federalist question; "although," added he, "Tom Davis actually went down to Belfast himself to get up a Federalist party there."*

* Davis might have done so consistently with his objection to O'Connell's coming out as a Federalist. It was one thing to bring rank Unionists so far as Federalism upon the common

"Before we close the subject," said I, "allow me to observe that you have not the least cause of complaint against *my* conduct in the affair. I combined the greatest candour with the utmost desire to avoid division. I wrote to tell you I thought you had made a mistake; and I acquiesced in your desire for silence on the subject in public. And it seems to me that nothing less than your own long and unparalleled services could preserve your possession of the popular confidence: any leader whose claims were less potent than yours, would have irretrievably injured himself by such a mistake."

He made no comment—but in a very few weeks he recanted Federalism in a speech at the Repeal Association; saying, as he snapped his fingers, "Federalism is not worth *that!*"

Having mentioned my difference of opinion with O'Connell on the Federalist question (it was almost the only occasion on which I disapproved of his public policy), I may observe that some of his adherents have frequently complained that he exercised a despotic and intolerant sway amongst his political confederates. The truth is, that he was sometimes obliged to hold a tight rein. If he had not done so, he might have ceased to agitate. road; quite another thing for those who professed the principles of 1782 to veer into a system that sanctioned any species of English legislation for Ireland.

Coming in contact with vagarious and turbulent spirits, who, if their fancies had been indulged, would have a thousand times jeopardised the personal safety of their confrères and seriously injured the cause, it was indispensable that O'Connell should exercise a somewhat rigorous control in order to preserve the necessary discipline. Was he, with his genius, his experience, and his services, to yield to the crotchets of every fantastic person who differed from him? In his differences, too, with the mutineers, he was in the right at least nineteen times out of twenty. My own observation of his conduct throughout the whole movement convinces me that he rarely—very rarely—demanded any acquiescence that was not imperatively required for the security and the efficient working of the Association; whilst, upon the other hand, he often lent a ready ear to remonstrances which he deemed intelligent and honestly intended.

In the following January (1845) there were rumours of an approaching Concordat with Rome, and a papal rescript was procured, cautioning the Irish clergy from occupying themselves "*negotiis sæcularibus.*" That attempts would be made to convert the Pope into a tool of English hostility to Ireland seemed not only probable but certain. But we fortunately had the power to frustrate such ma-

nœuvres. Lord Shrewsbury is sufficiently misguided to engage in similar intrigues at the present day; and, I venture to predict, with no better success than attended the former experiment.

The Repeal Association took alarm. O'Connell was absent from town: the Whig press indulged in a premature triumph at the crushing effect the rescript was expected to produce upon Repeal. The leading Protestant members of the Association, Grattan, Smith O'Brien, James O'Hea, and the lamented Thomas Davis, commented but sparingly upon that document, and with excellent judgment and taste left it chiefly in the hands of their Catholic brethren, of whom several denounced with indignation the insidious scheme and its contrivers.

That the Pope had been imposed on by fallacious representations, was the general belief of our body. That he could knowingly and designedly lend himself to any project having for its object the enslavement of the Irish people or their church, we regarded as perfectly impossible. He might, however, act upon erroneous information. I did not hesitate to prophesy that if any document should emanate from Rome, condemnatory of the national movement, the Catholics of Ireland—devoted though they were to the Apostolic See in matters spiritual—would treat it as so much waste paper. On the constitutional

character of papal interference in Irish temporal politics, I argued in the following words:

"Assuming that this rescript is an injunction to the Irish clergy to abstain from Repeal Agitation, what does it amount to? It amounts to a call upon a portion of the Queen's Irish subjects to abdicate partially their rights as Irish citizens. Is this, or is it not, a direct interference with their civil rights? If so, will those to whom it is addressed obey it? Just look at the position in which they would be placed by such obedience. All their lives they have been charged by their enemies with holding a divided allegiance. Now here is the test—here is the touch-stone. If they obey the papal mandate upon a matter purely temporal, then by their own act they will confirm the charge of divided allegiance, against which they have been loudly protesting ever since the very outset of the struggle for emancipation. The criminal inconsistency of the government in making men swear that the Pope hath no temporal power in the Queen's dominions, and yet manœuvring to get his Holiness to exercise temporal power against Irish freedom, is obvious to all. But we, the Repealers of Ireland, are the sworn foes of all foreign dictation in Irish domestic affairs . . . . . As much theology from Rome as you please, but no politics."

I have quoted the foregoing extract from my

speech upon the concordat question, because it has been said that O'Connell did not acquiesce in the sentiments I expressed. The direct reverse is the fact. He never quarrelled with the language I used, notwithstanding his profound veneration for the spiritual authority of the Holy See. A few timid devotees took offence at what they deemed the boldness of my declaration against Roman interference in Irish politics; and after O'Connell's return to town, one of them asked him in my presence, whether I had not gone too far?

"Not in the least," was his answer. "Recollect, my good friend, *that what Daunt says, we have already solemnly sworn.*"*

The most firm and determined rejection of papal dictation in temporals, is perfectly compatible with dutiful allegiance to the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff in spirituals.

I had the satisfaction of learning from a distinguished Catholic priest, who often visited Rome, that the expression of Irish sentiment and purpose at Conciliation Hall produced a powerful and salutary effect at the Vatican.

I entertain no fears that our present high-souled

* See the Parliamentary and other oaths required by law to be taken by Catholics. See also the elaborate testimony given on this subject by the Catholic divines and lay witnesses before the Parliamentary Committees, who sat to collect evidence on the Emancipation question.

and far-seeing Pontiff, the illustrious Pius the Ninth, will suffer himself to be entrapped by the intrigues of Lord Shrewsbury or his confrères, Italian or English.

To assist in achieving the Repeal of the Union is a duty peculiarly appropriate to the character and functions of a Christian minister in Ireland. The priest sees, with an aching heart, the appalling destitution that ordinarily afflicts his people.

Can he be at a loss for the cause ?

He sees also in existence a certain measure that deprives the kingdom of self-legislation, and thereby of the means of self-redress. A measure, which, by transferring from Ireland the centre of power, has augmented absenteeism to an extent that draws out of the country two-thirds of the nett rental.* A measure that alienates from Ireland the sympathies and affections, as well as the incomes and residence, of a vast number of her wealthiest proprietors. A measure that extinguishes all sentiment of national honour in the breasts of a majority even of her resident gentry, and substitutes for it a slavish and pernicious idolatry of England. A measure that

* The gross rental of Ireland is estimated at thirteen millions: the nett rental (after deducting the annual charges, of which a large portion is payable to English mortgagees) is estimated at six millions. The absentee rents remitted from Ireland exceed four millions annually.

has crushed her rising manufactures by leaving her exposed to omnipotent rivalry; and that, by the operation of these causes, has reduced a thriving and prosperous people to a degree of squalid pauperism, incredible by all except the shuddering spectators.

The priest sees all this; he sees that the people have been drained and exhausted to such a condition of emaciated helplessness, that they are unable, when visited by famine, to sustain themselves against the pressure of a single year's deficient crop; an incapacity that has consigned to their shallow and untimely graves nearly half a million of our peasantry.

I am not here formally defending the Repeal. I am merely stating facts, which, however they may be denied, distorted, or ridiculed, are bitterly known to friends and foes alike in Ireland.

Would the Irish priests have the hearts of men, or the spirit of Christians, if they failed to oppose with all their might the continuance of a measure so prolific in every possible species of national disaster? Might they not, in that case, be justly arraigned on the score of a criminal apathy to the honour, the comfort, the prosperity, nay the very lives of their flocks?

I do not think that Pius the Ninth is likely to

embroil himself with the hierarchy and clergy of the Irish church—that church which has adhered to the pontificate with such splendid fidelity, in defiance of centuries of persecution. He will not, to gratify the enemies of Irish freedom, issue an unavailing and unconstitutional manifesto against the exercise, by any portion of Queen Victoria's subjects, of their undoubted political rights as Irish citizens.

CHAPTER XV.

O'Connell on Tenant Right—Prophetic Letter on the Subject—Inquiry into the Connexion between the Legislative Union and Agrarian Crime in Ireland—Condition of Ireland after Forty-seven Years of "Union."

THE public are familiar with Mr. O'Connell's exertions in favour of Tenant Right. "Fixity of Tenure," was the phrase he adopted; though I believe that "Security of Tenure" would have more accurately designated what he sought. His great object was to impose some check on the wholesale extermination of the people by the landlords; the multitudinous deaths by destitution consequent on landlord tyranny; the horrible retaliatory murders; and the social disorganisation of which he saw the increase. I am enabled to lay before the reader the following letter, addressed by O'Connell to a gentleman who was in communication with Lord Devon, at the period of his lordship's abortive "Commission" in Ireland. It affords a remarkable proof of the writer's prophetic saga-

city, and is pregnant with warning and instruction :*

"Dublin, 26th April, 1845.

"My Dear ******.

"I am very impatient and uneasy about Lord Devon's bills. I shall be most unhappy if nothing should be done for the tenantry. I implore you to remind Lord Devon that agrarian murders have increased year after year. There were nineteen murders of this class between Tipperary and the King's county last year. The most recent case was, as you know, in the county Fermanagh.

"Besides these assassinations, the wholesale slaughter of the clearance system precedes in every case the individual murder. Impress upon Lord Devon that these things *cannot* last. He probably would laugh if he thought that I was convinced (which I am) that it is the Repeal Association, and the hopes it excites, which prevent rebellion. But no matter for that. The mischief is most pressing, and a powerful remedy is alone applicable to the case.

"Recollect also the hideous picture given in Lord Devon's Report of the state of the greater

* I am indebted for this letter to the kindness of the gentleman from whom I obtained the unpublished Address to the Prelates.

part of the agricultural population. In comparing that state with the crimes on both sides connected with the clearance system, ask yourself whether it is possible that things can remain as they are? The more I think on the bills in preparation, the more I am convinced that they will rather irritate than allay. At best they are but homœopathic remedies for the national disease. Do not expect the least reduction of popular discontent from them. Nothing will do but giving some kind or other of fixity of tenure to the occupiers; and especially an absolute right of recompense for all substantial improvements. I am ready to take, as to fixity of tenure, *as moderate a measure as is consistent with the principle.* I cannot conclude without once more reiterating the necessity of doing something substantial for the occupying tenants.

"I know well how unpalatable such a system would be to the landlords, especially the absentees. But in truth, unless something be done, the people will slip out of my hands, and the hands of those who, like me, are for peaceful amelioration. They will operate a 'Fixity of Tenure' for themselves, with a vengeance!

"Believe me to be, my dear * * * * * *,

"Most truly yours,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The crimes which this letter deplores have unhappily increased. The remedial measures suggested by O'Connell were not adopted; and the consequences he predicted have to a great extent ensued. The English Parliament, which moves at a snail's pace, or does not move at all, when a grievance is to be remedied or a right conceded, outstrips the velocity of steam in applying its favourite and futile remedy, coercion. Be it so. My purpose now is not to discuss the Coercion Bill of 1847. But I wish to point attention to the close and intimate connexion between the Legislative Union and Agrarian Crime.

That connexion is clear and indisputable: and the abettors of the Union are morally responsible for all the social horrors that result from it. The blood of many a starved peasant and murdered landlord lies at the door of the Union. To that fell Act are distinctly traceable the disorganisation of Irish society and all its concomitant crimes.

1stly. It impoverished the people to a maddening extent. It caused the immediate withdrawal from Ireland of a vast and important class of consumers and employers, thereby annihilating numerous branches of profitable industry, destroying the domestic market for Irish manufacture, and *throwing nearly the entire population for support upon the soil.*

2ndly. It thus flung the people at the feet of the landlords, in greater numbers and in greater helplessness than ever: whilst,

3rdly. It tended, by the pestilent infusion of anti-Irish prejudice, to revive and exasperate the traditionary hatred of the landlords against the people.

What a cauldron of hell-broth have we here! and how full of the ingredients of agrarian crime! Nothing short of a miracle could have prevented it from boiling over on the ill-starred land.

Thus, the practical operation of the Union was, and is, to foment the divisions of landlord and tenant. It taught the Irish Aristocracy of English descent to look to England as their sure and powerful partisan in every exercise of tyranny against their humbler countrymen. They received, as the price of their quiet submission to the Union, unlimited and irresponsible power over the masses. With such aid and such encouragement, they became reckless in their tyranny. The Union converted them into a sort of spurious Englishmen, and practically trained them to consider all sympathy with their suffering serfs as an indication of provincial vulgarity. Meanwhile, the condition of those serfs became daily worse. The money-drains from Ireland directly resulting from the Union were intolerable. The withdrawal of specie from the country in taxes,

absentee rents, and the various other drains incident to the removal of the Parliament and public establishments, soon rendered the potato almost the only circulating medium in numerous districts. The people thus hopelessly beggared, became a sheer nuisance to their landlords. But they could be "cleared out." If discontent should follow what matter? Had not England always abetted her Irish garrison in all their outrages, and would she not stand by them still? An Insurrection Act, or a Coercion Bill, or, if needful, a suspension of the Habeas Corpus, might easily be had. Fortified by this happy confidence, the landlords continued their "clearances." Between 1838 and 1842 inclusive, 356,985 persons were ejected from their holdings by civil bill process; and the "clearances" are stated by Mr. Sharman Crawford to have gone on in rapidly increasing ratio. If we suppose that only an equal number have been expelled from 1842 to 1847, the entire will amount for ten years to 713,970.* The retaliatory murders

* It would be a curious inquiry, how many of these houseless and penniless unfortunates perished; and how many, rendered desperate by the system of which they were victims, were formed into criminal confederacies. They would, of necessity, possess the sympathy of the tenant class to which they had themselves belonged; and many of whom knew not how soon a similar fate might be their own. Does not this account for some of the "impunity of crime" in Ireland that we hear so much about?

What a festering leaven of social evil in the system that turns

accordingly increased; and when once blood was shed, the assassin was not always very nice as to the moral merits of his victim. The good man sometimes fell as well as the oppressor. The Union had brutalised large numbers of the gentry in the mode I have indicated, and the gentry, by their crimes, demoralised large numbers of the people. The Union had "resolved society in Ireland into its original elements;"* it had sown the wind, and its abettors reaped the whirlwind.

This frightful condition of things could not possibly have existed if it were not for the Union. Let us see how matters would have stood, had an Irish Parliament continued to preside over the destinies of the country.

1stly. The rapidly advancing prosperity which Ireland enjoyed before the Union, and which Mr. Pitt and Lord Clare admitted to exist, would not have been checked by the enormous money-drains entailed by that disastrous measure. *There would, therefore, have been infinitely less pressure on the land.*

2ndly. A salutary national feeling would have necessarily existed in the minds of the Irish Aristocracy; such a feeling would result from the very circumstance of legislating for Ireland at home; from the myriads of ejected tenants adrift on a country which has no manufactures to absorb them!

* Lord Plunket.

fact that their native land was at once the theatre of their labours and the rewarder of their ambition.

3rdly. They would have felt themselves amenable to an Irish public opinion, instead of defying that public opinion, and looking to England for protection and impunity.

4thly. These causes combined, would have prevented that violent antagonism of the interests and prejudices of landlord and tenant, which now results in so much crime and bloodshed. The country, free from English plunder, English mismanagement, and the domestic distractions fomented by the blundering interference of England, would have enjoyed peace and prosperity within, and honour abroad.

What we need, above all things, is a clear riddance of England.

Mr. Walter of the *Times*, M. P. for Nottingham, is reported to have said in the House of Commons, "that the Irish people were incompetent for self-government."

Truly, Mr. Walter, it would be hard if we could not, at least, govern ourselves better than *your* countrymen govern us. For forty-seven years England has had unlimited legislative power over Ireland; and at the end of that long period—nearly half a century—the success of her government is evi-

denced by turbulence and bloodshed, general poverty, constant famine,* and universal discontent. Such are the fruits of nearly half a century of England's rule in one of the most fertile lands in Europe. There is an actual sublimity of impudence in the English senator and journalist, who, with the deadly havoc made by English government in Ireland staring him in the face, can yet taunt the Irish people with incapacity to manage Irish affairs!

Verily, Mr. Walter, what we need above all things, is a good riddance of you and your countrymen in your legislative character.

A judicious law of Tenant Right might, indeed, stop the murders. But so long as the Union-drains go on, preventing the accumulation of Irish wealth into national capital, so long will there be in Ireland a distressed proprietary, and a half-starved, harassed people.†

* "Ireland is in a state of perpetual famine."—*Times*, September, 1845. N.B. This was before the potato calamity set in.—We may talk, in the Cockney slang of the day, of Thug-peasants and Thug-landlords; but the real Monster-Thug of Ireland is the Legislative Union, which has destroyed its victims by whole legions.

† The Anglo-Irish squires and squireens would do well to bear in mind O'Connell's prophecy, which passing events may possibly show them to be not quite unfounded:

"If the Union be not repealed, the burden of the Poor Laws alone, upon the occupiers of land, and of houses in towns, will drive the people into a sanguinary, and perhaps a successful, insurrection."—*O'Connell's Letter to Lord Shrewsbury*, 1842.

Every man who desires to preserve the empire in its integrity, is interested in procuring a Repeal of the Union.

The Union was a violent and unnatural disruption of the Irish political and social system. It forcibly wrenched from Ireland the legislative power of regulating her own affairs. It transferred that power to ignorant, incompetent, apathetic, contemptuous, or hostile foreigners. It checked the growing fusion of the various Irish parties. It kept alive the odious distinction of races, which would otherwise have speedily merged in a common nationality. It did this, by making London, instead of Dublin, the fountain of opinion and of influence, as well as the centre of power. It created new grievances, and aggravated old ones; whilst it vastly augmented the difficulty of redress. It deprived the Irish people of a legislative organ of public opinion, through which to seek the remedy of public wrongs. It operated as a moral earthquake, scattering around the fragments of the social wreck, and filling the land with confusion and dismay.

So much for Ireland. As for England, although she has had much dishonest profit from the Union, yet the crime is not wholly unaccompanied by retribution. The Irish pauperism it created has crossed

the Channel, and spreads distress and pestilence through various districts of the "sister" country.

As for the empire, the Union, if unrepealed, bids fair to work its dismemberment. It gives the Irish people a direct interest in the weakness and adversity of England, for it teaches them that it is only from that weakness and that adversity they can hope to recover their national rights. It presents British connexion to them in the aspect of an intolerable grievance, and thereby deprives one-third of the Queen's European subjects of all interest in maintaining that connexion. Foreign statesmen know this.

What unspeakable fatuity to denominate an act thus fraught with all the seeds of international hatred and weakness, "THE GREAT BOND OF OUR NATIONAL STRENGTH AND SAFETY!"*

Hurra, then, for the Queen, the Empire, and Repeal!

* Speech from the Throne, 1834.

CHAPTER XVI.

Repeal Agitation continued—Bill for the Repeal of the Legislative Union—Visit to O'Connell in London, May, 1846—Conversation on Smith O'Brien's Imprisonment—O'Connell's Personal Appearance at this Period—His Physical Decay—His Chagrin at the Disputes between the "Young Irelanders" and the "Old Irelanders"—Account of those Disputes—The "Physical Force" and "No Patronage" Questions—Visit to O'Connell in Dublin, November, 1846—Conversation upon the Secessions—O'Connell's Appearance in Public; his failing Powers.

In the summer of 1845 I again passed several weeks in Scotland.

O'Connell's agitation of Repeal during the entire year was incessant. After he retired to Darrynane, leaving his son John in town to conduct the Association, he issued frequent letters from his mountain home on the public affairs of the Repealers. Prior to his departure from Dublin he announced that a portion of his leisure in the country should be occupied in drawing up a Bill for the Repeal of the Le-

gislative Union; which document, I understand, is now in the possession of his family.*

With the exception of one or two short interviews, I did not see O'Connell from the commencement of 1846 until the May of that year; when, happening to be in London for a few weeks, I visited him at his lodgings in Jermyn Street, accompanied by my friends Mr. Glendonwyn Scott, and Mr. Augustus FitzGerald, brother of the member for Tipperary. It was the period of Mr. Smith O'Brien's confinement in the prison of the House of Commons, for refusing to attend a committee on exclusively English business. O'Brien was disgusted with English intermeddling in Irish affairs; and he wished for his own part to abstain from interfering in matters in which neither he, nor his constituents, nor his countrymen took the least concern. O'Connell was fully of opinion that his imprisonment was illegal. But he was also convinced that O'Brien's resistance to the House was impolitic.

"No man," said O'Connell, "can doubt the purity of his motives; but pray what principle has he established, what advantage has he gained, by the step he has taken? Has he in any respect advanced our cause by it?"

On its being remarked that Mr. O'Brien conceived

* So the newspapers have stated.

that he was deserted by his Repeal confederates, O'Connell exclaimed,

"Oh, *there* he is utterly mistaken. No, indeed; we did not desert him. A meeting of Irish Members, of whom I was one, discussed that same question of refusal to act upon English Committees, and we decided upon the policy of acquiescence. Smith O'Brien entered the room, and I said to him, 'Mr. O'Brien, would you consent to be bound by the decision of the gentlemen here present?' He answered that he would not; that his mind was made up. 'Then,' said I, 'there is no use in stating to you what our decision has been.' Surely, after that, O'Brien cannot justly accuse us of deserting him. He acted on his own sole responsibility, without any reference whatsoever to our judgments."

The unhappy disputes between the "Young Irelanders" and the "Old Irelanders" were just commencing at this period. There was a good deal of snarling and growling; but open warfare had not been as yet proclaimed. O'Connell commented with great severity on a recent speech delivered at a Repeal meeting in Liverpool by a Mr. Archdeacon, who openly instigated his hearers to the use of armed violence. "And there was Doheny* present," he

* A member of the Repeal Association.—Mr. Archdeacon was afterwards expelled from the Association for his seditious language.

continued, "and Doheny never checked him! I should call Doheny to a sharp account for suffering such language to pass unreproved in his presence, if I did not fear that Smith O'Brien might suppose that I intended to annoy *him* by doing so, as Doheny is such a warm partisan of his."

O'Connell's appearance now struck the observer as indicating at last the wear of years and labour. His step was heavy, and the vivacity of his manner had given place to an air of languor. He sometimes went over to a mirror, saying, "Well—I think I am looking very old and worn. I perceive the change in myself very much. I think my face has got a very haggard look."

He talked in a tone of excessive irritation of the then incipient squabbles between the different sections of the Repealers. This was a topic that evidently preyed upon his spirits.

In the course of the summer, the disputes in question arrived at their height. I took no part in them, as my sojourn for the summer months at Kilcascan removed me from the scene of warfare. I watched at a distance, and with feelings of the deepest pain and humiliation, the progress of this most disastrous quarrel, which has eventuated in a temporary breaking up of the Repeal confederacy and consequent weakening of our force, at a period when the com-

bined energies of all Repealers were more than ever needed for the popular safety.

The *casus belli* was of a twofold nature. Firstly, the party called "Young Irelanders" had in prose and poetry extolled the glories of the sword; and if they did not in plain words recommend a resort to arms to obtain Repeal, at least it might be feared that the military tone of their political writings and speeches would suggest designs of physical violence to the wild and imprudent spirits in our ranks.

O'Connell, on the contrary, preached the doctrine that "no political change whatsoever was worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood." He indeed admitted the right of physical resistance to unconstitutional aggression; which admission it might in some cases be very difficult to reconcile with the ultra-bloodless doctrine just laid down. Whether that doctrine were true or false,* it at least possessed one great advantage—namely, that the Attorney-General could not prosecute any man for holding it; whilst the opposite dogma (however consistent with the Revolution principles of 1688) might entangle its unwary and enthusiastic advocates in the meshes of the law.†

* I am not one of its apostles, although a friend to exclusively pacific agitation.

† O'Connell had a quaint and humorous mode of justifying the superiority of the moral-force policy: "It is a fine thing,

It was worthy of note, that the eulogists of the sword expressly and pointedly disclaimed all intention of seeking by force of arms to repeal the Union. Their doctrine, then, was a *pure abstraction;* and it seems to me that they acted most absurdly in quitting the great national confederacy for the sake of an abstract dogma, which they loudly declared they never meant to put in practice. Had they, indeed, said, "We advise the people to arm themselves, and turn out in the field to win Repeal or die—but the Association advises them *not* to do this, and, therefore, we secede from the Association;"—had the seceders spoken and acted thus, their conduct would, at least, have been intelligible and consistent. But to indite rapturous paragraphs about the plumed troops and the big war; to assert the right of oppressed nations to vindicate their liberties by force; to disclaim, nevertheless, all purpose of resorting to force to vindicate the liberties of Ireland, and then to secede from the Association because it made the self-same disclaimer in somewhat stronger terms—such conduct I cannot but consider, to say the least of it, exceedingly injudicious.

It is in vain to retort that O'Connell had blustered about Irish valour at Mullaghmast and Mallow. "no doubt," he would say, "to die for one's country; but, credit me, one living friend is worth a churchyard full of dead ones."

The duty of all good Repealers was to preserve unbroken the Repeal confederation—not to pick verbal straws with O'Connell. The disclaimer of physical violence made by the Young Irelanders bound them in practice to the same identical line of pacific action, to which our declarations bound us. Was it then wise—was it just to the noble-hearted millions of Ireland, to create a fatal division in the camp for the sake of a bit of abstract theory, and thereby to undermine the gigantic national edifice those millions had laboured so hard to erect ?*

The second cause of quarrel arose on the question of government patronage.

On the advent of the Whigs to power, some of the leading Young Irelanders broadly hinted that great watchfulness was needed to prevent Repeal from being sold to the new government for savoury messes of pottage. O'Connell took fire at the insinuation, and asked whether *he* were meant? whether any one could dare to breathe a doubt as to the entire devotion to Repeal, of a man whose political purity was proved by nearly half a century's services ? He boldly avowed that he would

* Moreover, O'Connell's reservation of "physical resistance to physical violence," was surely sufficient to cover whatever amount of theoretic pugnacity it might be deemed expedient to bring under it.

encourage the Repealers to take what they could get from the Whigs in the shape of patronage: at the same time declaring that such boons should never cause one moment's relaxation of his efforts on behalf of Repeal.

Whether O'Connell's policy were good or bad in thus raising the flag of Whig patronage, it is certain that arguments enough may be found to induce an honest conviction in its favour. Were all the offices in Ireland to be eternally garrisoned by the enemies of the Irish people? Was the only "Jack in office" to be the Union-Jack? Was every citizen whose business led him into contact with official persons, to encounter the rabid anti-Irishman or the supercilious Cockney? Were these to be the sole functionaries intrusted with the administration of the public departments? Were all the goods things of the state to be monopolised by men who would keep that state in English shackles? Were the snug official salaries paid out of Irish taxes, to be exclusively enjoyed by the bitter political foes of the great mass of the tax-payers? Was this giving "Ireland to the Irish?" And was it not, then, the manifest duty of the Irish representatives openly to demand and insist, that as the Repealers were the overwhelming majority of

the Irish people, so their numeral preponderance should be duly respected in the distribution of offices?

Where legal patronage was concerned, the argument was yet stronger. An impartial judge—that is to say, a man who would not charge against "the other side,"* a judge not violently bigoted against the people—was an acquisition well worth seeking. A Repealer on the bench could not be warped by political enmity, to distort or strain the law against his fellow Repealers, in any political prosecution. Was the Association, by renouncing all patronage, to renounce the chance of obtaining judicial fair play for the people or their champions in such a contingency?

Mr. Smith O'Brien, the leader of the party who declared against patronage, had himself made a speech in the Association, in 1843, specifying, amongst other national grievances, the systematic exclusion of Irishmen from places in the gift of the Government. And the seceders—the implacable enemies of place-seekers—had strenuously supported the establishment of the Irish provincial colleges, whereby a large amount of entirely new Government patronage was created. Was it the desire of

* See the State Trials of 1843-44.

those gentlemen that all the professorships should be filled by anti-nationalists? That every instructor of Irish youth in the new establishments should hold the subjection of Ireland to a foreign Parliament as a tenet of his political gospel?

I doubt not that these considerations had weight with O'Connell. There was also, in his individual case, an additional reason for adopting the place-seeking policy. He might, and probably did, say to himself, "I spent the prime years of my life in a struggle to obtain for the Catholics eligibility to office. I succeeded; and shall I now advise them to throw away the fruits of the victory, by leaving office in possession of their old, hereditary enemies?"

Finally, if every place in Ireland were filled by a Repealer, there would still be unplaced Repealers enough left to work the great national question.

All these reasons might fairly induce a Repealer to look with favour on the chase after office. But on the other hand, there were some very sturdy objections to that policy.

It cannot be denied that the patriotic efforts of the Repeal constituencies—efforts which entailed the most frightful persecution on so many of their number—were but ill requited by representatives who blustered upon the hustings about their stern

resolves "to die, if needful, for Repeal," and who fulfilled their vows by creeping into the first good place they could get.

It cannot be denied that every Repealer who took office, thenceforth held his peace about Repeal.

Therefore, whenever a professing Repealer says, "I am ready to take office," it seems equivalent with saying, "I am ready to shut my mouth about Repeal, provided the Government will give me a place."

It is true that, in point of abstract right, all offices in Ireland are the property of the Irish nation, and should be filled by Irishmen. But it is equally true that the distributors of Irish offices are, at present, the English Government, who invariably make the subserviency of their officials the condition of their patronage. Appointments thus bestowed can scarcely be called "*Ireland for the Irish.*" It may plausibly be said that they are rather "Ireland for the English," with Irish lacqueys bribed to perpetuate the servitude of the nation.

As to the appointment of Repeal lawyers to the bench; I appreciate as much as any man the value of having friends in court. But we must not forget that Repeal was never so strong as when we had not in the kingdom a single Repeal magistrate; when the packed jury, the one-sided bench, and the

tyrannical Government, were combined in hostility against us. Repeal was never so strong as on the day when O'Connell was committed to prison. We had, indeed, on that day, no "friends in court;" we had no silken courtesies between the leaders of Repeal and the distributors of office; but we had what was infinitely better—a nation, confederated as a single man in the peaceful but resolute pursuit of their rights. A nation, undaunted by the foul outrage perpetrated upon their leaders, under the forms of the abused law. We had the might of public virtue and popular organisation. We had not, indeed, "a Repeal Judge upon the bench;" but we had the strength which extorted from Sir Robert Peel, in the April following, the memorable admission, "That the Irish confederacy could not be put down by force."

It is painful—exquisitely painful—to contrast the proud triumph we enjoyed over the discomfited conspiracy against Repeal in 1844, with the present condition of our body, which exhibits, alas! the weakness and helplessness of "a house divided against itself."—But the contrast is useful. It contains a lesson, which, if we profit by it, will teach us to recover all the strength we have lost. We are already beginning to act upon that lesson.

I trust, that in the account I have given of the

dispute between the Association and the seceders, I have done full justice to both parties. I may claim, at least, the impartiality of a looker-on ; as my absence from town prevented my taking a personal part in the discussion.

In November, 1846, I visited Dublin.

O'Connell was inexpressibly pained by the secessions which were daily taking place. The Young Irelanders had swept off a monstrous segment from the Association. Steele said to me one evening, at the Corn Exchange—"It is sad to contemplate the vast difference between the O'Connell of 1843, and the O'Connell of 1846. The people have ebbed away from him, and when I hint their alienation, he gets excited, and says I must be mistaken, and he either takes up a book, or changes the subject. I talk to John—and John goes on studying his Repeal statistics, or writing his reports, and does not seem to heed me."*

I dined with O'Connell on a Sunday, and while conversing in his study before dinner, I mentioned some instances of clerical sympathy with the seceders in the County Cork.

* The seceding party weakened the Association, without acquiring commensurate strength for themselves. Multitudes of members and associates silently retired from the one, without joining the other ; being thoroughly disgusted with both, and disheartened from all political effort by the dispiriting exhibition of distrust and dissension amongst their leaders.

"Why, you know," said he, "their bishop, Dr. Murphy, was never a Repealer, and therefore I cannot wonder at any of his clergy holding aloof from me."

"The bishop's politics might, perhaps, account for the inactivity of his clergy about Repeal," I replied, "but not for their sympathy with the secession."

"Oh, my dear fellow, you must be mistaken," was his answer. I saw that the topic gave him so much pain that I did not pursue it. At dinner he was silent and thoughtful; even gloomy, as it seemed to me. Next day the Association met, and I delivered, at O'Connell's request, a speech, in which I stated my reasons for not deserting that body or its leader. On the question of steady adhesion to the Association, I had not one moment's doubt or difficulty. Whatever differences of opinion might exist as to the policy of place-seeking, or any of the other points raised by the seceders, I felt deeply convinced that the break-up of the confederacy was ten thousand times more pernicious to the cause, than all the place-hunting that either had occurred or was likely to occur. The place-hunting system, moreover, was a vast deal more formidable in theory than in its practical operation. True, some Repealers of 1832 had been shelved in

office ; but they were no great loss ; being (with one brilliant exception) chiefly persons who were destitute of the energy or popular qualities requisite for leadership. Despite their appointment to office, we had seen a powerful national league that grew daily in strength and intelligence ; that had gained *one* signal victory over a hostile government, and was steadily advancing to fresh triumphs, if it could but escape being shattered into fragments by the miserable squabbles of its members. Repeal, thus far, had proved too mighty for its enemies. Was it fated to fall by the hands of its own friends? If there were mischief in place-seeking, that mischief would be infinitely aggravated by a public secession, and the consequent blow given to popular confidence. The anti-placemen, instead of withdrawing from the Association, should have continued to give us the benefit of their transcendent purity at the Repeal Council board. They should have remained in our body, were it only to guard the presumed weakness of their *confrères* by the presence of their own sturdy virtue. Convinced, therefore, that of all the evils that could befall our body, those of dissension and disruption were incomparably the worst, I readily determined on remaining faithful to the fortunes of the Repeal Association.

At that meeting, I was greatly struck with the

physical decay of O'Connell. I had not seen him in public for many months, and the change was painfully manifest. His intellect was as strong as ever, but his voice was extremely weak. How different were his faint and feeble accents from the stirring trumpet tones in which I had heard him, on the banks of the Boyne in 1840, rally the Repealers of Drogheda around him! I doubt if he could now be heard six yards off. I mentioned the failure of his voice to FitzPatrick, who replied, "He says he could make himself as audible as at any former period, if he pleased; but he purposely economises his vocal powers."

Thus did he cheat himself with the fond fancy that the decay induced by years and sorrow was a voluntary economy of his strength.

CHAPTER XVII.

Visit to Dublin—FitzPatrick's "Historical Picture"—His Account of the Clare Election of 1828—My last Interview with O'Connell—His Departure to England—His last Appearance in Parliament—His Sojourn at Hastings—Visit from Three Oxford Converts—FitzPatrick's Visit to O'Connell at Hastings—Departure from England—Reception of O'Connell on the Continent—Opinions of the French Physicians on O'Connell's Malady—His Appearance when at Lyons described—Transient Improvement of his Health at Genoa—His Relapse—His Death—Exhortation to Unity amongst his Followers.

I AGAIN visited Dublin in January, 1847.

During my short stay in town I breakfasted one morning with Mr. FitzPatrick. After breakfast he showed me a painting, admirably executed by Haverty, representing a scene in the office of the *Dublin Evening Post*, on the 24th June, 1828, where O'Connell penned his memorable address to the Electors of Clare. The figures in the picture are those of O'Connell, FitzPatrick, and Conway (the Editor of the *Post*). They are all excellent

likenesses. O'Connell is represented standing, and reading his address to his two friends, who are seated: he has just paused, and looks at his auditors with a triumphant glance incomparably characteristic, and which seems to say, "Well—what think you of *that?*" It is a wonderfully *speaking* portrait, and its merits as a likeness must forcibly strike all who have seen the original in the plenitude of mental and bodily vigour.

"Those were stirring days," said FitzPatrick, referring to the period commemorated by the picture; "days never to be forgotten! The details of that Clare Election movement, or rather of its origin, are not very generally known. It was on the 16th of June, 1828, that the Catholic Association, at the instigation of O'Connell, determined to oppose the re-election of Vesey FitzGerald for Clare; and Major Macnamara was then suggested as the proper candidate. On the 18th, O'Connell brought forward an address to the Liberal Club, the Forty-shilling Freeholders, and the Electors of Clare generally, repudiating Vesey FitzGerald. At an early hour on the morning of Sunday the 22nd, Sir David Roose, who had been High Sheriff of Dublin, and who, although a Tory in politics, had especial reasons for accommodating himself to O'Connell's views wherever the latter was personally concerned,

suggested to me the idea that O'Connell himself should stand for Clare. Roose was unquestionably the person who first thought of this movement, so pregnant with momentous results; and I," continued FitzPatrick, " was the first person to whom he communicated his idea. The hint did not fall upon barren soil. It happened by a curious coincidence that when I was about twenty years of age, I had been, in company with my father, a constant visitor at the house of old John Keogh, our ci-devant leader, and the foremost man in the modified Catholic agitation of that time. Keogh, whose sagacity was remærkable, made it, on each of those occasions, a point to impress upon me that Catholic Emancipation would not probably be attained until a Catholic should be returned to Parliament for *a borough*. The success of a Papist in *a county* could not then be dreamt of. Keogh's expressions on the subject were usually to the effect that John Bull was very dull of comprehension, and that his religious prejudices were proportionate to his stolidity; that he was thus led to consider that Catholic Emancipation implied the power of burning of him in Smithfield: That, notwithstanding all this, John Bull was exceedingly jealous as to constitutional right; and if a Catholic could be elected for some such borough as Drogheda, and was then denied the right to take

his seat, the nature of the obstacle, namely, a short clause in an oath, would become immediately intelligible; and John Bull's constitutional feeling would be aroused to work out a repeal of so much of the oath as barred the privileges of a recognised constituency whose chosen representative was precluded from discharging his duty to them by such clause. The moment, therefore, that Roose made his suggestion, all Keogh's views and reasonings burst anew upon my recollection. In the enthusiasm of the moment I exclaimed, 'Good Heaven! the Catholics are emancipated!' I knew that O'Connell's success with the Clare electors was unquestionable. I instantly repaired to him, and I assure you I found him for some time quite disinclined to make the experiment. It was by repeated visits and repeated exhortations that I induced him to address the electors of Clare. He wrote his address in Conway's *sanctum*—there's the scene in the editor's room—and admirably well delineated.* I should tell you that even after the address was published, O'Connell hesitated to stand for the county, because of the ruinous expense he feared it would

* Mr. FitzPatrick added that O'Connell's commission to Haverty to paint this picture contained these words:—"For presentation to Patrick Vincent FitzPatrick, as a lasting testimony of his important suggestion and services in furtherance of the memorable election in 1828, and as a token of the sincerest friendship and gratitude."

involve. I undertook to provide for the financial difficulty; and as my connexion with the most opulent as well as patriotic of the Catholic body was alike extensive and intimate, I set about collecting money for the contest; and having obtained in Dublin on the very first day of application nearly 2000*l.*, the fund was increased to more than 14,000*l.*, within ten days, by the prompt and bountiful co-operation of the provinces."

From FitzPatrick's house I procceded to that of O'Connell.

The depression of the Liberator's spirits had increased, with the increasing enmities that daily thinned the ranks of the Association. In reply to my inquiry after his health, he said, "I am well enough, only that I feel the feebleness of age upon me." He went to the Association, which I was unable to attend, but we met at the close of the day's meeting in the Committee-room. He asked me to walk home with him. The day was bright and sunny, and he selected the longer route, by College-green, Grafton-street, and Stephen's-green, to Merrion-square.

As we walked along I happened to mention that Sir William Betham (Ulster King-at-Arms) informed me that he had refused to permit The O'Connor Don to use supporters with his arms.

That gentleman had applied for Sir William's sanction, conceiving that his royal descent entitled him to that heraldic distinction.

"Then why didn't he assume supporters," cried O'Connell, "without asking leave of any Sir William Betham?"

Speaking of a law-suit between two rival claimants of the property of an intestate, he mentioned the mode in which he thought the court would probably decide.

"That may be law," said I, "but would it be justice?"

"Whatever is law," replied he, "*must*, in such a case be justice. There is no natural right in the owner of property to regulate its destination after his death; and the law, which is the sole creator of the right to bequeath or devise, most justly controls the succession to property where its owner has omitted to appoint a successor himself."

Something led to the mention of the Duke of Sussex. O'Connell spoke of a splendid entertainment given by the Duke at Kensington,* to which he had been invited to meet her Majesty. "The little lady honoured me with a good stare," said he. "The Duke was very gracious; he slapped me on the back and said, 'How are you, Dan, my boy?'"

* I think in 1838 or 1839.

O'Connell went on to speak of the Duke's son, Sir Augustus d'Este. "I always style him, 'Your Royal Highness;' and in my opinion he is perfectly well entitled to that designation. In Ireland he most certainly is. His father has treated him extremely ill."

We spoke of Mr. Frederick Lucas, the proprietor of the *Tablet* newspaper. O'Connell praised his abilities, and emphatically said, "Lucas is the best Englishman—the best in his views and sentiments towards Ireland—I ever knew."

As we walked along, I observed with pain that O'Connell's step was very slow, and that although he moved without difficulty, yet there was a manifest feebleness about him. His mind was painfully agitated, not only by the causes I have already mentioned, but by the awful visitation of famine which had fallen on the country. He must, too, have had many an uneasy thought of the mischief which the public calamity inflicted on his own private interests. He proposed at the Repeal Association that England should raise a loan of thirty millions, to be applied to the relief of the Irish sufferers. Ireland, if it were not for the Union, could herself have raised by loan whatever amount the emergency demanded; besides which, there would have been infinitely greater accumulations of individual

wealth throughout the country. But the famine came upon the Union-stricken land, which, rendered helpless by the deprivation of all control over her own resources, and by the emaciating money-drains of six and forty years, became the recipient of the alms of the civilised world.

O'Connell now regularly attended the Reproductive Employment Committee. It was one of the last public bodies—if not the last—he attended before his final embarkation for England.

On the 22nd of January he sailed for Liverpool, *en route* to London, to attend his parliamentary duties. Shortly after his arrival in London he submitted to the House of Commons his plan for averting the horrors of famine from his countrymen. His appearance in the House is described by an eye-witness as being in a high degree solemn and imposing. But it was the solemnity of approaching death, whose sable shadow was already cast upon the Mighty Chief. His days were evidently drawing to a close. His voice was broken, hollow, and occasionally quite inaudible; his person was debilitated; the vigour of his eloquence was gone, and his appearance was that of one who, destined soon to descend into the grave, makes the last feeble rally of his fainting powers in performance of a duty to his country.

His indisposition now daily increased. If his mind could have been soothed by the attentions of the great, he possessed that species of consolation; nobles and ministers of state, made daily inquiry at his hotel. Nay, even Royalty once or twice paid him a similar compliment.

His physicians advised him to try a milder climate.

Prior to quitting England for the Continent, he sojourned for several days at Hastings. While he stayed there he was visited by three of the most distinguished of the Oxford converts. Those gentlemen stated "that their visit was not made for the mere purpose of compliment or condolence; but in order that they might have the pleasure of personally assuring him that the religious change which they, and numerous others, had made, was ascribable, under God, to *his* political labours, which had in the first instance attracted their attention to the momentous questions at issue between Protestants and Catholics. The inquiry that originated thus, ended in a conviction of the truth of Catholicity." He was pleased at this intelligence; his spirits rallied, and he conversed with his new friends for nearly an hour with the point and vivacity that had characterised him in the days of his vigour.

During his sojourn at Hastings, his old friend FitzPatrick travelled thither from Dublin at his

earnest request, to bid him what both felt was a last adieu. FitzPatrick was one of his truest and most valued friends. By his unrivalled financial operations he sustained O'Connell in his high position for a series of years, disembarrassed from pecuniary anxieties, and enabled to devote his whole energies to political duty, instead of (as he frequently phrased it himself) "being condemned to labour as a mere professional drudge."* FitzPatrick accompanied O'Connell to Folkestone, where they arrived on Saturday the 19th of March, and remained the following Sunday. On Monday the 21st, O'Connell

* FitzPatrick instituted "The O'Connell Tribute" after the achievement of Emancipation, in 1829, and thenceforth managed it, in all its multitudinous details, with a degree of tact and success beyond parallel. Without this "Tribute," O'Connell could not possibly have occupied the high position which he held. To FitzPatrick's *financial* agitation, therefore, many persons who have filled, and who still fill, valuable places acquired through O'Connell's *political* agency, are to a large extent indebted. This observation especially applies to the Catholic and Whig Judges, all of whom owe their advancement to the Liberator's political agitation; although he may not have made specific applications to have them promoted. In most of his public affairs, FitzPatrick was his trusted and confidential counsellor, whom he almost invariably consulted; and who (as I believe the Dublin Conservatives will readily admit) managed to conciliate and retain the best feelings of all parties in his personal regard, without the slightest compromise of principle as a Catholic and an Irishman.

FitzPatrick derives his lineage from a branch of the family of that name, which lost, at the period of the Revolution, one of the most ancient titles and largest properties then forfeited.

took a final farewell of his old and tried friend; and embarked for Boulogne, escorted to the pier by gazing crowds, whose countenances were expressive of a mixture of curiosity and sympathy. The passage to Boulogne was short, and the distinguished invalid on his arrival was greeted with marks of public courtesy similar to those which had attended his departure from England. Arrived at the Hotel de Bains, many persons left their cards; and a polite invitation to an entertainment which was given on that evening by the British residents of Boulogne, was forwarded to Mr. O'Connell and his friends. It is needless to say, that the state of the Liberator's health rendered his acceptance of the invitation impossible. On taking his departure the following morning, the court-yard of the hotel contained many spectators, both French and English, who all uncovered their heads as he passed to the carriage. There was something very touching in this mute homage.

At Paris he consulted Professor Chomel and Dr. Oliffe, who considered that his weakness arose from slow congestion of the brain. From Paris to Lyons the journey occupied twelve days, as the invalid was obliged to stop at Nevers, Moulines, and Lapalisse. When at Lyons, he called in Professor Bonnet, who also expressed his opinion that congestion of the brain had set in. Nevertheless,

the professor pronounced *that his patient's understanding was perfectly lucid;* it was, however, "little active, and the mind was a continual prey to sad reflections." M. Bonnet's description of O'Connell's appearance and condition at this period, as given by Dr. Lacour, is full of melancholy interest:

"His weakness was so great, that he believed it incompatible with life, and he constantly had the presentiment of approaching death. The arms were slow in their movements; the right trembled continually, and the right hand was cold, and could be warmed with difficulty, although he wore very thick gloves. The left foot was habitually colder than the right. He walked without difficulty, but his step was slow and faltering. His face had grown thin, and his look proclaimed an inexpressible sadness; the head hung upon the breast, and the entire person of the invalid, formerly so imposing, was greatly weighed down. 'I am but the shadow of what I was, and I can scarcely recognise myself,' said he, to M. Bonnet, who regarded him with visible emotion."

M. Bonnet recommended that the sorrowful ideas which pre-occupied the mind of the invalid should be removed by every possible means—a recommendation, alas! more easily given than realised.

The severity of the weather at Lyons confined

O'Connell to the house, thereby depriving him of whatever relief might have been afforded by out-door exercise.

During the journey O'Connell had hitherto evinced great listlessness and mental abstraction. Crowds followed him everywhere, testifying their reverence for his genius and his services, and their sympathetic sorrow for his sufferings. He passed along, heedless of their demonstrations, and scarcely conscious of their presence. Distinguished personages presented complimentary addresses, which at another period would have gratified him; but he now received them with apathy, and almost in total silence; his thoughts, apparently, far away from all such topics—pre-occupied, doubtless, by the rapid approach of his own dissolution. To a gentleman who tried to cheer him by expressing a hope of his recovery, he answered, "Do not deceive yourself; I may not live three days."

On the 22nd of April O'Connell left Lyons at noon, and reached Valence at five in the evening. The comparative mildness of the temperature afforded him some transient relief. On the 24th he left Valence for Avignon, where his friends were led to form fallacious hopes of his recovery by the rapid improvement which took place. "The invalid," says Dr. Lacour, "took an active part in all

our conversations." On the 3rd of May, at Marseilles, "he conversed in the evening with a vigour and gaiety that he had not displayed since his departure from England." A delusive flash, alas! to be speedily followed by death.

On the 6th the illustrious traveller arrived at Genoa, where, for the first two days, his health still presented an improved appearance. On the third day he complained of a violent pain in the head. Other symptoms of a very alarming nature dispelled the hopes his friends had begun to cherish. His physicians were embarrassed by his positive refusal to swallow any medicine, "even the most simple." He rejected his necessary food, and "perseveringly abstained from drink for forty hours."*

With the spiritual aid of the Rev. Dr. Miley, of Dublin, who had attended him on his journey with affectionate assiduity, he now prepared for the immediate approach of his great audit. He departed this life at thirty-seven minutes after nine o'clock at night on the 15th of May, 1847.

Thus died in exile and in sorrow our greatest man, and the greatest political benefactor of the Irish people.

The period of his death was one of horror and dismay in Ireland. Famine and pestilence ravaged

* Dr. Duff's statement.

the land; and the powerful phalanx who, a few short years before, had combined to resuscitate her legislative independence, were frittered into impotent parties by their own most unhappy dissensions. The physical and political condition of the people looked black and cheerless; and amidst the dark clouds which shadowed their destinies, the beacon-light that had guided them in safety through many a storm, was now extinguished for ever.

Would to God that the differences which divide Repealers were buried in the grave with O'Connell! I see not any very serious difficulty in reconciling the antagonist parties. He who delays one hour to do his part towards effecting that object, is deeply criminal towards Ireland. As long as the cry for Repeal is blended with the mutual vituperations of its advocates; as long as that measure is sought by two conflicting confederacies, each of which denounces the other as a public nuisance,—so long will the agitation be unsatisfactory to its friends, and any thing but formidable to its adversaries. If the persons who have quitted the Association will not return to it, the next best thing is the perfectly harmonious action of the different Societies professing the same object. This, at least, is practicable. Ireland, in order to succeed in her just claim, must present an unbroken front to the foe. Her millions

must resolve as with one will, speak as with one voice, and work together as one man. If common sense predominates, they will forget their petty jealousies. If, however, the Genius of Discord—the ancient curse of Ireland—should prevail, then indeed we have no other prospect than a perpetuity of our present degrading and ruinous provincialism.

But I hope better things. The spirit evoked at Mullaghmast and Tara by the Great Magician is not dead. There is in Ireland superabundant power to effect the restoration of the Irish Parliament, if the right means be taken to give it efficacy.

O'Connell's lessons are of infinite popular utility. He has shown us the resistless potency of legal, peaceful, persevering, and above all, UNITED agitation. He, unhappily, has not lived to witness the triumph of his latter struggle. Whilst we walk in his political footsteps, let us honour his memory by inscribing on his tomb the epitaph of his choice—an epitaph that suggests to us a glorious example to be followed, and a sacred task to be achieved:

"HE DIED A REPEALER."

APPENDIX.—N°. I.

"Ireland is far too important in itself, and too different in many respects from Great Britain, to allow of its being ruled entirely by the Imperial Parliament. The craving for self-government has become so strong that it cannot be neglected."—*Ramsay's Political Discourses.* Edinburgh, 1838, p. 325.

"In reality, the central system is nearly allied to despotism, as the local is to liberty, but so far as they can be distinguished, they lend a mutual assistance. As centralisation leads to despotism, so despotism to centralisation; and as love of the soil prompts to self-government, so self-government to love of the soil."—*Ibid.* p. 343.

"It was idle to talk to Ireland of the word 'Union,' since there could be no such thing as a real Union on an equal footing between two countries so disproportionate and unequal. Could the Irish believe that in this connexion they were to have an equal voice in legislating for England as the English had in legislating for Ireland?"—*Speech of Right Hon. C. J. Fox at the Crown and Anchor*, 7th May, 1800.

I CANNOT more appropriately conclude a work upon O'Connell than by a brief exposition of the great measure to which the energies of his latter years were dedicated.

There is no topic upon which such utter ignorance prevails in England as on the Repeal of the Union.

There is no political question which has been more systematically misrepresented by almost the entire newspaper press of that country. The prevalent English notion seems to be, that Repeal means all sorts of Irish turbulence and riot, mob-domination and universal anarchy: total separation from England and from all her "civilising" influences, and a return to antediluvian barbarism.

This notion floats vaguely through the English brain; for our British censors are in general content with denouncing our claims with fierceness, or dismissing them with scorn. An impartial examination of the merits of the case appears to be the last thing that occurs to their minds. Repeal has been assailed from the Throne; parliamentary majorities have scouted it; Ministers have declared that a civil war would be preferable to the concession of the measure; and a late reverend divine* protested it ought only to be met with grapeshot and canister.

Yet, despite this storm of hostility, the Irish people still persevere in their demand. Because they know they are in the right; and they know that the success of their just claim is vitally essential to the welfare of their country.

Ireland is sufficiently great to require the exclusive care and attention of a legislature of her own.

Let us now examine what are the merits of the

* Reverend Sydney Smith.

case for the Repeal of the Union, and the restoration of the Irish Parliament.*

The people of Ireland seek to rescind a statute which was passed *against* the consent of the whole nation—Orangemen and all—and of which the operation was to extinguish their resident Parliament.

From the earliest period of the connexion of the islands under Henry II., the King's Irish subjects enjoyed a Parliament in Ireland distinct from, and perfectly independent of, the Parliament of England.† Some efforts on the part of England to usurp jurisdiction over the Irish subjects in the reign of King Henry VI., elicited from the Irish Parliament in the thirty-eighth year of that monarch's reign, a full and unequivocal declaration of its own independence. That Parliament declared, "that Ireland is, and always has been, incorporated within itself by ancient laws and customs, and is

* The Exposition of Repeal which follows, is reprinted, with some additions, from the 24th Chapter of "Ireland and her Agitators." As the Irish sale exhausted the entire impression of that work, the portion here reprinted will be new to most of my English readers.

† "The statute 2 Richard III. c. 8, recites as follows: 'Que le *Statute* Henry de FitzEmprice' [Henry II.] 'ordeine pour la eleccion del gouvernor,' &c., had made several regulations for supplying occasional vacancies in that office; it then proceeds to amend the same. Here, therefore, we have an evidence of a purely legislative enactment of primary importance, made in Ireland, arranging the executive government itself, and coeval with the supposed conquest of the kingdom."—*Monck Mason's Essay on the Constitution and Antiquity of Parliaments in Ireland*, p. 3. Dublin, 1820.

only to be governed by such laws as by the Lords and Commons of the land in Parliament assembled have been advised, accepted, affirmed, and proclaimed; that by custom, privilege, and franchise, there has ever been a royal seal peculiar to Ireland, to which alone the subjects are to pay obedience; that this realm hath also its constable and marshal, before whom all appeals are finally determinable; yet, as orders have of late been issued under another seal, and the subjects summoned into England to prosecute their suits before a *foreign* jurisdiction, to the great grievance of the people, and in violation of the rights and franchises of the land; they enact that for the future no persons shall be obliged by any commandment under any other seal but that of Ireland, to answer any appeal, or any other matter out of said land, and that no officer to whom such commandment may come shall put the same into execution under penalty of forfeiture of goods and chattels, and 1000 marks, half to be paid to the king, and the other half to the prosecutor; and further, that all appeals of treason in Ireland shall be determined before the constable and marshal of Ireland, and in no other place."*

It is impossible to express more distinctly and unequivocally Legislative Independence, than the language of the Irish Parliament, 38 Henry VI. has expressed it. There is this great value in the statute to which I have referred; namely, that it recites and establishes the fact, that our distinct independence

* See Leland's "History of Ireland," ii., 42.

was then no new claim, but that it had existed as of right from the earliest periods: in the words of the Act, "it always had been." It is as explicit on the question of final jurisdiction as Henry Grattan or Daniel O'Connell could be.

It may be objected—1stly, That the Irish Parliament of Henry VI. was the Parliament only of a portion of the Irish people; of that portion which was of English descent, and of those aboriginal Irish who had then combined with the English settlers.—I reply, that if the Parliament of a *part* of the nation had distinct independence, it certainly did not lose that independence by extending its legislative power over the entire island. It surely did not forfeit its rights because it enlarged its jurisdiction. It surely did not lose its privileges because it at length embraced within its sway the entire Irish nation. If its independence was distinct and undoubted when it was only the Parliament of a part of the nation, that independence must have necessarily been fortified and strengthened when it rested on the basis of the entire Irish people. Should it be urged that the entire Irish people were never at any time *represented* in the Irish House of Commons, I reply, that at this moment a large majority of the English people are unrepresented in the English Parliament. No argument, therefore, can be drawn from that circumstance against the right of Ireland to self-legislation, which will not be equally fatal to the right of the people of England to govern themselves.

It may be objected—2ndly, That the authority asserted by the Irish Parliament of Henry VI. was *de facto* set aside by Poyning's Act, and subsequently by the English Act of the 6th George I. I reply, that both those acts were usurpations, and can no more be validly pleaded in bar of the right of Ireland to self-government, than any other usurpations can be pleaded in bar of the rights which they respectively invaded. We might just as well argue against the rights of the English legislature, because they were to a great extent prostrated by Henry VIII., and encroached upon by the First James, and the First Charles; or against the rights of the English monarchy, because they were temporarily overthrown by Cromwell. It is sometimes weakly urged against the rights of Ireland, that for centuries before the Union the Irish government was influenced, and often controlled, by the English and Protestant party. It might with equal force be urged against the rights of Englishmen to self-legislation, that the government of England was for centuries in the hands of the Norman Aristocracy.

We have seen the early origin and existence of Irish legislative independence. Our right, in this respect, is at least coeval with the corresponding right enjoyed by our English fellow-subjects. That right was again affirmed by the Irish Parliament in 1782, and formally recognised by the British legislature in 1783, by the Act 23rd George III., chapter 28. By that British act, the right of the Irish

people "to be bound only by laws enacted by His Majesty and the Parliament of Ireland, in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in His Majesty's courts therein finally, and without appeal from thence," was "declared TO BE ESTABLISHED AND ASCERTAINED FOR EVER; AND AT NO TIME HEREAFTER TO BE QUESTIONED OR QUESTIONABLE."

Thus was the public faith of England solemnly pledged to recognise and respect the free parliamentary constitution of Ireland.

Before I come to the period of that gross breach of England's public faith, entitled "the Union," let me quote a few authorities showing the spirit in which the friends of that measure had always contemplated it.

The great object of the Union was to rob Ireland.

So far back as 1699, Sir Richard Cox, an Irishman by birth, but a strenuous supporter of that baleful exotic, entitled "the English Interest in Ireland," proposed a union in the following words:

"It is your interest to unite and incorporate us with England; for by that means *the English interest will always be prevalent here*, and the kingdom as secure to you as Wales, or any county in England. *Your taxes will be lessened when we bear part of the burden . . . . . All our money will still centre at London;* and our trade and communication with England will be so considerable, that we shall think ourselves at home when there; and where one goes thither now, then ten will go when all our business is transacted in your Parliament, to which, if we send sixty-four knights for our thirty-two counties, ten lords, and six bishops, *they may spend our money, but cannot in-*

*fluence your councils to your disadvantage. . . . . By the Union, England will get much of our money, and abundance of our trade."**

I believe that no honest Englishman will read the above extract from an *Irish* writer, without a feeling of contemptuous disgust at the unprincipled servility it displays. Sir Richard Cox is the species of Irishman manufactured by English influence in Ireland.

My next proof that the Union was regarded by its friends as a machine to squeeze all that could be got out of Ireland, is taken from an English writer upon trade—Sir Matthew Decker; who, in 1751, says,—

"*By a Union with Ireland, the taxes of Great Britain will be lessened.*"†

Another English writer, Postlethwayte, in his book entitled "Britain's Commercial Interest," published in 1767, has the following passage:

"By the Union, Ireland would soon be enabled *to pay a million a year towards the taxes of Great Britain.* . . . . . As England does already possess no inconsiderable share of the lands of Ireland, *so the Union would prove an effectual method to vest the rest in her: for, as the riches of Ireland would chiefly return to England, she continuing the seat of Empire, the Irish landlords would be little better than tenants to her, for allowing them the privilege of making the best of their estates.*"‡

Dean Tucker, an Englishman, in his proposal for a Union, says,

* The above passage is extracted from the autograph correspondence of Sir Richard Cox, in pp. 89 and 90 of the printed catalogue of the Southwell Library, on sale in 1834, by Thomas Thorpe, 38, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

† "Essays on Trade," p. 156. ‡ pp. 203, 204.

"The inducement of being near the Parliament, the Court, the public funds, &c., would bring many more Irish families to reside here than now do. In short, whatever wealth Ireland would draw from other countries by its produce, manufactures, and happy situation, *all that would eventually centre in England.*"

There was one important item altogether forgotten in the calculations of these gentlemen: namely, that the Union-screw might be worked too vigorously; that the robbing process might at last leave Ireland rather a burden than a gain; that when Ireland should be reduced to a state of general insolvency, her superabundant pauperism might perhaps overflow into England.

Doctor Johnson, far more honest than the writers I have quoted, was equally clear-sighted as to the operation of the projected Union: "Do not unite with us," said he to his Irish friend, Arthur Murphy. "We should unite with you only to rob you. We would have robbed the Scotch if they had any thing of which we could have robbed them."

The spoliation of Ireland was too tempting to be overlooked by Pitt, whose extravagant government taxed to the utmost his financial ingenuity. He had an old grudge, too, against the Irish Parliament; having had a sharp quarrel with that assembly in 1789, respecting the amount of power with which the Prince Regent should be invested during George III.'s illness; and he longed for an opportunity to destroy the object of his enmity. And he was influenced by a sentiment as powerful as either of those motives; namely, that hostility to Irish constitutional liberty which had been the

invariable characteristic of every English Government since the first connexion of the countries.

He laid his plans for the extinction of the Irish Parliament with consummate art. The construction of the Irish House of Commons seemed in one respect to offer a facility for the accomplishment of his design: there was a very large number of close boroughs, under the exclusive influence of patrons; and these eventually furnished the parliamentary machinery whereby Pitt was enabled to triumph in 1800.

But even with that advantage, it was no easy task to persuade a majority in Parliament to vote their own extinction. It was indispensable in the first place to create a state of things that should allow unrestricted operation to the two great instruments upon which Pitt relied—Terror and Corruption.

Accordingly, a course of policy was adopted which produced the effect of fomenting the rebellion of 1798; without which outbreak, and the national weakness it generated, the Government never could have carried the Union.

In the first place, the Irish Catholics were kept in a state of political fever by the alternate excitement and depression of their hopes. In 1792 they were treated by the Government in a mode which Edmund Burke describes as "*outlawry*." In 1793 they were given the elective franchise.

In 1795, they were encouraged to expect that their full emancipation would be immediately con-

ceded. Lord Fitzwilliam was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with full powers to pass that measure.

Suddenly Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled, after a few months' residence, and a successor of opposite politics was sent over.

Contemporaneously with this wanton and insulting disappointment of the hopes of the Catholics, a system of torture was extensively practised in different districts. Lord Gosford, in an "Address to the magistracy of Armagh,"* gives a frightful description of that system as it existed in 1795 and 1796; and the connivance of the authorities may be inferred from the fact which his Lordship states, that the perpetrators of those horrors *enjoyed impunity*. In 1797, the Earl of Moira, in a speech in the British House of Lords, gave individual instances of the prevalent system of torture, of which he had become cognisant.

The people, thus driven to rebel by systematic persecution, were further stimulated in their insurgent career by the revolutionary principles then triumphant in France. The enemies of government tyranny soon confederated. So far, the machinations of the Unionist Minister and his Irish agents had eminent success.

Amongst the United Irishmen was one Nicholas Maguane; a colonel in their army; a member of their Directory; *and a spy in the pay of the Government.* This Maguane communicated to Lord Castlereagh through the Rev. Dr. Clelland, land-agent to the

* Printed in the *Dublin Journal*, January 5, 1796.

Castlereagh family, intelligence of all the contemplated movements of the United Irishmen, from the 14th of April, 1797, until the explosion of the rebellion in the following year.*

Thus, from April, 1797, until May, 1798, the Government could at any moment have prevented the insurrection from exploding, by simply arresting its leaders. They could lay their hand upon every man of them.

But the outbreak of the rebellion was considered essential to the success of the Union. It was deemed requisite to scare the Protestant party into the belief that in an Union with England could they alone find protection from the sanguinary violence of the Popish population; and, by thus creating an internecine enmity between the two great sections of the Irish people, to effect a total prostration of the national strength.

The project succeeded. Troops were poured into Ireland to the number of 137,590.† Martial law

* See Report of Secret Committee of the Irish House of Lords, 1798. Appendix, No. 14.

† The Regulars were 32,281
The Militia 26,634
The Yeomanry 51,274
The English Militia..... 24,201
Artillery 1,500
Commissariat 1,700

Total 137,590

This table is taken from a speech of Lord Castlereagh's, prefacing a motion on military estimates, and contained in a report of the parliamentary proceedings of the 18th of February, 1799.

was proclaimed. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Meetings to petition against the Union were suppressed by military violence. When the insurrection was put down, the nation lay prostrate at the feet of the soldier.

Whilst terror reigned throughout the kingdom, corruption soon became paramount within the walls of Parliament. In 1799, a majority of the House of Commons, despite the stupendous exertions of Pitt, had negatived the Union. That minister employed the recess in redoubling his efforts to bribe and overawe. For the latter purpose, it is worthy of note, that although the rebellion had been crushed, yet the military force in Ireland was increased.*

With respect to the effort to corrupt, it may suffice to say, that every man who had a price was bought. No secrecy whatever was observed upon the subject. Lord Castlereagh openly said in the House of Commons: "Half a million or more were expended, some years since, to break an opposition: the same, or a greater sum, may be necessary now."

* In the "Summary Report on the State of the Poor of Ireland," issued in 1830, the military expenditure of several years is stated, and amongst others the following :—

1798	£2,227,454
1799	3,246,228
1800	3,528,800
1801	4,011,783

The Union came into operation on the 1st of January, 1801, in which year it may be inferred, from the foregoing figures, that Pitt deemed an overwhelming military force indispensable to quell the discontent excited by his "Union," and to secure the victory he had achieved over Irish constitutional liberty.

A greater sum *was* necessary. The direct money bribes amounted to one million and a half. In the purchase of boroughs, the sum of 1,275,000*l.* was expended. Peerages, judgeships, bishoprics, commands in the army and navy, were profusely showered in reward for Union votes. There were 116 persons in the House of Commons, in 1800, holding employments or pensions under Government; and many of these were English and Scotch officers, introduced into nomination boroughs by the influence of Government, for the express purpose of voting away a Parliament in whose existence they had no manner of interest.

Yet, notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of the Government to stifle the national voice—notwithstanding the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and the forcible dispersion of several anti-Union meetings, peaceably and legally convened, the petitions to Parliament against the measure were signed by no less than 707,000 persons, whilst those in its favour were signed by only 3000.

But, despite the opposition of every human being in the kingdom, except the corrupt band in the pay of the Government, the measure was carried by the joint influence of military violence without, and barefaced bribery within, the walls of Parliament.

Thus, I repeat, was the Union carried. The fraudulent and sanguinary means by which it was inflicted on the Irish nation essentially vitiate the whole transaction. It was, and is, a colossal swindle.

It has, indeed, been said, that however void and null the Union may originally have been, from the vitiating nature of the means whereby it was achieved, yet the Irish people have subsequently given validity and force to the measure, by their own act of sending representatives to the Imperial Parliament. I reply, that their act in so doing, does not, and cannot, give moral validity to the Union; simply because it does not indicate free choice. True, they have sent representatives to the English Parliament, just because they had no other Parliament to send them to! Their own legislature having been suppressed by force, no alternative remained for them, except to return members to the British House of Commons. Their act indicates nothing but their reluctant and coerced adoption of a *pis-aller*. They have deemed it just preferable to return members to the English Senate, than not to return them at all. But—give them the free option of an English or an Irish Parliament; and, if they shall prefer the former, why *then* (but not till then) shall I allow that their act in returning representatives to England gives moral validity to the Union.

It has been urged, that to impeach the moral validity of the Union Statute, is of necessity to impeach the legal validity of every statute passed by the United Parliament. Not so. Saurin* drew

* The Right Hon. William Saurin, a member of the Irish Parliament—a strenuous opponent of the Union—an Orangeman—and Attorney-General for Ireland for several years under Tory administrations.

the distinction with accuracy: "You may," said he, "make the Union binding *as a law*, but *you never can make it obligatory upon conscience*. Resistance to it will be, in the abstract, a duty." The Union is binding, *as a law*—as a bad, unjust, oppressive, and iniquitous law; but, being thus legally binding, the statutes enacted under its authority by the United Parliament are also legally binding.

If, however, we should admit the corollary imputed to our doctrines by the Unionists, "that the post-union statutes are rendered invalid by the moral invalidity of the Union," I should turn round upon the Unionists and ask, Whose fault is that? Not *ours*, surely, who opposed in 1800 the enactment, and who now oppose the continuance of the Union, the source of the statutory invalidity in question. The fault would rest with those who, by the flagitious suppression of the legislative rights of Ireland, had deprived legislation of validity, and shaken to their base the bulwarks and fences of civil society.

The Unionists, unable to deny the infamy of the means by which the Union was effected, allege, "that the means have nothing to do with the measure; that the measure may be good, although the means used to carry it were indefensible," and so on.

The means have a great deal to do with the measure. They demonstrate two important facts: firstly, the hostility of the people of Ireland to the Union, which could not be achieved without such means. No measure can be good which outrages

every wish, sentiment, and principle of the people to whom it is applied. Secondly, the means used to carry the Union demonstrate that the contrivers of the measure were animated with the most deadly hostility to the Irish nation. The men who connived at torture—the men who fomented a rebellion—the men who ruthlessly sacrificed the lives of thousands, and who laboured with demoniac activity to corrupt the senate; were such men our friends? Were they men from whose hands a *good* measure could by possibility emanate? The means they used afford a superabundant demonstration of their animus—an animus totally incompatible with friendly intentions to Ireland. The Union was the measure of our enemies; not of our friends. There is, in this fact, *primâ facie* evidence that the measure could not have been either intended or calculated to benefit Ireland.

The Union, then, being a gross outrage on Ireland's legislative rights—rights of as ancient existence as the corresponding rights of England; being, moreover, the work of our deadliest enemies; being achieved in defiance of our expressed national will, and by means which it is no exaggeration to term diabolical; this Union is now actively opposed by the people of Ireland, who allege that its results on their social condition have been fully as disastrous as might have been expected from the nature of its origin and the character of its authors.

They allege that the Imperial Parliament taxes Ireland more heavily than the native legislature did; and that the surplus revenue, averaging over

1,000,000*l.* a year, instead of being expended in Ireland, is exported to London.

They allege that the absentee drain, chiefly consequent upon the Union, amounts to about 4,000,000*l.* annually.

They allege that the manufactures of Ireland, once the source of comfortable subsistence to numbers of her people, have been prostrated by the overwhelming competition of great English capitalists, who drove the Irish manufacturer out of his native market, when the protective influence of a native legislature was removed.* It is impossible to calculate with accuracy the extent of our loss upon this head; but there is reason to believe that it cannot, at the present day, be less than 6,000,000*l.* a year.†

* I may be met here with a torrent of political economy. But whilst the Political Economist expatiates on his favourite theories, the Irish manufacturer starves to death, or else becomes a burden on the poor-rates. Let a very recent instance illustrate the existing system. A few years ago a National Glass Company was established in Ireland. A quantity of excellent Irish glass was manufactured, and sold at reasonable rates. But the English glass manufacturers resolved on making a sacrifice to crush the nascent Irish competition. They had large capital, and could afford the temporary loss. They sold their glass at five shillings per crate less than ours. Our company were too young and too weak to contend. They were consequently obliged to break up their establishment; *and the English glass is now up to the price our company were resolved to sell at*, whilst the Irish workmen, thrown out of employment, are a dead weight upon the poor-rates.

† The aggregate of the drains from Ireland under the heads of taxes, absentee rents, and the loss resulting from the destruction of Irish manufactures, would amount (according to the statements in the text) to between 11,000,000*l.* and 12,000,000*l.*

They allege that the progress of popular liberties under their own Parliament was rapid, until checked by the vigorous interference of England; and that, had the Irish legislature continued, the anti-national church establishment would have long ago ceased to insult and oppress the Irish people.

They allege that the very fact of being governed by laws made in another country, has degraded the minds of the Irish aristocracy and gentry. Use has familiarised them with national servitude; and the consequent depravation of their sentiments operates most perniciously on the interests of their country. They have lost that pride of national honour which is the best protector of a nation's prosperity.

Again, the Repealers allege that Ireland has been created with foul dishonesty, as regards the national debt. Our complaint upon this head, as put forth by O'Connell, in his speech on the motion for Repeal,

sterling per annum. The annual drains were not, of course, so large at the period immediately following the Union as they have since become; for example, the absentee drain, which in 1830 amounted to 4,000,000*l.*, was only 2,000,000*l.* in 1804; and several branches of our manufactures retained for some time a struggling existence. If we average the annual drain since the Union at *only* 5,000,000*l.*, it will amount, for forty-six years, to the enormous sum of 230,000,000*l.* of money. The leading English journals—*Times*, *Chronicle*, &c., insist loudly on the necessity of enforcing the repayment of the loans advanced by the Treasury, to relieve Irish distress in the recent—I may say the present—famine. But we never find them calling upon England to make restitution to Ireland of any portion of the 230,000,000*l.* of which we have been defrauded by the operation of the Union.

in 1834, and by Mr. Staunton in many successive publications, may be thus summed up:

At the time of the Union, England owed 446,000,000*l.* sterling. Ireland owed *only* 23,000,000*l.*; and of this debt probably three-fourths had been incurred by the military and other preparations for carrying the Union.* The annual interest of the British debt then amounted to 17,700,000*l.*; whilst the annual interest of *our* debt only amounted to 1,200,000*l.* The excess of annual liability on the part of Great Britain was therefore 16,500,000*l.* In common honesty Great Britain should have paid every penny of this annual excess, by taxes raised exclusively within her own shores. But common honesty—or any sort of honesty—had little to do with the Union. The *exclusive* taxation of Great Britain, which *ought* to be sixteen and a half, is not quite thirteen millions.† There is thus left an annual charge of three millions and a half of British ante-Union debt, to which Ireland, by a flagrant breach of honesty, is called on to contribute a portion of payment.

The Repealers furthermore allege, that the existence of a domestic Parliament in Ireland, enjoying

* In 1796, the Irish debt was only £5,500,000.

† At the present time, it is true that the exclusive taxation of England is augmented by the Income Tax. But this impost is declared to be temporary. From 1814 until lately there was no such tax as this. On the subject of international finance, John O'Connell's admirable "ARGUMENT FOR IRELAND" may be consulted with great advantage.

the constitution established in 1782, produced an increase of national prosperity unexceeded within the same period by any other nation upon earth, despite the counteractive tendency of English influence and administrative corruption. In proof of this important fact, we have the evidence of two grand promovents of the Union; namely, Pitt and Lord Clare. Pitt, in 1799, alleged, in a speech on the Union, that the balance of trade between Ireland and England was then enormously in favour of Ireland :

"The trade," said he, "at this time [1799] is infinitely more advantageous to Ireland [than in 1785]. It will be proved from the documents I hold in my hand, as far as relates to the mere interchange of manufactures, that the manufactures exported to Ireland from Great Britain in 1797, very little exceeded 1,000,000*l.* sterling (the articles of produce amount to nearly the same sum) whilst Great Britain on the other hand imported from Ireland to the amount of more than 3,000,000*l.* in the manufacture of linen and linen yarn, and between two and three millions in provisions and cattle, besides corn, and other articles of produce."

Let us notice here in passing, that the export of provisions in 1797 was not, as now, a *starving* export. It was an export of the surplus produce which remained after the producers had first been comfortably fed at home. The export of provisions at the present day is a very different thing. It is a sale of the food of the Irish people, in order to

raise funds to pay the intolerable tribute wrung from us by England, under the different heads I have already enumerated; whilst the producers of that food are left to starve.*

Lord Clare, in 1798, bore the following remarkable testimony to Irish improvement under the constitution of 1782: "There is not," said his lordship, "a nation on the face of the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation, in agriculture, in manufactures, with the same rapidity, in the same period, as Ireland."

This evidence from the grand contriver of the Union, and his Irish ally, Clare, is surely conclusive. It is the admission of enemies, and is fully as distinct as the following testimony given by Plunket in his struggle for the preservation of the Irish Parliament in 1799:

* Mr. Wiggins, an English writer, in his "Monster Misery of Ireland," deplores the manifest deterioration of Ireland from 1776 to 1844. He says, "Let any one read Arthur Young's Tour in Ireland about 1776, and let him now look for the numerous mansions, parks, farming establishments, and improvements, which *he* then visited and recorded. Most of the mansions will be found deserted, shut up, or the roofs fallen in; the parks let out in dairy pastures and 'score-land;' the farming abandoned to tenants at rack-rent, and the improvements resolved again into their original state of bog, and partly cut for turbary."—In 1837, we are told by Commissioner Binns, "that by comparing the accounts given in 1776, by Arthur Young, with the facts elicited in the course of this examination, it will be evident that *the condition of the lower Irish, instead of being improved, is considerably deteriorated* since his valuable book was written."

So much for what Spring Rice calls the "giant-stride prosperity" of Ireland.

"The revenues, the trade, the manufactures of Ireland, are thriving beyond the hope or the example of any other country of her extent; within these few years advancing with a rapidity astonishing even to herself."

National prosperity under a native Parliament, even in spite of the vast drawbacks of penal laws and a rotten-borough system: national decay under a Union, despite the removal of penal restrictions: the people of Ireland see and feel the miserable contrast, and demand the restoration of their native legislature.

Pitt was of course obliged to varnish his scheme with a pretext of friendship for Ireland. He admitted the prosperity of Ireland; the Union, he said, would increase her prosperity and give it stability. The Union would give Ireland the advantage of a thorough identification with the greatest and wealthiest nation in the world. The Union would cement the affections of England and Ireland, by perfectly incorporating their previously separate interests, and thus consolidate the strength and security of the whole empire.

Let us now see how far the Union has kept the promises of its author; and in this inquiry, I shall avail myself of English and Tory authority.

First, touching the prosperity which the Union was to have produced, take the following description thereof from the *Times* newspaper, of the 26th of June, 1845:

"The facts of Irish destitution," says the *Times*,

"are ridiculously simple. They are almost too common-place to be told. The people have not enough to eat. They are suffering a real, though an artificial famine. Nature does her duty. The land is fruitful enough. Nor can it fairly be said that man is wanting. The Irishman is disposed to work. In fact, man and nature together do produce abundantly. The island is full and overflowing with human food. But something ever interposes between the hungry mouth and the ample banquet. The famished victim of a mysterious sentence stretches out his hands to the viands which his own industry has placed before his eyes, but no sooner are they touched than they fly. A perpetual decree of *sic vos non vobis* condemns him to toil without enjoyment. Social atrophy drains off the vital juices of the nation."

Here, then, is the realisation, in 1845, of Pitt's prediction of Irish prosperity. "The famished victim of a mysterious sentence stretches out his hands to the viands which his own industry has placed before his eyes, but no sooner are they touched than they fly."—Yes. They fly to pay absentee rents; to pay surplus taxes shipped to England; to pay for English manufactures, which have found a market on the ruin of our own; in a word, to pay the gigantic and manifold tribute thus extracted from this country by England. Whilst Ireland enjoyed her free constitution, there was no "mysterious sentence" to prevent the producer of food from enjoying the profits of his industry. Can any

rational man suppose, that if Ireland governed herself, we should behold a famine-stricken people inhabiting "*an island full and overflowing with human food?*"

Some such light appears to have broken, at intervals, upon even the dim vision of the *Times;* for, in the beginning of September, 1845, I find in another article on Ireland in that journal, the following remarkable admissions:

"Whilst it is the fortune—and the good fortune, we will add—of England, to import annually a million quarters of foreign corn, *it is the misfortune of Ireland to export what should be the food of her own population.* From Ireland we draw a part of our daily bread. But it is evident how precarious is that dependence. This year, as appears by a return just out, we have imported very much less than in the two previous years, notwithstanding the higher prices. . . . . As IRELAND MAY BE TRULY CONSIDERED IN A PERPETUAL STATE OF FAMINE, she should rather import from foreign countries than export to us. *Her wheat, and barley, and oats, are the rents of absentees.*"

I pray the English reader to ponder well this testimony, in connexion with Pitt's hypocritical promises in 1800, of blessings, and prosperity, and wealth, to be showered upon Ireland by the Union. "Ireland may be truly considered in a perpetual state of famine."—It would, indeed, be perfectly miraculous if Ireland were in any other state, while

the ceaseless process of exhaustion entailed on her by the Union is suffered to continue. Well might the *Times* exclaim, that "social atrophy drained off the vital juices of the nation."—That social atrophy, good *Times*, is the want of self-government.

One more testimony to the realisation of Pitt's Union-prosperity-promises :

"We cannot," say the Irish Poor Inquiry Commissioners, in their third report, "estimate the number of persons in Ireland out of work and in distress, during thirty weeks of the year, at less than 585,000, nor the number of persons dependent on them at less than 1,800,000, making in the whole 2,385,000."

That was the state of affairs in 1836; and matters are considerably worse at present. Such was *not* the condition of the Irish population while Ireland possessed her own Parliament.

With these evidences of national misery before our eyes, it is at once ludicrous and melancholy to reflect that the pretext upon which the Imperial Parliament rejected O'Connell's motion for Repeal in 1834, was "*the giant-stride prosperity of Ireland.*" Could there be a more conclusive proof of the transcendent ignorance of that Parliament on Irish matters; or of its utter incompetence to govern Ireland? The "prosperity" of a people "*in a perpetual state of famine!*" Of a people whose "*vital juices are drained off by a social atrophy!*" Of a people, more than a fourth of whom are reduced to a state of pauperism for thirty weeks in

every year! Imagine legislation gravely founded on the alleged "*prosperity*" of such a people! Who can wonder that the wronged and outraged nation should try to shake loose from this *beau ideal* of legislative ignorance and impudence?

Let us next see whether Pitt's pretext that the Union would cement the affections and incorporate the interests of the countries, was in any respect better founded than his "prosperity" delusions.

On this point I shall again quote from an intelligent Tory authority:

"The position of Ireland," says *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1845, "considered as an integral portion of the British empire, is a thing quite by itself in the history of nations. Subjects of the same crown, governed by the same laws, represented in the same Parliament, and partakers in the same free constitution, *the Irish people are as far removed from an amalgamation with the people of England, as if the breadth of Europe stood between them*, and they were known to one another only by name. Moreover, the sources of this alienation lie so deep—they are of such ancient date, and so continually present to the minds of both races, that up to the present moment the best endeavours of kings, and ministers, and parliaments to remove them have availed nothing. . . . . Attachment, using that term in its more generous sense, there is, it is to be apprehended, very little between the two countries—certainly none on the side of the Irish towards their English fellow subjects."

True—perfectly true. It would indeed be most extraordinary if there were any. Men do not love the spoiler, the robber, the destroyer of their liberties. The attachment of the Irish people is not to be won by the destruction of their native legislature, and the wholesale abstraction of their national resources. It is not to be won by the prostration of Ireland from the rank of a kingdom to that of a province; nor by the irritating and insolent intrusion of England into all their domestic concerns. The Union was a crime and a curse—a crime in its perpetration, and a curse in its deadly results; and the attachment of a people is not to be won by crimes and curses. Those persons who yet cherish the preposterous fancy that the Union operates as a bond of international affection, should think of *Fraser's* Tory evidence—"Far removed from amalgamation with the people of England."—"Deep and ancient alienation of the countries."—"No attachment." And is this the mutual love produced by nearly half a century of Union? Methinks it is much more like "dismemberment." I cordially forgive *Fraser* for the nonsense he talks about kings, and ministers, and parliaments trying to heal the international sore, in consideration of the important truth to which he has borne testimony; namely, the tried and proved incompetence of the Union to promote good will, or any thing but alienation, between the two countries.

It is, indeed, remarkable, that whilst Unionists allege that the dissolution of the Union would in-

fallibly be followed by our total separation from Great Britain, they omit all notice of the tendency of the Union itself to produce separation, by disgusting the Irish people with a connexion whereby they are degraded and impoverished. I admit the advantage to Ireland of connexion with Great Britain; connexion under the same crown, and with separate Parliaments. But if I deem—as I *do* deem—such a connexion greatly preferable to separation, I also deem separation greatly preferable to the Union. Connexion is a very good thing, but like most other good things it may be purchased at too high a price; and undeniably the destruction of our Parliament is too high a price to pay for British connexion.

A connexion satisfactory to Ireland would be far more likely to endure than one which operates as a perpetual source of irritation and ill-will. Norway and Sweden afford a happy example of two friendly nations united under the same crown, and each enjoying its own domestic Parliament. We hear a vast quantity of grave and solemn nonsense about two co-ordinate Parliaments necessarily clashing against each other, and destroying the integrity of the empire. The problem is practically solved in Sweden and Norway. The collision of the nations were a much more probable event, if the one aroused the deadly hatred of the other by destroying her power of self-legislation. If England does not timely atone for the Union-crime, by restoring to Ireland her Parliament, the latter will, in all pro-

bability, be yet the sharpest thorn in her so-called sister's side.

Separation has no terrors for an Irishman who looks around, and sees seventeen European states all inferior to Ireland in size, population, position, and general resources—yet able to maintain their own independent existence. Is not Ireland as well qualified for separate independence as Hanover? Ireland, with her population of eight millions, as Hanover with her population of *one* million and a half?

The Unionists allege that the Union, by centralising the legislative power, consolidates and strengthens the empire. Centralisation, up to a certain point, is indispensable for imperial integrity and safety. But when it passes that point it becomes despotism; and despotism resembles the brazen statue with the feet of clay. Its strength is corroded, its foundations are undermined, by the just dissatisfaction of those portions of the empire that are the victims of its monopoly of power, of expenditure, and of influence. There is no permanent political health in that state whose extremities are oppressed and despoiled to augment the strength and enhance the grandeur of the centre. Such a political condition is analogous to the state of a human body affected with an overflow of blood at the head or heart, which every man knows is a state of disease not unfrequently followed by death.

Centralisation, in the shape of Legislative Union, is the source, not of strength, but of weakness—

weakness arising from alienated hearts and tramped interests. Local self-government in the several nations which go to constitute an empire or a republic, affords the best security to the whole against foreign aggression; a security derived from the greater zeal each separate portion must necessarily have, in defending those local institutions, which are dear to each man's heart, and entwine themselves around his best affections. On the other hand, centralisation, by rendering the inhabitants of the parts at a distance from the centre dissatisfied and discontented, necessarily weakens the outposts of the empire, and thereby renders the provinces vulnerable to the foreign invader. Men will fight better in defence of happy homes than they will in defence of hearths despoiled by the centralising tyranny. Men will fight better in defence of their liberties than they will in defence of their own bondage; they will struggle with a bolder heart and a more stalwart arm in defence of free local institutions, prolific of blessings, and redolent of nationality, than in support of a system which strikes down their natural rights, and brands them with national inferiority.

The result of the Union on the conduct of Irishmen, in the event of foreign war, is worth calculating.

Sir Robert Peel, alluding to the possible occurrence of war, thus expressed himself in the House of Commons, in the August of 1844:

"I must say," quoth Sir Robert, "that no man

laments more than I do the existence of those jealousies in Ireland, and of those unfortunate dissensions that have prevailed, tending, as no doubt they do, to weaken the strength of this country. But although these things have prevailed, I am not the less confident that in case—but I trust there will be no necessity for such an appeal—*but in case the honour or interest of this country* (England) *should require that such an appeal should be made*, I have no doubt that the people of Ireland would, with the people of Great Britain, cordially and zealously support the sovereign in the maintenance of her throne, and the honour and interests of the empire."

No doubt Ireland is under many obligations to cherish the " honour and interests" of England—England, who has guarded with such assiduous affection the honour and interests of Ireland! The Queen's name is skilfully thrown in as a bait. It was needless. Irishmen are loyal, and will never take up arms *against* their sovereign. Sir Robert also talks of " the honour and interests of the empire." Our share in these is rather problematical, and might be illustrated by the fabled alliance between the giant and the dwarf, in which the dwarf got all the knocks and the giant all the glory.

No. If England were menaced with destruction to-morrow, she has given us, alas! too much reason to regard her peril as the just judgment of God upon her, for the crimes she has committed against Ireland. I, for one, should not feel myself in any

"hot haste" to rush to her defence. There *may* be others animated with similar sentiments. In the hour of her strength she has crushed us—despoiled us of our Parliament; in the hour of her danger we should quietly allow her to fight out her battles without our assistance. "The honour and interests of the Empire," forsooth! What concern have WE, as matters stand at present, in sustaining a power which is only used to keep us down? No, good Sir Robert. It would puzzle your casuistry to tell us why Ireland should fight in defence of "*perpetual famine*"—of the "*social atrophy that drains her vital juices*"—of the thrice accursed system that makes every fourth inhabitant a pauper in a land overflowing with Nature's bounteous gifts.

Great is the fatuity of statesmen who persist in fomenting the hostile spirit of Ireland by the obstinate refusal of justice! who prefer the alienation of millions of their fellow-subjects to the warm and zealous affection which would really consolidate the strength of the empire in the day of common peril.

But the genius of Whiggery interposes with soft and soothing accents: "O, good people, we will give you full justice in a British Parliament. Every British privilege shall be yours; *full equality* of rights and franchises—any thing, every thing, except an Irish Parliament in College Green."

Yes, every thing is *promised*, save that which alone is worth any serious struggle; I say, *promised*—for the intention to perform is far more than doubtful.

But were that intention as sincere and honest as I believe it to be otherwise; were Whigs triumphant in both houses, with their hands full of boons, ready to bestow upon Ireland; still the political equality of Ireland with England under an incorporating Union, is thoroughly and totally impossible. It is out of the nature of things. In any distribution of members, England must always have a numerical superiority in a united legislature, capable of defeating the legislative influence of the whole body of Irish members in questions affecting their own country. This single circumstance must necessarily render a legislative union of *equality* impossible. For many years a majority of Irish members uniformly supported emancipation, and that measure was as uniformly rejected by the English House of Commons. What "equality" was there in that? The Coercion Act of 1833 was passed by an English Parliament in defiance of a majority of Irish members. What "equality" was there in that? Again: it is ridiculous to expect, that so long as the Union lasts, England will not always continue the residence of the legislature. That also debars a union of equality. The seat of Parliament is the centre of power, and will, necessarily, attract the Irish absentees to London. Your "equality" would still leave Ireland afflicted with an absentee drain of 4,000,000*l.* per annum. So long as the Union lasts, so long will England hold the purse-strings of the Irish nation. What equality is there in that? "Equal rights with England,"

truly, under a Union! The thing, I repeat, is totally impossible. Common sense laughs to scorn the flimsy delusion.

Oh, but then there is to be a fusion of England and Ireland into one nation; just as Sussex and Kent are politically identified. This, again, is impossible. A nation, as Burke says, is not merely a geographical arrangement; it is a moral essence. The pregnant experience of the past and of the present—the experience of seven eventful centuries—demonstrates the total impracticability of fusing together the moral essences of England and Ireland. Kent and Sussex may amalgamate; Ireland is too great to be dealt with on provincial rules. God has stamped upon her the indelible characters of national distinctness; and the violent and unnatural efforts to obliterate the features of her individuality, and to bring her people and her institutions under the control of uncongenial Britain, have resulted in unspeakable disaster and misery.

As to the Whig notion that any conceivable political ameliorations could make the Union endurable, I have elsewhere remarked, that even if every Whig nostrum for Ireland were converted into positive law by the Imperial Parliament, still, so long as England withheld from us our legislature, we should be deprived of that which would be worth all the rest put together. Name as many good laws as you please; they are surely as attainable from an *Irish* Parliament as from an *Imperial* one; so that, whilst upon the one hand Imperial

legislation can give us at best no advantage over home-government, on the other hand home-government possesses over Imperial the inestimable advantages of home expenditure, home sympathies; the sole control of our national resources and revenues; the exclusion of foreign hands from Irish coffers; and the residence instead of the absenteeship of the great Irish proprietors as well as of the legislature. Imperial legislation, even under the most favouring circumstances, would still leave us under the withering influences of absenteeism, of a tax-drain, and of the Anglicised, un-Irish affections and prejudices of our aristocracy; whilst it would not give us one solitary good law that could not be far more readily procured from an Irish Parliament.

I shall now examine some common objections to the Repeal; availing myself of the language of Mr. Daniel Owen Madden, the clever and amusing, but somewhat superficial author of "Ireland and its Rulers since 1829."

"England," says Mr. Madden, "would (in the event of Repeal) cease to be a substantive power, and Europe would be left at the mercy of Russia, France, Austria, and Prussia!"

In the name of common sense, we ask—*Why?* What is there in Repeal to diminish the power of England? The Union at this moment fills the minds of the Irish people with rancorous jealousy of England. Does the rancorous jealousy of one-third of the Queen's European subjects conduce to the stability of England's power? Is English power ne-

cessarily built on the depression of the Irish nation? Is the *strength* of the Empire dependent on the *weakness* of one-third part of it? On the contrary, the national sense of intolerable wrong inflicted by England upon Ireland in the demolition of her legislature, is more calculated to perpetuate international animosity, and thereby produce imperial weakness, than a system in which two free Parliaments should provide for the respective wants of the two countries. "A house divided against itself shall not stand;" and the Union promotes and foments the perilous division of the household. An intelligent peasant lately said to me with true Celtic emphasis—"I don't care, sir, who it is that England fights against; if it was the Turks themselves, I wish they'd beat her!" Such is the feeling of myriads of the population; a feeling which has its source in the sense of enormous national injury inflicted upon Ireland by the Union. Can such a Union contribute to Imperial power?

Mr. Madden continues as follows:—

"The Irish Repealers may object that such a consummation" [namely, the decrease of England's European influence] "should have happened in the last century, previous to the Union, if it were likely to take place again upon its supposed dissolution. But to this and all similar arguments of the Repeal party, it is a sufficient political answer to reply, that Ireland had never a free Parliament till 1782; that within eighteen years the connexion was, three times, all but dissolved; viz., by Flood's

Convention for ultra-reform; by the difference upon the Regency Question, in 1789; and by the rebellion, in 1798; that Fox and Burke, while yielding to an Irish army, led by an Irish aristocracy, considered that Grattan's revolution was most calamitous to England; and that Pitt, in the very outset of his parliamentary life, resolved on the measure of a Union, and the extinction of the Irish Parliament, from his sagacious foresight of the probable results of two legislatures in one empire."

"Ireland had never a free Parliament until 1782." This assertion is utterly unfounded. We have already seen the Irish Parliament of 1460 affirming, not only its own independence on England, but that of all previous Parliaments from the days of Henry the Second. In another sense, however, the writer is correct; that is, if he means to imply that the imperfect construction of the unreformed Irish House of Commons left it open to corrupt court influence. In *this* sense, it is true, that even the Irish Parliament of 1782 was not free enough; that it was not based on a representation sufficiently extensive; that too large a portion of the lower house represented—*not* the people—but the titled patrons of boroughs. "Oh," it may be said, "the Parliament was only the more easily *managed* on that account."—May be so: but that species of *management*, like all other international dishonesty, was eminently calculated to defeat its own object; and instead of binding the two countries together in the solid, lasting, bonds of full,

free justice and fair play, it tended to exacerbate the victimised nation, and to create a store of rankling hatred, fraught with eventual danger to the empire. The Repealers allege that real safety and international amity can alone co-exist with a truly free and popular Irish legislature; one which will do justice to the Irish people, and be placed beyond the reach of all corrupt "management."

Let me here parenthetically notice a fallacy very commonly put forward by Unionists. They say: "As long as you had a Parliament, its utility was obstructed and its members were corrupted by English influence. Therefore a Union was indispensable to correct the evils resulting from such a state of things."

It is perfectly true that the unreformed Irish Parliament was exposed to pernicious English influence. The rational and natural course would have been to get rid of that influence, instead of getting rid of the Parliament. But what is the remedy of the sagacious Unionists? Why, truly, to increase the disease. That disease, they themselves allege, was the English influence then partially operating through channels of parliamentary corruption. What is their cure? To render that same mischievous influence, dominant, paramount! To render it perpetual and resistless! It was, they say, pernicious, even when counteracted by the occasional virtue or the national interests of an Irish legislature. And yet they would have us believe that it becomes innocuous when that counteractive

power is extinct, and when no check exists to its detrimental operation!

I come back to the ingenious writer of "Ireland and its Rulers."

He blunders in his assertion, that within eighteen years from 1782, the connexion of the countries was three times all but dissolved. Flood's fellow-conventionists were totally incompetent to effect separation from England, even had they desired it. And a very small minority of them* *did* desire it. In truth the parliamentary reform for which they struggled, would, if successful, have satisfied their utmost aspirations.

It is utterly false that the difference upon the Regency Question, in 1789, "all but dissolved the connexion of the countries." Both parliaments concurred in their choice of the Prince of Wales as Regent, and thus the identity of the executive was secured. The Irish Parliament invested the Regent with full royal prerogatives, whilst the British Senate, influenced by Pitt, desired to restrict his powers. The party who supported the popular view in the Irish Commons, were as warmly attached to British connexion, as was their leader, Grattan. The danger arising from a possible difference in choosing the Regent, might have been easily provided against by a specific enactment.† A bill to that effect was actually brought into the Irish Par-

* Including, however, Mr. Flood himself.

† See Appendix, No. IV., for an examination of the arguments drawn from the Regency Question.

liament by the Right Honourable James FitzGerald; and—cushioned by the government.

The assertion that the rebellion of 1798 was in any degree ascribable to the existence of a resident Parliament, is a curious illustration of the slapdash hardihood with which a clever writer will sometimes lucubrate on topics he knows little or nothing about. Mr. Madden makes no attempt to demonstrate any connexion between the rebellion and the residence of the Senate. The real fact is, that the Irish Parliament of 1798 was eminently devoted to British connexion. Foster* actually boasted that that Parliament put down the insurrection. The stimulants to rebel were to be found, *not* in the residence of the legislature, but in the ample provocatives administered to the people by the Government. In the North, the Catholics were exposed to what Lord Gosford termed "A persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty. . . . . A proscription that exceeds, in the number of its victims, every example of ancient and modern history." A persecution which, his Lordship assures us, was permitted to continue *with impunity* to its perpetrators.

The convulsive throes of revolutionary France then agitated Europe. Wild spirits—chiefly Protestant—amongst the Irish middle classes, first caught the contagion of French principles, and preached up rebellion in their secret conclaves. They unfortunately found in the hearts of the Irish

* The Speaker of the House of Commons.

peasantry a soil well prepared to receive the seed they scattered. England had prepared the soil for the reception of that seed. English misgovernment had taught the Irish of that day to seize on any project that promised deliverance from their tyrants.

Mr. Madden next asserts that

"The character of England would be ruined by consenting to such a measure [as the Repeal]. Her reputation for sagacity and political ability would be destroyed—her fame would vanish."

It may be asked, how her character and fame would suffer by the mere performance of an act of justice; which act would remove a dangerous present source of weakness from the empire.

He continues—

"Her material interests would share the same ruin as her moral power. As in individuals, so in nations, character is the creator of national wealth and rank in the social scale."

Undoubtedly. But again Mr. Madden does not show how England's character would be compromised by simply undoing a foul national wrong, and by recurring to a system precisely analogous to that which she instructs her ambassador, Lord Minto, to negotiate in the instance of Sicily and Naples.

Mr. Madden goes on:

"It [the Repeal] would rob England of a large home market for her manufactures; for of course an Irish Parliament would adopt the political economy of the national school, and pass a tariff hostile

to English manufactures. In so doing, it would not merely cut off from England a large portion of her home trade, *but it would also set up a rival trader at her very side.*"

So, then, the Repeal of the Union is resisted on the express and avowed grounds, that it would resuscitate the manufactures of Ireland which the Union had destroyed. Thank you, Mr. Madden—thank you for the admission. Pitt, to be sure, said fine things about the marvellous increase of Irish trade and manufactures to be effected by the Union; but here we have an Unionist, and *an Irishman* to boot, apprehensive lest the restoration of the Irish Parliament should wake up Irish manufactures from the torpor of death, and erect the Irish trader into "a rival" of the Englishman!

Now, if Mr. Madden be right—and sure am I that he is—in suggesting, in the above quoted slavish paragraph, that the Union has operated to extinguish Irish manufactures, and to throw the monopoly of the Irish market into the hands of British manufacturers, it necessarily follows that violent hostility to England must be excited in the breasts of those who feel themselves sacrificed to overwhelming English competition. Mr. Madden, however, startles us with the discovery that it is not in any such causes that hostility lurks, but in the Repeal!—the Repeal, which, he proceeds to say,

"Would be creating a *hostile* country whose emigrants swarm in the British colonies; all of

whom would be ready to act in concert with the Irish rulers at College Green."

Let him look at the contributions poured into the Repeal fund by Irish emigrants at present in America and the colonies; let him read the language of "hostility" to English injustice with which their communications overflow; and let him ask himself from which of two causes would Irish "hostility" to England more probably proceed—from the jealousy that crushed a legislature, and starves the Irish manufacturer; or the frank and honourable, although tardy justice, that would restore the Parliament, and adopt as its motto, "*suum cuique ?*"

In truth, there is no fallacy more common among Unionists than to predict, as prospective evils to result from the Repeal, the very hostility and jealousy existing at the present moment, and of which the Union itself is the real cause.

Mr. Madden next alleges, as a result of Repeal, that

"The difficulty of maintaining a large standing army would be increased considerably. Even if Irish soldiers enlisted in the English ranks, upon any collision with Ireland they would probably desert, and start up against the 'Saxons.' The loyalty of a large portion of the army would be doubtful, and the vast Indian empire, and the colonies, would probably be left exposed for want of troops."

Mr. Madden here again suggests difficulties as

probably resulting from Repeal, which are a great deal more likely to result from the Union. I have already remarked, that much of the national dissatisfaction which tends to shake the allegiance of a soldiery, directly arises from the destruction of the Irish Parliament. If "collision with Ireland" would make the men desert, such collision is at least as likely to occur *without* Repeal as *with* it. In 1843, the metropolis of Ireland was placed in a state of siege, and the country was "occupied, not governed." A national resolve, or pledge, against recruiting in the English ranks, is a movement which does not need to wait for the Repeal. And even should recruits be obtained, it must be remembered they are taken from a population exasperated against England by the Union; and does Mr. Madden suppose that there is any magic in a red coat to efface the long cherished principles which its wearer had imbibed from his parents, kindred, and associates ?

Again—Mr. Madden fears that

"The funds would be very liberally spunged, for, of course, Ireland, when separate, would not consent to be held responsible for debts that she never contracted."

In the name of common honesty, why should she? It is painful to contrast such lucubrations as these, with Pitt's hypocritical disclaimer in 1799, of all desire to grasp our financial resources for British purposes.

Let me now sum up :

Ireland demands the Repeal ;

1. Because self-legislation is her indefeasible right. She never surrendered that right.

2. Because the denial of that right has covered the land with decay and destitution.

3. Because Ireland is truly desirous to preserve the integrity of the Empire on such terms as will not victimise herself.

It cannot be too often repeated that the accursed Union imperils the empire, by holding out the strong lure to foreign invasion, which the just discontent of Ireland furnishes. Foreign invasion were indeed an affliction of great magnitude. But the Union is also an affliction of colossal magnitude—an affliction so huge that it may easily render even foreign conquest a mere question in the minds of many between one species of tyranny and another. Sampson, in his thirst for vengeance, pulled down the house to crush his foes—rejoicing in the deed that overwhelmed *them*, even although he was himself included in their ruin. Tyranny has often merged the instinct of self-preservation in the burning desire to punish the tyrant.

But—give to the Irish people an Irish Parliament and Irish constitution to defend, and *then* let the foe invade our shores—he will be met by the stout arms and intrepid hearts of a gallant people, fortified and inspired by the resistless, the ennobling influences of triumphant nationality. Give to the Irish that strong interest in repelling invasion which local institutions and domestic government *alone*

can give them; and you will find it more effectual a thousandfold than the old, stale, cuckoo-cry of "throne" and "constitution;" a throne whose brightness never shines upon us; a constitution whereof others nearly monopolise the enjoyment, and at which we are little more than lookers-on.

I conclude by emphatically reiterating that British connexion, with two legislatures, is preferable to separation; but separation would be preferable to the destruction of the Irish Parliament.

There is no reason why Ireland should not flourish in a separate existence as well as Sweden, Portugal, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, or the rest of the crowd of independent European states which are all her inferiors in the qualities and resources that entitle a nation to self-government. But there is every reason why Ireland, possessing a fertile soil, capacious estuaries, a first-rate situation for commerce, a brave and intelligent population, should find absolute and separate independence beyond all comparison preferable to a Legislative Union which cripples her powers; absorbs her resources for the benefit of England; and acts as a political and social blister—draining and irritating.

An Englishman may easily test the capacity of the Union to attach Irishmen to British connexion, by asking himself the question, whether *he* would submit to a political alliance with any land on earth, which involved the destruction of the English Parliament, or which deprived the English nation of self-government?

It is truly deplorable that England, with her ample means of securing our attachment by the simple justice of Repeal, should yet prefer to perpetuate our hostility by refusing us that justice. I am no blind anti-English bigot; I can recognise the many claims of England to our admiration—would that she could enable me to add, our affection! Two hundred and fifty years ago my own paternal ancestors were English; and a sentiment not wholly dissimilar from filial reverence will sometimes steal over my mind, when I think that for many centuries my forefathers belonged to that land, so full of glorious monuments of all that can exalt and dignify the human race; rich with the memories of martial valour and pacific wisdom; famed for the splendid pre-eminence in arts and arms of her mighty sons; covered over with her stately old ancestral dwellings; adorned with majestic churches and cathedrals—the venerable records of the piety which once distinguished her inhabitants. Even an Irish Repealer may experience a momentary thrill of pride when he thinks of his remote connexion with a country possessing such claims on the world's admiration; but the sentiment is quickly banished by the wrongs that England's crimes have inflicted upon that far dearer land in which his first breath was drawn, with which his fondest affections are identified, and of which God's providence has made him a citizen.

England—England! why *will* you compel our reluctant detestation?

APPENDIX.—No. II.

WHILE these sheets are passing through the press, the *Morning Chronicle* assures its readers, in successive articles, that English power is indispensably needed to keep a people so divided among themselves as the Irish, from absolute anarchy and mutual destruction.

The direct reverse is the fact. English power has been constantly used, not to allay, but to foment our divisions, on the principle of "*Divide et Impera*;" and the only possible exorcist of the baleful spirit of internal discord, is a Resident National Legislature, in which all Irish parties would possess a proportional representation; and which would promote the numerous and varied interests *which are common to Irishmen of every sect and party.*

The divisions existing at the present day in Ireland are extremely analogous to those which existed in England after the Norman Conquest. Take the following description of the latter from Thierry:

"The reader," says that historian, "must imagine to himself *two countries*—the one possessed by the Normans, wealthy and exonerated from capitation and other taxes; the other, that is

the Saxon, enslaved and oppressed with a land-tax; the former full of spacious mansions, of walled and moated castles; the latter covered with thatched huts and old ruined walls; this peopled with the prosperous and idle, with soldiers and courtiers, with knights and barons—that with men miserable, and doomed to toil with peasants and artisans. Lastly, to complete the picture, these two lands are in a manner woven into each other; they meet at every point, and yet they are more completely separated than if there were seas between them. Each has a language of its own which is strange to the other. French is the court language, used in all the palaces, castles, and mansions, in the abbeys and monasteries, in all the residences of wealth and power; while the ancient language of the country is only heard at the firesides of the poor and the serfs."

This description, with a few variations of detail, would accurately answer for Ireland in 1848.—How, or why was it, that from the jarring and apparently irreconcileable elements of Norman and Saxon, the great and well-combined English nation of the present day has been formed? It was because the Conqueror planted the central government *within*, and *not without*, the realm of England. Had England been ruled then and now by a government seated in France, we should still see the degrading and disastrous divisions described by the historian existing in pestilent vigour; there would be the National English party, detesting the absentee legislature; and there would be the French, or Norman party, sustaining the national evil because of some personal profit or class monopoly, by which they might be bribed to support it. These parties would cordially hate each other; and doubtless some Norman *Morning Chronicle* would announce that French intervention and

control were indispensably required to keep Englishmen from cutting one another's throats!

But, happily for England, all her governmental institutions were planted upon English ground. There they took root, and there they formed a nucleus around which the descendants of the Saxon, of the Norman, of the Dane, might alike forget their distinctive enmities, and blend, under the shadow of an English Legislature, into one amalgamated people.

This is just what we want in Ireland to terminate our ruinous divisions. A resident Parliament, representing all, accessible to all, and harmonising all into one great national party.

The *Chronicle* claims "an overwhelming proportion of the intelligence, property, and education of Ireland" as friendly to the Union.

The opinion of the "intelligent, wealthy, and educated" classes claimed by the *Chronicle* is worth little or nothing. *Not a man of them really thinks the Union a good measure in itself.* Not one of them ever pretends that we derive the least benefit from the Union. They know, on the contrary, that it beggars and starves the Irish people. Why then, it may be asked, do they support it?

The answer is—Because they are bribed, or fanatical, or merely ignorant.

1. The Temporalities of the Established Church operate as a direct bribe to a numerous and influential class to support the Union. Those temporalities amount to about 600,000*l.* per annum. An Irish Par-

liament (while respecting invested interests) would provide for the gradual secularisation of the tithe-rent charge. Hence, not only the Protestant clergy, but all those persons who either have, or expect to have, relations snugly settled in the Church, are strongly tempted to be Unionists. They are reduced to the alternative of preserving the tithe-rent charge at the expense of Ireland's vital interests; or repealing the Union at the expense of seeing the tithe-rent charge gradually taken from them. They prefer to keep up the tithe-rent charge, although the people should perish.

2. The fanatical Unionists are those who believe the Pope to be Antichrist, and that Repeal means the enthronement of the Man of Sin in Ireland.

3. The merely ignorant Unionists are those who have neither the strong interest in the Church funds, nor the religious fanaticism, that stimulate the others in their hostility to Repeal; but who have a notion that "agitation" is a very *ungenteel* sort of thing; that they vindicate their own aristocracy by denouncing it; and that it would save a vast deal of trouble if people submitted to national plunder and starvation, without brawling so much about the matter. To these may be added the members of the wealthier aristocracy, who, being comfortably off themselves, cannot conceive why any body else should presume to complain.—Such are, in truth, the *Chronicle's* "educated, wealthy, and intelligent Irish Unionists."

The flower of the mercantile classes are Repealers;

and a desire to return to our ancient Irish Constitution is daily advancing amongst the ranks claimed by the *Chronicle*.

Unionism in Ireland is a sickly exotic ; it is an artificial opinion, preserved in a sort of hot-house existence by the Church Temporalities, and the stimulants administered by English power.

APPENDIX.—No. III.

As O'Connell repeatedly declared, that the first speech he ever made in public was the text-book of his whole political life, I make no apology for giving it insertion.

From the "Anti-Union" Evening Paper.

"Roman Catholic Meeting, held at the Royal Exchange, January the 13th, 1800:—

"Counsellor O'Connell rose, and, in a short speech, prefaced the resolutions. He said that the question of Union was confessedly one of the first importance and magnitude. Sunk, indeed, in more than criminal apathy must that Irishman be, who could feel indifference on the subject. It was a measure, to the consideration of which we were called by every illumination of the understanding, and every feeling of the heart. There was, therefore, no necessity to apologise for the introducing the discussion of the question amongst Irishmen. But before he brought forward any resolution, he craved permission to make a few observations on the causes which produced the necessity of meeting

as Catholics—as a separate and distinct body. In doing so, he thought he could clearly show that they were justifiable in, at length, deviating from a resolution which they had heretofore formed. The enlightened mind of the Catholics had taught them the impolicy, the illiberality, and the injustice of separating themselves on any occasion from the rest of the people of Ireland,—the Catholics had, therefore, resolved—and they had wisely resolved—never more to appear before the public as a distinct and separate body; but they did not—they could not then foresee the unfortunately existing circumstances of this moment. They could not then foresee that they would be reduced to the necessity, either of submitting to the disgraceful imputation of approving of a measure as detestable to them as it was ruinous to their country, or once again—and he trusted for the last time—of coming forward as a distinct body.

"There was no man present but was acquainted with the industry with which it was circulated that the Catholics were favourable to the Union:—in vain did multitudes of that body, in different capacities, express their disapprobation of the measure; in vain did they concur, with others of their fellow-subjects, in expressing their abhorrence of it—as freemen or freeholders—electors of counties or inhabitants of cities—still the calumny was repeated; it was printed in journal after journal; it was published in pamphlet after pamphlet; it was circulated with activity in private companies; it was boldly

and loudly proclaimed in public assemblies. How this clamour was raised, and how it was supported, was manifest—the motives of it were apparent.

"In vain did the Catholics, individually, endeavour to resist the torrent. Their future efforts, as individuals, would be equally vain and fruitless; they must then oppose it collectively.

"There was another reason why they should come forward as a distinct class—a reason which he confessed had made the greatest impression upon his feelings; not content with falsely asserting, that the Catholics favoured the extinction of Ireland, this their supposed inclination was attributed to the foulest motives—motives which were most repugnant to their judgments, and most abhorrent to their hearts; it was said that the Catholics were ready to sell their country for a price, or what was still more depraved, to abandon it on account of the unfortunate animosities which the wretched temper of the times had produced; can they remain silent under so horrible a calumny? This calumny was flung on the whole body; it was incumbent on the whole body to come forward and contradict it; yes, they will show every friend of Ireland that the Catholics are incapable of selling their country: they will loudly declare that if their emancipation was offered for their consent to the measure, even were emancipation after the Union a benefit, they would reject it with prompt indignation. (*This sentiment met with approbation.*) Let us," said he, "show to Ireland that we have nothing in view but her good, nothing

in our hearts but the desire of mutual forgiveness, mutual toleration, and mutual affection; in fine, let every man who feels with me proclaim, that if the alternative were offered him of Union or the re-enactment of the Penal Code in all its pristine horrors, that he would prefer without hesitation the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable evil; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren the Protestants of Ireland, who have already liberated him, than lay his country at the feet of foreigners. (*This sentiment met with much and marked approbation.*) With regard to the Union, so much had been said—so much had been written on the subject, that it was impossible that any man should not before now have formed an opinion on it. He would not trespass on their attention in repeating arguments which they had already heard, and topics which they had already considered. But if there was any man present who could be so far mentally degraded, as to consent to the extinction of the liberty, the constitution, and even the name of Ireland, he would call on him not to leave the direction and management of his commerce and property to strangers, over whom he could have no control."

He then concluded by moving the resolutions, which, being seconded, passed unanimously, and the meeting broke up.

APPENDIX.—No. IV.

THE REGENCY QUESTION.

AMONGST the bugbears most frequently paraded by those who can see nothing but mischief in the Repeal of the Union, one of the most prominent is the possible difference of the two Parliaments on the question of selecting a Regent. Mr. Sharman Crawford, in his anti-Repeal Letters of 1841, copying his predecessors, insisted strongly on the perils (and no man denies them) which would follow from such a diversity. The Repealers, however, propose that the cause of dissension on this point should be extinguished, by leaving the appointment of the Regent exclusively in the hands of the British Ministry and Parliament. To this proposal Mr. Crawford objected, "*That it would surrender the independence of the Irish Parliament on this vital point.*"

I quote the following passage from my reply to Mr. Crawford, which was published in all the Irish Repeal Journals in November, 1841:

"I do not see how the independence of the Irish Parliament would be one whit more compromised by an *ipso facto* identity of the Regent than it would

be by the *ipso facto* identity of the Sovereign; and I never yet heard that this latter identity was deemed incompatible with the parliamentary independence of Ireland. In fact, the identity of the Regent would seem to follow as a necessary consequence from the principle of the law that requires the identity of the monarch.

"Mr. Crawford terms the Regency Question '*a vital point.*' So it is—vital to the imperial connexion of the kingdoms; and, therefore, it is that we Repealers, being ardent friends of the connexion, are desirous to incorporate with the Irish Constitution a provision for the identity of the Regent. But the question of the Regent's person, however important to the connexion of the countries, is a matter of very inferior importance as affects the general welfare and every-day comfort of the people—the administration of justice—the prosperity of trade—of manufactures—of commerce. These are the matters of really vital importance to the people; matters which require all the care of a resident, well-constructed, popular Parliament. Give the people of Ireland such a Parliament as this, and they can well afford to leave to a British Ministry the selection of the Regent's person."

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

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